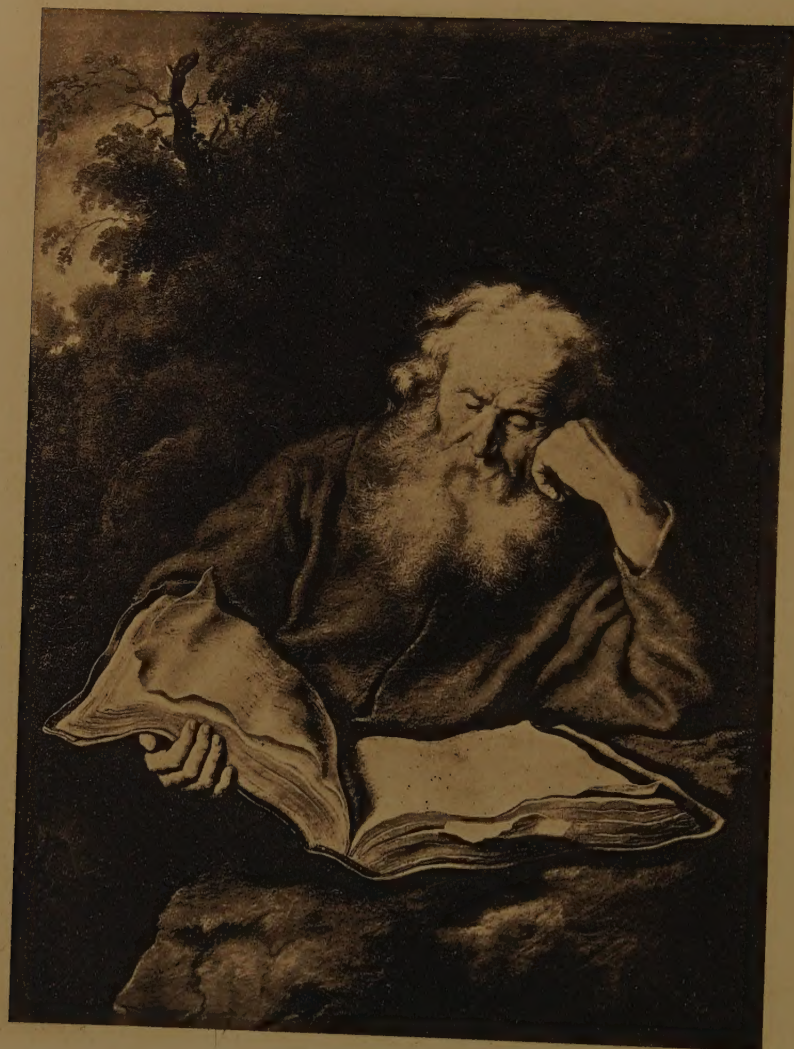




THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

Editor of THE BOOK OF THE MONTH CLUB, 1887 to 1909

The Hermit

By Solomon Koninck (1609-56)

This picture is in the Royal Galleries in Dresden

ALOIS BRANDL

Professor of Literature in the University of Vienna

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, LITT.D., LL.D.

First Vice-Chancellor of Princeton, 1914-1921

Two Volumes in One

Volumes 25 and 26

New York: THE CROLIER SOCIETY

Toronto: THE CROLIER SOCIETY, Limited

THE BOOK OF LITERATURE

A Comprehensive Anthology

OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDÆVAL AND MODERN
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

RICHARD GARNETT

Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum, London, 1851 to 1899

LEON VALLÉE

Late Librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris

ALOIS BRANDL

Professor of Literature in the University of Berlin

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

PHILANDER P. CLAXTON, LITT.D., LL.D.

United States Commissioner of Education, 1911-1921

Two Volumes in One
Volumes 25 and 26

New York: THE GROLIER SOCIETY
Toronto: THE GROLIER SOCIETY, Limited

Entered at Stationers' Hall
London, 1899, 1922

Droits de reproduction et de traduction réservés
Paris, 1899, 1922

Alle rechte, insbesondere das der Übersetzung, vorbehalten
Berlin, 1899, 1922

Proprieta Letteraria, Riservatè tutti i divitti
Rome, 1899, 1922

Copyright, 1899
by
Richard Garnett

Copyright, 1922, 1923
by
The Grolier Society

Printed by The Colonial Press, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXV

	PAGE
Introduction: by ÉMILE ZOLA	xiii
Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha	<i>Friedrich von Bodenstedt</i> 33
The Specter Caravan	<i>Ferdinand Freiligrath</i> 39
Coming Home	<i>Johann L. Runeberg</i> 41
Godiva	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 42
Clough's Poems	<i>Arthur Hugh Clough</i> 44
The Latest Decalogue	 44
With Whom is no Variableness	 44
The Hymn Unhymned	 45
Come, Poet, Come!	 46
Consider it Again	 47
Say Not, the Struggle Naught Availeth	 47
Roots and Flowers	 48
Rome and the Apennines	 49
The Unlucky Weathercock	<i>Maurice Jokai</i> 51
The Reciprocity Treaty	<i>Joseph Howe</i> 56
The Massacre of Lachine	<i>F. X. Garneau</i> 64
Battle Hymn of the Republic	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i> 69
Schopenhauer's Essays	<i>Arthur Schopenhauer</i> 70
Feathertop	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 80
Darius Green and His Flying Machine	<i>J. T. Trowbridge</i> 99
Robert Elsmere	<i>Mrs. Humphry Ward</i> 105
Poems of Edwin Markham	 114
On the Track of the White Whale	<i>Herman Melville</i> 117
Camille and Armand	<i>Alexander Dumas, fils</i> 133
The Rainy Day	<i>Henry W. Longfellow</i> 144
Dream Life	<i>Donald G. Mitchell</i> 144
To Ianthe	<i>Walter Savage Landor</i> 161
Mother and Son	<i>George Meredith</i> 162
Nigel's Doom	<i>Grace Aguilar</i> 175
Eliza's Escape	<i>Harriet Beecher Stowe</i> 186
George Borrow and the Publisher	<i>George Borrow</i> 199
The Friend of Friends	<i>Richard Hengist Horne</i> 209
Wild Motherhood	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts</i> 210
Poems of Charles G. D. Roberts	 217
Poems of Bliss Carman	 220
How Tom Sawyer Whitewashed the Fence	<i>Mark Twain</i> 222

	PAGE
Poems of William Henry Drummond	225
In April.	<i>Emanuel Geibel</i> 228
Song	<i>Charles Kingsley</i> 229
A Parable	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> 229
The Lamplighter	<i>Maria S. Cummins</i> 231
There is no Death	"Owen Meredith" 246
The Old Street Lamp	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> 247
The Lovers	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> 254
The Angel in the House	<i>Coventry Patmore</i> 256
Cranford	<i>Mrs. Gaskell</i> 262
Lake Superior and the Glacial Theory	<i>J. L. R. Agassiz</i> 281
Walden Pond in Winter	<i>Henry D. Thoreau</i> 289
The Newcomes	<i>W. M. Thackeray</i> 300
Amiel's Journal	<i>Henri Frédéric Amiel</i> 318
The Attic Philosopher	<i>Émile Souvestre</i> 328
How's My Boy?	<i>Sydney Dobell</i> 340
Come into the Garden, Maud	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 342
Tom Brown's First Fight.	<i>Thomas Hughes</i> 344
Bitter-Sweet	<i>J. G. Holland</i> 359
Titbottom's Spectacles	<i>George William Curtis</i> 365
Living in the Country	<i>Frederick S. Cozzens</i> 386
Nothing to Wear	<i>William Allen Butler</i> 391
Poems of Frederick George Scott	 397
The Song My Paddle Sings	<i>E. Pauline Johnson</i> 399
Poems of Duncan Campbell Scott	 401
To —, after Reading a Life and Letters.	<i>Alfred Tennyson</i> 403

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME 25.

THE HERMIT	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
LADY GODIVA	42
ALFRED TENNYSON	342

THE NATURALIST SCHOOL OF FICTION IN FRANCE

BY EMILE ZOLA.

MORE than twenty years have now elapsed since I gave expression to certain theories on the modern French novel in an essay entitled *Le Roman Expérimental*; but in all essential respects those views remain mine to-day. Critics have sometimes remarked that I have not always rigidly observed them, but to this I would reply that while laying down certain broad principles, I never intended to confine the novel-writer within four stone walls. Thirteen years before *Le Roman Expérimental* first appeared in the pages of a Russian review, I had written in one of my articles on Manet, the painter (*Mes Haines*, p. 307): "A work of art is some portion of the creation seen athwart a temperament." And it was largely the same definition that I applied to the novel. In many of my essays and newspaper articles on the subject, I insisted on the great importance of individuality in the writer, pointing out that in the absence of such individuality no work could live. And if it should appear that I myself have strayed at times from the lines which I laid down in *Le Roman Expérimental*, it has been by reason of my own individuality, my personal temperament, as well as the latent influence of my upbringing in a sphere of Romanticism.

That phase in the evolution of the French novel which has become known more particularly as the phase of the Naturalist School is now doubtless yielding to yet another phase, as is only natural, for there is no finality in literature. While, however, some schools perish entirely, others transmit certain essential principles to their successors, and whatever precise form may hereafter predominate in the novel, I think that absolute fidelity to nature, to life, to reality—the principle on which the Naturalist School has most insisted—must remain a preponderating element, which no writer will be able to disregard, since no reader will be satisfied unless he finds it present.

Broadly speaking, Naturalism dates from the very first lines written by man, for even at that moment the question of fidelity to truth was laid down. But in considering literary history we have to take many foreign elements into account; national manners, events, fluctuations of the human mind, all of which have modified literature, at times brought it to a halt, at others urged it onwards. If mankind be regarded as an army on the march athwart the ages, ever-steadily bent on the conquest of Truth whatever the wretchedness or infirmity of the times, it becomes necessary to place scientists and literary men in the front rank. It is from the point of view which I have just indicated that an universal literary history ought really to be written, and not, as some have attempted, from the standpoint of any absolute Ideal, any hard and fast rule of æsthetic measurement, which, applied alike to one and all, becomes simply ridiculous. To examine all the marching and countermarching of the world's writers, to note all the flashes of light and lapses into darkness through which they passed, means, of course, colossal labour. I have often written on the modern Naturalist School, but by reason of the great research and toil which thorough investigation would involve, I have contented myself with retracing that school's history from the eighteenth century, when Method first came into being. Until then, indeed, scientists and poets alike had been chiefly guided by their individual fancy, their flashes of genius. Some, chancewise, had discovered grains of truth, but scattered

grains, which were often mingled with the grossest errors. One day, however, scientists determined to experiment before forming opinions, rejected the pretended acquired truths, and reverted to first causes and to careful observation and study. Instead of beginning synthetically, it was decided to proceed analytically. The hope of wresting truth from nature by a species of divination was abandoned; nature was studied with all patience; from the simple one passed to the composite, and then to the *ensemble*.

Thus did science proceed. But in civilized society all things are linked together. When one branch of human thought has been set in motion, other branches follow, and general action ensues. Thus literature, guided by the example of science, turned to the experimental method. The great philosophic movement of the eighteenth century was a colossal inquiry which, though it often proceeded in groping fashion, had for its one constant object the study and solving of every human problem. In history and in criticism the examination of facts and surroundings replaced the old scholastic methods. In purely literary works nature intervened, and soon began to reign with the school of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Forests, rivers, and mountains became as it were beings, resuming their place in the world's mechanism. Man was no longer an intellectual abstraction, his environment determined and completed him. Diderot, in particular, may be regarded as the great literary figure of the eighteenth century: he espied or divined every truth, went onward in advance of his age, and for ever waged war upon the worm-eaten edifices of convention and arbitrary rule. Magnificent were the strides of the period, colossal was the toil whence present-day society emerged. It was a new era, which may be taken as the starting-point of the centuries into which mankind is entering, with nature as its basis and method as its tool.

It was to this evolution that I gave the name of Naturalism, for which in former years I was much attacked. Nevertheless, this evolution was, in letters as in science, a return to nature and humanity, combined with carefulness of scrutiny, exactitude of anatomy, and truthful portrayal of whatever existed. There

were to be no more abstract personages, no more mendacious inventions, no more absolute rules, but, in lieu thereof, real living personages, the true record of one and all, and the relativity that is found in daily life. For this to be, it was necessary to study man in all the sources of his being, so that one might really know him before formulating conclusions after the fashion of the idealists who simply invent types. And thus writers had to reconstruct the literary edifice from its very base, each in turn contributing his human documents in their logical order.

So great an evolution in human thought could not proceed without a social upheaval, which came in the form of the French Revolution. A revolution is seldom accomplished amidst calmness and common sense. Minds very often become unhinged, the imagination, dismayed and darkened, falls a prey to phantoms. After the great shock which brought the eighteenth century to a close, poets, moved by the kindly but anxious spirit of Rousseau, took to melancholy and fatalism. Ignorant of whither they were being led, some plunged into bitterness, some into contemplation, or extraordinary reveries. Yet they had inhaled the spirit of the Revolution, and thus like others they proved rebels. They brought with them the rebellion of colour, passion, and phantasy; they burst violently through all rules, and renewed the language with a flow of superb, dazzling lyrical poetry. However, they had not altogether escaped the touch of truth, for they exacted local colour even when striving to resuscitate dead ages. Here then one has the whole Romantic School, that famous reaction against French Classic literature. And the movement was so irresistible that all followed it; painting, sculpture, even music became Romantic. In presence of so general and so powerful a manifestation one might for a moment have thought the formulas of literature and art for ever fixed. But this was not to be. The French Classic School had endured at least two hundred years; and yet at the end of a quarter of a century Romanticism was already dying. It was then that the truth became manifest. The Romantic movement had been a mere skirmish, not a decisive battle. Poets and novelists of immense talent, a whole generation gifted with magnificent

ardour had helped to veil the truth, which was that the century really belonged to the Naturalists, the direct descendants of Diderot. At last the connecting link was found again, and Naturalism fought its way to the front with Balzac.

For a time, no doubt, two literary forms remained face to face. On one side was Victor Hugo, who invariably wrote poems even when he sought to express himself in prose. Then there was Alexandre Dumas the elder, of whom I would simply say that he was a prodigiously gifted story-teller. Then again there was George Sand, who recounted the dreams of her imagination in facile and happy language. But the sources of the more modern French novel are to be found in Balzac and Stendhal. Both of these writers escaped the Romantic craze—Balzac in spite of himself, Stendhal by design, as befitted a man of superior mind. Whilst the triumph of the Lyrical School was being proclaimed on all sides, whilst Hugo was noisily crowned King of Literature, these two, Balzac and Stendhal, worked on almost in obscurity, amidst the disdain and the denial of the multitude. But they left behind them in their works the Naturalist formula of the century, and hundreds of descendants sprang from their tombs whilst the Romantic school was perishing of anæmia, having at last but one representative left it—the illustrious, aged Hugo, to whom, from a feeling of respect, one could not tell the truth.

It is needless that I should here insist on the new formula which Balzac and Stendhal brought with them. In the sphere of the novel they prosecuted the same kind of inquiry that *savants* prosecuted in the spheres of science. They no longer imagined things; they no longer recounted mere stories. Their task was to take man, dissect him and analyse both his flesh and his brain. Stendhal, more particularly, remained a psychologist; Balzac preferentially studied temperament, reconstructed surroundings, and piled up human documents. On comparing *Le Père Goriot* or *Cousine Bette* with previous French novels, those of the seventeenth as well as the eighteenth century, one may form an idea of the great Naturalist evolution that had been accomplished already in Balzac's time.

Passing to the descendants of Balzac and Stendhal, the first place belongs to Gustave Flaubert. One of Balzac's great worries was that he lacked the resounding style of Victor Hugo. Critics even accused him of writing badly, a charge which made him wretched. He occasionally essayed what may be termed lyrical flashiness, as, for instance, when he penned *La Femme de Trente Ans* and *Le Lis dans la Vallée*; but these efforts were scarcely successful, he was never a greater writer than when he adhered to his own strong, if diffuse, style. With the advent of Gustave Flaubert, however, the Naturalist formula passed into the hands of a perfect artist, who solidified it and gave it the polish of marble. Flaubert grew up in the midst of Romanticism; all his affections were for the movement of 1830. When he issued *Madame Bovary*, it was by way of a challenge to the realists of the period—the followers of Champfleury—who almost prided themselves on writing badly. Flaubert wished to prove that one might write of the petty folks in a provincial town with all the breadth and power which Homer employed in writing of the Hellenic heroes. Fortunately, however, his work had another result. Whatever Flaubert may have wished, he imparted to Naturalism the one element of power it yet lacked, that of perfect style, which helps to render a work imperishable. And, from that moment, new comers simply had to advance along the broad highway of truth seconded by art. Balzac's inquiries were continued, the analytical study of man and the influence of his environment was persevered in; but at the same time novelists became artists, seeking originality and science of form, and, by the intense life of their style, imparting to their revelations of the truth all the force of a resurrection.

At the same time as Flaubert, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt sought individuality and brilliancy of style. They did not spring from Romanticism as he did. There was no Latinity, no classicity in them; they were artists by gift of nature; they invented the language they used, and they found a means of expressing their feelings in a style of wondrous precision and intensity. In *Germinie Lacerteux*, before all others, they really studied the people of Paris, depicted the city's suburbs and their bare landscapes,

speaking out boldly and saying all that was to be said in a language which restored both beings and things to their natural life. The Goncourts exercised a potent influence on the Naturalist School. While the exact method was taken from Flaubert, one and all were stirred by that new language of the Goncourts, which thrilled one like music, went further than mere writing, adding, as it were, to the words of the dictionary a special hue and sound and perfume.

Such, then, were the founders of the modern Naturalist School: Balzac and Stendhal, and then Flaubert and the Goncourts. Beside the latter there sprang up another generation, that to which I myself belong. Here two names immediately suggest themselves: those of Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant.

Of the former I have written at some length, both in *Les Romanciers Naturalistes* and *Une Campagne*. He was one of those fortunate beings whom nature places on the border-line of poetry and reality. The documents he contributed to the great Naturalist inquiry were accurate ones, illumined by a flame peculiar to himself. Everything expanded, became animated, acquired colour and intensity beneath his touch. One found in him neither the bareness of Stendhal nor the heaviness of Balzac. His genius was fraught with an attractive, seductive power which made him the favourite of women. Though he preferred the bright to the dark side of nature, and would rather have had his readers smile than weep, he never sought to deceive them; his literary probity was absolute. He may be classed among the four or five French novelists of his time whose style palpitated with life and sunlight. He most certainly belonged to the Naturalist School. Whatever his imaginative flights, the basis of his works was truth, reality. He was for ever depicting people whom he had met and known, incidents that he had actually witnessed. At one period of his life he noted down each evening everything which had struck him during the day. His tales, his novels, are full of observation and study. I have said that he preferred to see his readers smile rather than weep. This is true even of his more pathetic works, such as *Jack*, in which, whilst mourning his hero's lot, he nails his torturers to the pillory of ridicule. Two of Alphonse Daudet's qualities

were particularly remarkable: he was gifted with rapier-like irony, and a nervous humour such as none of his contemporaries possessed. It was the humour neither of Rabelais nor of Swift, but something essentially new and modern, illumined by vivid flashes of poesy.

It will be remembered that Alphonse Daudet—after learning, like so many of his contemporaries, the mechanism of language in the art of versification—first came to the front as a writer of short tales. For years it was alleged that he was incapable of producing a real novel. How victoriously he disproved that charge of incapacity is known. Guy de Maupassant, on the other hand, remained till his death essentially a writer of short stories and a master of that form of the literary art. There are signs in his longer works that, if health and prolonged life had been accorded to him, he might have produced something really great; but insanity and death cut him off in his prime. Maupassant was Flaubert's adopted son, and owed a great deal to his master; but he possessed sterling gifts of his own. He had a vigorous Norman temperament, and was often influenced by sensuality, but it was not of a perverse kind, it was simply the healthy passion of a man endowed by nature with exceptional virility. He became a master of style, the polish of whose writing was so delicate that no trace of effort was apparent. His cameos of peasant life seem all breadth and simplicity, so deftly are they cut. Through Flaubert, Maupassant traced his descent from Stendhal. He was a remarkable physiologist and psychologist. From Stendhal also proceeds Paul Bourget, whose studies of human perversity in relation to the sexual passions, are masterpieces of analysis.

The foregoing are the men who may unquestionably be placed in the front rank of the Naturalist School. Others have arisen, and are still diligently tilling the field left them by their predecessors. Of these it would be invidious to speak. They live and labour. Some may surpass their forerunners, but that must depend on the strength of their talent, and the maturing influence of time. Then there are others who, after putting their hand to the plough, have turned from it. This has been caused at times by a change of temperament, effected by surroundings and other influence. The

most remarkable instance of the kind is probably that of Huysmans, who, after writing such essentially Naturalist works as *Marthe*, *Les Sœurs Vatard*, and *En Menage*, has lapsed into Romanticism and Mysticism. From the very outset, however, the morbidity of Huysmans' talent showed that this was possible. His desertion of the Naturalist School is less a question of literary principles than one of pathology. And when all is said, however much his point of view may have changed, Huysmans remains one of the most refined stylists that France possesses.

Another instance of desertion that occurs to me is that of Hector Malot, who, when his first work, *Victimes d'Amour*, appeared five-and-thirty years ago, was hailed on all sides as a genuine son of Balzac. But he never fulfilled his early promise. He was deficient in the requisite fibre, and became a mere writer of facile serials, without any marked quality, whether with regard to structure, or power of observation, or force and individuality of style. Another writer more or less connected with the Naturalist School, was Ferdinand Fabre, whose novels of clerical life brought him a certain reputation. The best of these was *L'Abbé Tigrane*. But Fabre's works were monotonous productions, in which there was little or no feminine element; and the author, while possessing remarkable powers of observation, was hampered by a heavy style in which provincialisms abounded. Hence, no doubt, his relegation to a secondary place. The last name I will mention in connection with Naturalism is that of Armand Duranty, who was a cousin rather than a descendant of Stendhal. His very first novel, like Hector Malot's, proved a great literary and popular success. The critics noticed in it an accent of sincerity, a science of details, a keenness of analysis that presaged a most original talent. Yet the public invariably received Duranty's subsequent works with coldness. No man was ever more unjustly treated, for his books possessed many conspicuous merits. And thus it may well happen that some future generation will exhume them from the oblivion in which they now rest. The cause of Duranty's ill success with his contemporaries lay, no doubt, in his simple, unpretentious style of writing. He gave far more attention to life than to art. Yet he

was possessed of rare individuality, and that alone should have entitled him to a hearing.

The scope of this paper does not permit me to enter into details with regard to the schools of literature which have struggled on by the side of Naturalism. In a volume entitled *Documents Littéraires*, I have expressed my opinions on the genius or talent of such writers as Chateaubriand, Hugo, Musset, Gautier, George Sand, Dumas fils, Ste-Beuve, and others. Of the novelists of my own times I would just mention Sandeau, Feuillet, Cherbuliez, Ulbach, Enault, Theuriet and Ohnet, as proceeding from Lamartine and Georges Sand, the school of the idealists, the moralists, the elegants and the tender-hearted. Then, too, the school of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue has in some measure subsisted, but how great is the inferiority of the disciples to their masters! From the absolute literary standpoint, the value of the works of Dumas and Sue may well be open to discussion. But what power, what spirit, what dash and bravery they display! Dumas and Sue squandered far more talent than they needed to leave masterpieces behind them had they been content to produce less, seek individuality of style, and base themselves upon accurate observation. Paul Féval and Elie Berthet were contemporaries and survivors of Dumas the elder. They helped to establish the custom of contributing stories serially to newspapers. The former, however, ended as a mystic, regretting his whole literary life. He was certainly no ordinary man; had he chosen, he might have produced real literature, instead of imitations of Dumas. Berthet, for his part, never rose above honest mediocrity.

Then during the second empire, there came Ponson du Terrail, whose vogue was for some years as great as Dumas's had been. He was at least a most diligent worker; more than once he started four or five serial stories at the same time for as many newspapers, and penned successive instalments day by day. He created "Rocambole," a most wonderful personage who became everything, did everything and went everywhere; who died, too, more than once, and was always resuscitated, so that his career was only brought to an end by the demise of his creator. Questions of

style troubled Ponson du Terrail no more than questions of probability; yet his popularity was unbounded. He ruled the multitude, and a story from his pen often made a newspaper's fortune.

Somewhat similar was the success of Emile Richebourg, who came later; but Richebourg gained his hold over the masses by making them weep. His were heartrending stories of lost or stolen children, weeping mothers, parted lovers and heroes who accomplished fresh acts of devotion in each successive chapter. Beside his interminable narratives one may rank those of Xavier de Montépin, written in a somewhat more pretentious style. Greater individuality had marked the detective stories which for a brief period had rendered Emile Gaboriau popular. His successor was Fortuné de Boisgobey, who wrote rather better than most of the authors of sensational serials.

Leaving that class of fiction on one side, I may just glance at the nondescripts. There was Mérimée and About, both of whom deserted literature for other things. Then came Erckmann-Chatrian who largely owed the success of their patriotic stories to the republican spirit that animated them, for the more popular of these works appeared during the Second Empire, at a time when the Opposition was already undermining the throne of Napoleon III. Among other specialists, one may cite the following: Jules Verne, who has written accounts of journeys to the moon and voyages under the sea, the delight, no doubt, of thousands of children; Gustave Droz, who depicted the artificial, sensuous, powder-and-puff society of his day; Jules Claretie, who has essayed every school and never risen much above mediocrity; Léon Cladel, who sacrificed everything to artificiality of style, so that his studies of peasant life, however polished they may be, are like jewels which simply strike one by their strangeness. Then, too, among writers of morbid originality, one must name Barbey d'Aurevilly, who blended fervent Catholicism with witchcraft and devilry; and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, another eccentric, imperfect genius, whose whole life was one long struggle with want and semi-insanity.

Of contemporary literature in other countries, of the wonderful masterpieces of Tolstoi, the admirable, living pictures of Turgenieff, the innumerable and often powerful productions of Maurus Jokai, of the rise of the novel in Scandinavia and Holland, its revival in Italy, its fluctuations in Great Britain, this is not the place to speak. Moreover, my knowledge of these books and matters has been derived chiefly from the perusal of literary reviews or of French translations of the more notable works. In this connection, as the present paper is intended for English-speaking readers, I desire to say a few words concerning such allusions to English novelists, as may be found scattered through my critical essays and articles. For instance, I have occasionally referred to Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott, and may not always have done justice to them. But I know them simply through translations, which are not invariably good ones, and which therefore impart but an imperfect idea of the original works. Of the three authors I have referred to, the one whom I most appreciate is Dickens; for even when his characters are more or less artificial, as is undoubtedly at times the case, they retain, even in the artificial sphere in which the novelist places them, a semblance of life and action. Thackeray, no doubt, is more faithful to reality than Dickens, but I know less of his works than of those of his contemporary. Scott's novels I read in my boyhood, and one of the few occasions when I afterwards dipped into them, was when I was writing my story *Une Page d'Amour*. I then wished to show my heroine reading a book of the Romantic type, and I eventually selected *Ivanhoe*. That much praised work greatly disappointed me. It may be a wonderful reconstruction of a departed historical period, but that I am not competent to judge. I speak of the book simply as a novel when I say that it altogether failed to satisfy me, and seemed to me distinctly inferior to many a French novel of the same Romantic school. I was also disappointed with the novels of George Eliot, who, in her time was greatly praised by French critics; but I must repeat that the little knowledge I possess of English literature has been chiefly derived from translations, and that impressions thus gained can have but a relative critical value. This, then, is

a point which the reader should remember on finding in my writings any allusions to English authors.

In concluding this paper, I will deal with four points of interest to writers, readers, and critics, in connection with the Naturalistic school. These are: Power of personal expression; the limits to which the imaginative faculties should more generally be restricted; the relative importance of descriptive passages; and the much debated question of morality in literature.

On the first point, power of personal expression, it may be said that without this gift, no novelist can really aspire to fame. The reason why so many writers, otherwise well qualified, fail to reach the front rank, is that they write like everybody else. Their grammar may be scrupulously correct, their phrases may flow forth at will, may be neatly turned, and may even possess colour, but they lack any personal distinguishing note. A witty critic has happily called these novelists the exponents of the "omnibus" style. And indeed they simply seize upon the style which may be current, lay hold of sentences and expressions that buzz around them. It often happens that nothing comes from themselves, they write as if somebody stood behind them dictating their words, and yet they are astonished at their failure to achieve celebrity. The only great novelist nowadays, however, is he who, whilst possessing a fitting sense of the real, can interpret nature with originality by imparting to his interpretation some of his own vital flame.

The greatest example of the power of personal expression in French literature is undoubtedly that of St. Simon, who wrote with both his blood and his bile, and left behind him pages which still to-day throb with intensity and life. Many are the illustrious writers in whom one detects rhetoric and arrangement, but there is nothing of that in the memoirs of St. Simon. Each of his sentences is a palpitation of life, his work is a human cry, the long monologue of a man who lives aloud.

By personal expression, I do not mean any eccentricity of language designed simply to attract attention. Mere style for style's sake is not sufficient to ensure success. A writer must

infuse into his work some of his blood as well as some of his brains. I have already briefly referred to M. Léon Cladel. He was an author, who like many another, was convinced that the one essential element in a book, the only element that could make it live, was purity of form. Wishing to ensure immortality for his own work, he strove to render each sentence perfect, and to such a degree did this task absorb him, to such a point did it become his one thought, that all vitality departed from his creations. They became mere lifeless gems which surprised, but did not thrill one. But if one examines the books of the Naturalist masters, one will find in them no mere polish of style, no mere deft arrangement of words, but an individuality of expression which imparts life instead of destroying it. Balzac, of course, must be judged rather by the colossal *ensemble* of his work; his *Contes Drolatiques* are gems of style; but in the phraseology of his novels, there is much redundancy and heaviness. Stendhal, however, possessed the gift of personal expression in a high degree. His short, dry, pithy, incisive sentences were in keeping with his analytical powers. No one could imagine Stendhal writing in a graceful way. He possessed the style most appropriate to his talent, a style at once so original in its incorrectness and apparent carelessness, that it has remained typical in French literature. Flaubert, as I have said, was an artist; he polished his sentences, certainly, but they remained instinct with personality and life. Life throbbed also in the pages of the Goncourts, of Daudet and Maupassant, whose styles were differentiated one from another by a strong personal note, that note, which, as I have pointed out, does so much to raise a writer above the mass of his contemporaries, which is not mere individuality of style for style's sake, but a manifestation of the writer's genius, of the feeling and fire that he has drawn from within him to animate his creations.

In former times the highest praise that one could bestow upon a novelist was to say: "He possesses much imagination." But nowadays such praise would almost be regarded as criticism. This is because the conditions of novel-writing have changed. Imagination is no longer the master quality needed by the novelist.

Dumas and Sue were possessed of great imagination. In *Notre Dame de Paris*, Hugo imagined characters and incidents of a nature to inspire the keenest interest; and with the imaginary loves of the heroes of *Mauprat*, George Sand impassioned a whole generation. But no critic or reader ever ventured to ascribe the gift of imagination to Balzac and Stendhal. They are praised for their powers of observation and analysis; they are great because they portrayed their period, not because they invented stories. And the success, the fame of their successors, Flaubert, Goncourt and Daudet, has come not from anything they imagined, but from the genius they displayed in faithfully depicting nature.

Of course something remains to be invented by the novelist; he has to devise a plot, perhaps a dramatic, possibly a tragic one. But he finds this readily enough; he has only to glance at the daily life around him. Moreover, the incidents he records are simply such as spring from the development of his characters. These must live and act the human comedy before the reader in the most natural of manners. The writer must endeavour to conceal all that is imaginary in his narrative beneath that which is real. And for the personages and their surroundings the most minute observation and study are necessary. Thus the master quality required by the novelist is no longer imagination, but a proper sense of reality; that is, such a sense as shall enable him to appreciate and portray nature even as it really is. Unfortunately few possess this gift; many are colour-blind and see things otherwise than they are. Others, again, fail to see them at all. Some critics, confronted by this theory of the sense of reality, have declared Naturalism to be mere photography, and have therefore denied it the status of an art. But this is an error. The Naturalist School, while priding itself on fidelity to reality and truth, is bent upon infusing life into its reproductions. This life comes from that gift of personal expression to which I have referred. If the Naturalists reject imagination, in the sense of adding imaginary things to real ones, they employ all their creative power to make the truth live; and that this is no easy

matter is shown by the fact that comparatively few novelists succeed in their endeavours.

The novelist's plot and his characters are not everything; the narrative and the personages require a setting. And here description comes in. It is certain that we have not yet reduced descriptive matter to scientific necessities. By a kind of reaction against the abstract formulas of the past, nature has invaded our works; and some of us, myself included, have been carried away by our passion for nature, the intoxication into which scenery and sunlight and fresh air have thrown us. Even the Goncourts often failed to subordinate environment to their characters; but it may at least be said of their descriptive passages that they are no mere verbiage on a given subject. They rather express the sensations that are experienced at the sight of some particular scene. It is as if man appears and mingles with his surroundings, animating them with the nervous vibrations of his feelings. Doubtless the descriptions of the Goncourts flow beyond reasonable bounds, but they are always instinct with human interest and the breath of life.

Gustave Flaubert is the writer in whom one should study description, the note of environment that becomes necessary each time that a character is sketched or perfected. Flaubert never buries a character beneath his surroundings, he is content to let those surroundings define the character; and this it is which makes *Madame Bovary* and *L'Education Sentimentale* such powerful works. Those long auctioneer-like enumerations with which Balzac so often blocked up the first pages of his novels were reduced by Flaubert to the few things that were strictly necessary. He was sparing of his words; he contented himself with salient touches, broad lines, the one point that epitomised; and this suffices to make his pictures unforgettable. For my part, conscious of my own sins in the matter, I will say that as a question of principle one must blame all description which exceeds the portrayal of those surroundings that determine and perfect the novelist's characters.

On the question of morality in literature I will endeavour to

be brief. My views are known. A novel of the Naturalist school is an analysis of human feelings and passions, and a record of their outward manifestations. The scientist in the course of his studies has to handle many repulsive things; the novelist also. The Naturalist writer is impersonal; that is to say, he is, as it were, a clerk of the court of public opinion. It is not for him to form conclusions or pronounce judgment, he simply draws up the record. The scientist's *rôle*, strictly speaking, is to demonstrate facts, and to carry his analysis to its conclusion without venturing into the field of synthesis. The facts are there, the experiment or the analysis, made under such and such conditions, gives such and such a result. And there the scientist stops, because if he should proceed beyond proven phenomena, he would find himself in the domain of conjecture. Probabilities might ensue, but they would not be science. Well, in the same manner, the Naturalist novelist goes no farther than the facts he has observed, the scrupulous study that he has made of nature, for otherwise he might lose himself amidst deceptive and inaccurate conclusions. Thus he himself disappears from his narrative, in which he simply sets down what he has seen. Such is reality: quiver or smile at sight of it, reader; draw from it the deductions, the lessons you please. The only duty that the author has undertaken has been to place genuine documents, genuine facts, before you. The novelists who feel the need of intervening in their books, in order to thunder against vice and applaud virtue, diminish the value of the documents they bring; for their intervention is an obstruction, besides being perfectly futile. The work, too, loses some of its strength; it is no longer a slab of marble cut from the quarry of reality, but it is so much worked-up matter, refashioned by the author's feelings—feelings which may be influenced by every prejudice and every error. A work that is true will last for ever, whereas a work that is disfigured by direct expression of its author's emotion can only appeal to the sentiments of some given period.

We, the Naturalist novelists, have been violently accused of immorality, because we place rascals and honest folk on our stage without judging one or the other. Rascals are allowable, it seems,

provided they are punished at the end of the book, or are crushed beneath the weight of the author's anger and disgust. As for the honest folks, say the critics, they ought to be awarded at least a few occasional lines of praise and encouragement. Thus our impassibility, our tranquil demeanour as analysts has been deemed most culpable. Fools have even dared to say that we lied when we became most scrupulously true. What! always rascals and rascals, it has been repeated, never what is called a sympathetic character! There must be sympathetic characters, we are told, even if one do violence to nature in order to create them. Not only, too, is it our duty to prefer virtue, but we must embellish it. We have even been informed that we ought to point out a character's good qualities and leave his or her bad ones unmentioned. When all is said, our only crime has been our refusal to depart from our strict fidelity to nature. There is no more absolute honesty and virtue in the world than there is perfect health. There is a touch of human animalism as there is a touch of disease even in the finest natures, and in average natures there is more than a mere touch. Those wondrously pure maidens, those most loyal, brave, devoted young men who figure in certain novels do not belong to earth. In order to give them a semblance of real life, one would have to say many things about them which their authors leave unmentioned. We Naturalists have made it our principle to say everything; we do not pick and choose, we do not idealise; and it is because we decline to do so that we have been accused of revelling in filth. As a matter of fact, the question of morality in the novel lies in these two opinions: the Idealists assert that to be moral one must lie; the Naturalists retort that one cannot be moral by departing from the truth. Nothing is so dangerous as the romantic. Certain works, by painting the world in false colours, unhinge the mind and urge it to the most hazardous and pernicious courses. And I speak not of the hypocrisy of much of that which is called propriety, nor of the abominations which are rendered alluring by the flowers that many writers heap upon them. We, the Naturalists, adorn no vileness, we teach the bitter science of life, we offer the world the

high lesson of reality and truth. I know no school that has ever shown more morality, more austerity. Certainly we write not for babes and sucklings, but for the world at large, that world which is full of sin, vice, crime, deceit, and hypocrisy. While we extenuate nothing, we set down nought in malice. We simply paint humanity as we find it, as it is. We say let all be made known in order that all may be healed. And there our duty ends. It is for the leaders and guardians of the nations to do theirs.

Emile Zola

MIRZA-SCHAFFY, THE WISE MAN OF GJÄNDSHA.

By FRIEDRICH VON BODENSTEDT.

From "A Thousand and One Days in the East": translated by Richard Waddington.)

[FRIEDRICH MARTIN VON BODENSTEDT: A German poet; born at Peine in Hanover, April 22, 1819; died at Wiesbaden, April 18, 1892. He studied at Göttingen, Munich, and Berlin; was a tutor at Moscow, where he made a study of Slav languages; traveled in the Crimea, Turkey, Greece, and Asia Minor; was professor of Slav languages and Old English in the University of Munich, and meanwhile published many translations from Slavonic poets. His most popular work, "Songs of Mirza-Schaffy," was published in 1851, and reached its 143d edition in 1893. It was for some time supposed to be a translation from the Tartar, but was in reality original with Bodenstein. The greater part of his works consists of translations, but he also wrote several volumes of poetry, including dramas and romances. Among his writings are: "Thousand and One Days in the East" (1850), "From the Posthumous Works of Mirza-Schaffy" (1874), "From the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean" (1882), and "Recollections of my Life."]

SOME Moscow friends, who had followed the new Governor into Georgia, paid me the compliment of celebrating my arrival at the old town of the Kyros, by a cheerful banquet. And by way of giving me a foretaste of Georgian life, all the arrangements of the table were made in the Asiatic style.

Young Georgians, in picturesque costume, served the viands; a slender Armenian presented, in gigantic buffalo horns embellished with silver, the fiery, blood-red wine of Kachetos; a Persian minstrel in blue Talar and lofty pyramidal cap, with a shrewd and finely molded face, and the tips of his fingers painted blue, played on the Tshengjir, and sang to it the lovely odes of Hafiz.

On whatever side I turned my astonished eye, I discovered

something new and surprising. I really lived through one of the tales of the "Thousand and One Nights," which I had so often read and dreamed over in my childhood. In exhilarating succession we were entertained with eating, laughing, narrating, playing, and singing, but most of all — drinking.

Wonderfully did the love-inspiring songs of the bard of Shiraz entrance us with their minstrel tones; brighter and brighter beamed from within the reflection of the blood-red Kachetish wine in the faces of the guests; its fire had also its effect on me, but my exhausted frame longed for repose. For a fortnight I had not seen a bed, and had spent the damp nights partly on the saddle, partly on miserable carpets in more miserable mountain huts. Tired out with travel, my eyes closed again and again; and when I could no longer resist the inroads of sleep, I left the company in order to retire to my dwelling.

It was only when I rose to depart that I felt the full influence of the wine, and this in my legs more than in my head; for the Kachetish wine has the peculiarity of never producing headache, whereas it oppresses the lower part of the body with singular heaviness. I certainly should never have reached my destination, had not some of the gentlemen taken me under their friendly care, and led me through the unpaved, dog-howling streets of Tiflis, in safety to my dwelling.

It was a moonlight, fragrant night; one of those magical nights that are only to be seen under a Georgian sky, where the moon shines so clear, its luster seems more like a sunlight softened down by some mystic fairy-woven veil.

The long walk through the cool night air had somewhat refreshed and revived me; with ineffable alluringness did the stars twinkle down from the crystal sky; in the distance the crescent-shaped summit of Kasbék rose upwards like a spirit into the night; deep lay the city beneath me in legendary beauty; and between them the Kyros rolled his glancing waves.

A strong temptation offered itself to me of enjoying the lovely landscape before my windows for a moment longer; a door led out of my chamber to a high gallery running round the house. I had not observed that the gallery, quite a new erection, was only partially completed, whilst in several places the boards lay unjoined and unfastened on the beams that formed the basis of the superstructure. After considerable

exertion I opened the door leading to the gallery — the verses of Pushkin were humming in my head : —

On Grusla's hilltops nightly darkness lies,
Before me Kyros' waves are foaming, etc.

I stepped out, the board on which I trod tottered beneath my feet — a shock — a shriek — and bleeding and moaning, I lay in the court below.

Of the immediate consequences of this fall, which had nearly cost me my life, I will be silent; for to keep a journal of one's sufferings is to suffer doubly. Suffice it to say that I was dangerously injured in several parts of my body, and that it required a painful cure and careful nursing, before I was again sufficiently recovered to divert myself with reading and study.

My first object in Georgia was to secure an instructor in Tartar, that I might learn as quickly as possible a language so indispensably necessary in the countries of the Caucasus.

Accident favored my choice, for my learned teacher Mirza-Schaffy, the Wise Man of Gjändsha, as he styles himself, is, according to his own opinion, the wisest withal of men.

Properly, with the modesty peculiar to his nation, he only calls himself the first wise man of the East; but as, according to his estimation the children of the West are yet living in darkness and unbelief, it is a matter of course with him that he soars above us in wisdom and knowledge. Moreover, he indulges the hope that, thanks to his endeavors, the illumination and wisdom of the East will also in the progress of years actually spread amongst us. I am already the fifth scholar, he tells me, who has made a pilgrimage to him, for the purpose of participating in his instructions. He argues from this that the need of traveling to Tiflis and listening to Mirza-Schaffy's sayings of wisdom is ever becoming more vividly felt by us. My four predecessors, he is further of opinion, have since their return into the West promoted, to the best of their ability, the extension of oriental civilization amongst their races. But of me he formed quite peculiar hopes; very likely because I paid him a silver ruble for each lesson, which I understand is an unusually high premium for the Wise Man of Gjändsha.

It was always most incomprehensible to him, how we can call ourselves wise or learned, and travel over the world with these titles, before we even understand the sacred languages.

Nevertheless he very readily excused these pretensions in me, inasmuch as I was at least ardently endeavoring to acquire these languages, but above all because I had made the lucky hit of choosing him for my teacher.

The advantages of this lucky hit he had his own peculiar way of making intelligible to me. "I, Mirza-Schaffy," said he, "am the first wise man of the East ! consequently thou, as my disciple, art the second. But thou must not misunderstand me ; I have a friend, Omar-Effendi, a very wise man, who is certainly not the third among the learned of the land.

"If I were not alive, and Omar-Effendi were thy teacher, then he would be the first, and thou, as his disciple, the second wise man !" After such an effusion, it was always the custom of Mirza-Schaffy to point with his forefinger to the forehead, at the same time giving me a sly look, whereupon, according to rule, I nodded knowingly to him in mute reciprocation.

That the Wise Man of Gjändsha knew how to render his vast superiority in the highest degree palpable to any one who might have any misgiving on the point, he once showed me by a striking example.

Among the many learned rivals who envied the lessons of Mirza-Schaffy, the most conspicuous was Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad. He named himself after this city, because he had there pursued his studies in Arabic ; from which he inferred that he must possess more profound accomplishments than Mirza-Schaffy, whom he told me he considered a Jscekj, an ass among the bearers of wisdom. "The fellow cannot even write decently," Jussuf informed me of my reverend Mirza, "and he cannot sing at all ! Now I ask thee : What is knowledge without writing ? What is wisdom without song ? What is Mirza-Schaffy in comparison with me ? "

In this way he was continually plying me with perorations of confounding force, wherein he gave especial prominence to the beauty of his name Jussuf, which Moses of old had celebrated, and Hafiz sung of in lovely strains ; he exerted all his acuteness to evince to me that a name is not an empty sound, but that the significance attached to a great or beautiful name is inherited in more or less distinction by the latest bearers of this name. He, Jussuf, for example, was a perfect model of the Jussuf of the land of Egypt, who walked in chastity before Potiphar, and in wisdom before the Lord.

On one of these occasions, as he was about to furnish me

with new proofs of his excellence, a measured clatter of slippers in the anteroom announced the arrival of my reverend teacher. He left the high slippers behind at the door according to the custom of the country, and with neat stockings, worked of various colors, stepped into the room.

He appeared to comprehend the cause of my visitor's presence, for with a contemptuous glance, at which Jussuf suddenly became quite timid, he surveyed the latter from head to foot, and was about to give expression to his feelings, when I interrupted him with the words :—

“Mirza-Schaffy, Wise Man of Gjändsha, what have my ears heard ! Thou undertakest to teach me, and canst neither write nor sing ; thou art a Jschekj among the bearers of wisdom, — so says Mirza-Jussuf, the Wise Man of Bagdad ! ”

The indignation of Mirza-Schaffy's countenance acquired by degrees an expression of perfect scorn ; he clapped his hands — a sign at which my servant usually brought him a fresh pipe ; but this time Mirza-Schaffy asked for his thick-soled slippers. His request being immediately obeyed, he took one of them, and with it so unmercifully belabored the Wise Man of Bagdad, that the latter vainly sought to avoid his punishment by the most suppliant actions and entreaties. Mirza-Schaffy was inexorable.

“What, — thou wilt be wiser than I ? I cannot sing, dost thou say ? Wait, — I will make music for thee ! And I cannot write either ? Thy head shall answer for it ! ”

And a blow on the head followed the word. Whimpering and wailing, the Wise Man of Bagdad staggered beneath the strokes of the Wise Man of Gjändsha, and stumbled through the anteroom, and down the staircase.

From the contest of wisdom, which he had conducted to so triumphant an issue, Mirza-Schaffy turned away in greater tranquillity than I had expected. He exhorted me to continue faithfully under his instruction, and to lend no ear to such false teachers as Jussuf and his fellows.

“There will more of them come yet,” he continued, “but thou must turn thy face away from them, for thou art wiser than they all. What says the Poet : ‘He who cannot read would become Grand Vizier !’ So it is with these people, who can neither read nor sing. Their covetousness is greater than their wisdom ; they do not care to teach thee, but to rob thee. Appetite is behind their teeth.”

And therewith he showed me his white teeth, and turned his high Phrygian cap on one side, as he usually does when his head is fresh shaved ; for then he considers himself irresistible, and believes he awakens love in all women, and satisfaction in all men.

I knew his weakness, and every time he showed me his fresh-shaved head, I exclaimed : —

“How beautiful thou art, Mirza-Schaffy!”

This evening, notwithstanding the vehement affair of the slipper, he appeared to be in an unusually tender mood, and for the first time since our acquaintance he allowed himself to be prevailed on to take wine with me — a temptation he had hitherto carefully avoided on every occasion ; not so much perhaps out of overgreat scrupulousness, as because he was afraid I might afterwards relate it among the people of the West, and so his reputation as a teacher of wisdom be slightly endangered. But in the throng of emotions, he was unable to resist the entreaty ; he drank a glass, and then a second, and after that a third ; and the wine loosened his tongue, and he became so affable and confiding as I had never seen him before.

“What says Hafiz ?” he cried, with a smirky look : —

“The drink of the wise is wine,
All goodness and virtue unfolding,
For round it circle and shine
Spirits of highest molding !

“In fact,” he continued, “the pleasure of wine is a stone of stumbling only to the dull crowd. We, as philosophers, what need have we to trouble ourselves about the Koran ? All wise men and poets have praised wine — are we to bring shame on their words ?”

And to prove to me that his philosophy did not date from yesterday, he favored me with a song, which he asserted he had sent ten years ago to the house of a pious Mullah, who had derided him on account of his love for wine : —

“Mullah ! wine is pure,
To revile it's a sin —
Shouldst thou censure my word,
Mayst thou see truth therein !

"No devotion has me
 To the mosque led to pray;
 But drunken and free
 I have erred from the way!"

Glass followed glass, and song, song; but all at once, to my astonishment, the eye of the Mirza grew dim; he fell into a reverie, and stared sadly before him. He sat so for a long while, and I did not venture to disturb his silent contemplation. It was only when again he opened his mouth, and sang these words in a plaintive tone:—

"Oh, me! my heart Love's anguish has riven,
 Ask not: for whom?
 To me the pain of parting was given,
 Ask not: by whom?"

that I interrupted him with the sympathizing question:—

"Art thou in love, Mirza-Schaffy?"

He looked at me, sorrowfully shaking his head; and then began to sing another song, I think of Hafiz:—

"Art thou treading Love's pathway, the sad and unending,
 Hoping only in Death, in the all-comprehending!" etc.

He hummed the song through, and then turned to me and said:—

"No, I am not in love now, but I was in love once, as never man has been!"



THE SPECTER CARAVAN.

By FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

(Translated by James Clarence Mangan.)

[FERDINAND FREILIGRATH, noted German lyric poet, was born at Detmold, June 17, 1810. He was destined for a mercantile life, but the success of his first volume of poems induced him to take up literature as a profession. In consequence of the political sentiments expressed in "Mein Glaubensbekenntniss" ("My Creed"), he was forced to leave the country, and went first to Belgium, and then to Switzerland and England. He returned to Germany in 1848, but again fled to London, where he remained until 1868. He eventually settled at

Stuttgart, and died at Cannstatt, March 18, 1876. Chief amongst his poems are: "The Revolution," "Ca Ira!" "Political and Social Poems"; besides translations of Burns, of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and many English poems.]

'Twas midnight in the Desert, where we rested on the ground;
There my Beddaweens were sleeping and their steeds were stretched
around;
In the farness lay the moonlight on the Mountains of the Nile,
And the camel bones that strewed the lands for many an arid mile.

With my saddle for a pillow did I prop my weary head,
And my kaftan cloth unfolded o'er my limbs was lightly spread,
While beside me, as the Kapitan and watchman of my band,
Lay my Bazra sword and pistols twain a shimmering on the sand.

And the stillness was unbroken, save at moments by a cry
From some stray belated vulture sailing blackly down the sky,
Or the snortings of a sleeping steed at waters fancy-seen,
Or the hurried warlike mutterings of some dreaming Beddaween.

When, behold! — a sudden sandquake,— and between the earth and
moon
Rose a mighty Host of Shadows, as from out some dim lagoon;
Then our coursers gasped with terror, and a thrill shook every man;
And the cry was — "Allah Akbar! 'tis the Specter Caravan!"

On they came, their hueless faces toward Mecca evermore;
On they came, long files of camels, and of women whom they bore,
Guides, and merchants, youthful maidens bearing pitchers in their
hands,
And behind them troops of horsemen following, sunless as the
sands!

More and more! the phantom pageant overshadowed all the plains;
Yea! the ghastly camel bones arose, and grew to camel trains;
And the whirling column clouds of sand to forms in dusky garbs, —
Here afoot as Hadjee pilgrims, there as warriors on their barbs!

Whence we knew the Night was come when all whom Death had
sought and found,
Long ago amid the sands whereon their bones yet bleach around,
Rise by legions from the darkness of their prisons low and lone,
And in dim procession march to kiss the Kaaba's Holy Stone.

And yet more, and more forever! — still they swept in pomp along,
Till I asked me, — Can the Desert hold so vast a muster throng?

Lo! the Dead are here in myriads; the whole World of Hades
waits,
As with eager wish to press beyond the Babelmandeb Straits!

Then I spake: "Our steeds are frantic: To your saddles, every one!
Never quail before these Shadows! You are children of the Sun!
If their garments rustle past you, if their glances reach you here,
Cry Bismillah! and that mighty Name shall banish every fear.

"Courage, comrades! Even now the moon is waning far a-west,—
Soon the welcome Dawn will mount the skies, in gold and crimson:
vest,—

And in thinnest air will melt away those phantom shapes forlorn,
When again upon your brows you feel the odor winds of Morn!"



COMING HOME.

By JOHANN LUDWIG RNEBERG.

[Swedish poet, born in Finland, February 5, 1804; died May 6, 1877.]

LONE sheen, afar,
Flame, pure as that of a star,
Light from my father's hearth hurled,
Art thou still twinkling so late?
Happy, harmonious world,
Dost thou the wanderer await?

Day is all told,
Dark is my pathway and cold,
Drear in the woods where I fare,
Winter, the icy, is king;
Light, where thou twinklest, oh there
Find I my love and my spring.

Haste on thy way,
Fortunate!—thou mayest some day,
Mute, when thy wandering is o'er,
This home parental perceive.
Light is thy dwelling no more,
Chilly and lonesome thine eve.

GODIVA.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON was born 1809, died 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' as "Poems of Two Brothers" in 1827. "Timbuctoo," 1829, won the chancellor's gold medal. In 1830 came "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical"; in 1832 his first really great collection. In 1847 he published "The Princess," in 1850 "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Chief among the rest are "Maud," 1855; "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of CEnone," 1892.]

*I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—*

Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them over-taxed; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these*?" — "But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul:
Then filiped at the diamond in her ear;
"O ay, ay, ay, you talk!" — "Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,

Lady Godiva



Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Like horrors thro' her pulses: the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers who wait
On noble deeds canceled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

[ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH was born in Liverpool, England, 1819; son of a cotton merchant who removed to Charleston, S. C., in 1823. Returning in 1828, he was educated at Rugby, under Dr. Arnold; graduated with the top-most honors, the scholarship for Balliol College, Oxford; became fellow and tutor at Oriel; resigned both in 1848 from religious scruples; the same year wrote his poem "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich," and in 1849 "Amours de Voyage," in which year he became head of University Hall, London; resigned in 1852, and settled in Cambridge, Mass., as a man of letters; again returned in 1853 to be an examiner in the Education Office; but his health failed, and he died in Italy in 1861. His fame rests on the above poems, many remarkable shorter ones, and the philosophic-poetic *mélange* "Dipsychus," published posthumously, as was a collection of verse tales, "Mari Magno."]

THE LATEST DECALOGUE.

THOU shalt have one God only; — who
 Would be at the expense of two?
 No graven images may be
 Worshiped, except the currency.
 Swear not at all; — for, for thy curse
 Thine enemy is none the worse.
 At church on Sunday to attend
 Will serve to keep the world thy friend.
 Honor thy parents; — that is, all
 From whom advancement may befall.
 Thou shalt not kill; — but needst not strive
 Officially to keep alive.
 Adultery it is not fit
 Or safe (for woman) to commit.
 Thou shalt not steal; — an empty feat,
 When 'tis as lucrative to cheat.
 Bear not false witness; — let the lie
 Have time on its own wings to fly.
 Thou shalt not covet; — but tradition
 Approves all forms of competition.

"WITH WHOM IS NO VARIABLENESS —"

It fortifies 'my soul to know
 That though I perish, Truth is so;
 That howso'er I stray and range,
 Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
 I steadier step when I recall
 That if I slip, Thou dost not fall.

THE HYMN UNHYMNED.

O Thou whose image in the shrine
 Of human spirits dwells divine;
 Which from that precinct once conveyed,
 To be to outer day displayed,
 Doth vanish, part, and leave behind
 Mere blank and void of empty mind,
 Which willful fancy seeks in vain
 With casual shapes to fill again!

O Thou that in our bosom's shrine
 Dost dwell, unknown because divine!
 I thought to speak, I thought to say,
 "The light is here," "behold the way,"
 "The Voice was thus," and "thus the word,"
 And "this I saw," and "that I heard," —
 But from the lips that half essayed,
 The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

O Thou, in that mysterious shrine
 Enthroned, as I must say, divine!
 I will not frame one thought of what
 Thou mayest either be or not.
 I will not prate of "thus" and "so,"
 And be profane with "yes" and "no";
 Enough that in our soul and heart
 Thou, whatsoe'er Thou mayst be, art.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine
 Acknowledged present and divine,
 I will not ask some upper air,
 Some future day, to place Thee there;
 Nor say, nor yet deny, some men
 And women saw Thee thus and then;
 Thy name was such, and there or here
 To him or her Thou didst appear.

Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
 Unknown or known, remain divine;
 There, — or if not, at least in eyes
 That scan the fact that round them lies, —
 The hand to sway, the judgment guide,
 In sight and sense, Thyself divide;
 Be Thou but there, — in soul and heart
 I will not ask to feel Thou art.

COME, POET, COME!

Come, Poet, come!
A thousand laborers ply their task,
And what it tends to scarcely ask,
And trembling thinkers on the brink
Shiver, and know not how to think.
To tell the purport of their pain,
And what our silly joys contain;
In lasting lineaments portray
The substance of the shadowy day;
Our real and inner deeds rehearse,
And make our meaning clear in verse:
Come, Poet, come! for but in vain
We do the work or feel the pain,
And gather up the seeming gain,
Unless before the end thou come
To take, ere they are lost, their sum.

Come, Poet, come!
To give an utterance to the dumb,
And make vain babblers silent, come;
A thousand dupes point here and there,
Bewildered by the show and glare;
And wise men half have learned to doubt
Whether we are not best without.
Come, Poet, both but wait to see
Their error proved to them in thee.

Come, Poet, come!
In vain I seem to call. And yet
Think not the living times forget.
Ages of heroes fought and fell
That Homer in the end might tell;
O'er groveling generations past
Upstood the Doric fane at last;
And countless hearts on countless years
Had wasted thoughts, and hopes, and fears,
Rude laughter and unmeaning tears,
Ere England Shakespeare saw, or Rome
The pure perfection of her dome.
Others, I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see;
Young children gather as their own
The harvest that the dead had sown,
The dead forgotten and unknown.

CONSIDER IT AGAIN.

"Old things need not be therefore true,"
 O brother men, nor yet the new:
 Ah, still awhile the old thought retain,
 And yet consider it again!

The souls of now two thousand years
 Have laid up here their toils and fears,
 And all the earnings of their pain —
 Ah, yet consider it again!

We! what do we see? Each a space
 Of some few yards before his face:
 Does that the whole wide plan explain?
 Ah, yet consider it again!

Alas! the great world goes its way,
 And takes its truth from each new day;
 They do not quit, nor can retain,
 Far less consider it again.

SAY NOT, THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not, The struggle naught availeth,
 The labor and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light:
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

ROOTS AND FLOWERS.

(From "The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich.")

List to a letter that came from Philip at Balloch to Adam:

I am here, O my friend! idle, but learning wisdom.
Doing penance, you think; content, if so, in my penance.

Often I find myself saying, while watching in dance or on horse-
back

One that is here, in her freedom and grace and imperial sweetness,
Often I find myself saying, old faith and doctrine abjuring,
Into the crucible casting philosophies, facts, convictions, —
Were it not well that the stem should be naked of leaf and of ten-
dril,

Poverty-stricken, the barest, the dismalest stick of the garden,
Flowerless, leafless, unlovely, for ninety-and-nine long summers,
So in the hundredth, at last, were bloom for one day at the summit,
So but that fleeting flower were lovely as Lady Maria?

Often I find myself saying, and know not myself as I say it,
What of the poor and the weary? their labor and pain is needed.
Perish the poor and the weary! what can they better than perish,
Perish in labor for her, who is worth the destruction of empires?
What! for a mite, for a mote, an impalpable odor of honor,
Armies shall bleed; cities burn; and the soldier red from the storming
Carry hot rancor and lust into chambers of mothers and daughters:
What! would ourselves for the cause of an hour encounter the battle,
Slay and be slain; lie rotting in hospital, hulk, and prison;
Die as a dog dies; die mistaken, perhaps, and dishonored.
Yea — and shall hodmen in beer shops complain of a glory denied
them,

Which could not ever be theirs more than now it is theirs as spec-
tators?

Which could not be, in all earth, if it were not for labor of hodmen?

And I find myself saying, and what I am saying discern not,
Dig in thy deep dark prison, O miner! and finding be thankful;
Though unpolished by thee, unto thee unseen in perfection.

While thou art eating black bread in the poisonous air of thy cavern,
Far away glitters the gem on the peerless neck of a princess.
Dig, and starve, and be thankful; it is so, and thou hast been aiding.

Often I find myself saying — in irony is it, or earnest? —
Yea, what is more, be rich, O ye rich! be sublime in great houses,
Purple and delicate linen endure; be of Burgundy patient;
Suffer that service be done you, permit of the page and the valet,
Vex not your souls with annoyance of charity schools or of districts,

Cast not to swine of the styè the pearls that should gleam in your foreheads.

Live, be lovely, forget them, be beautiful even to proudness,
Even for their poor sakes whose happiness is to behold you;
Live, be uncaring, be joyous, be sumptuous; only be lovely, —
Sumptuous not for display, and joyous not for enjoyment;
Not for enjoyment truly, — for Beauty and God's great glory!

Yes, and I say, and it seems inspiration — of Good or of Evil!
Is it not He that hath done it, and who shall dare gainsay it?

Is it not even of Him, who hath made us? — yea, *for the lions,*
Roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God!

Is it not even of Him, who one kind over another

All the works of His hand hath disposed in a wonderful order?

Who hath made man, as the beasts, to live the one on the other,

Who hath made man, as Himself, to know the law — and accept it!

You will wonder at this, no doubt! I also wonder!

But we must live and learn: we can't know all things at twenty.

ROME AND THE APENNINES.

(From "Amours de Voyage.")

Over the great windy waters, and over the clear-crested summits,

Unto the sun and the sky, and unto the perfecter earth,

Come, let us go, — to a land wherein gods of the old time wandered,

Where every breath even now changes to ether divine.

Come let us go; though withal a voice whisper, — "The world that
we live in,

Whithersoever we turn, still is the same narrow crib;

'Tis but to prove limitation, and measure a cord, that we travel;

Let who would 'scape and be free go to his chamber and think;

'Tis but to change idle fancies for memories willfully falsèr;

'Tis but to go and have been." — Come, little bark! let us go.

* * * * *

Rome disappoints me much, — St. Peter's, perhaps, in especial;

Only the Arch of Titus and view from the Lateran please me.

This, however, perhaps is the weather, which truly is horrid.

Greece must be better, surely; and yet I am feeling so spiteful

That I could travel to Athens, to Delphi, and Troy, and Mount
Sinai,

Though but to see with my eyes that these are vanity also.

Rome disappoints me much; I hardly as yet understand, but
Rubbishy seems the word that most exactly would suit it.

All the foolish destructions, and all the sillier savings,

All the incongruous things of past incompatible ages,

Seem to be treasured up here to make fools of present and future.
 Would to Heaven the old Goths had made a cleaner sweep of it!
 Would to Heaven some new ones would come and destroy these
 churches!

However, one can live in Rome as also in London. . . .

Rome disappoints me still; but I shrink and adapt myself to it.
 Somehow a tyrannous sense of a superincumbent oppression
 Still, wherever I go, accompanies ever, and makes me
 Feel like a tree (shall I say?) buried under a ruin of brickwork.
 Rome, believe me, my friend, is like its own Monte Testaccio,
 Merely a marvelous mass of broken and cast-away wine-pots.
 Ye gods! what do I want with this rubbish of ages departed,
 Things that Nature abhors, the experiments that she has failed in?
 What do I find in the Forum? An archway and two or three pillars.
 Well, but St. Peter's? Alas, Bernini has filled it with sculpture!
 No one can cavil, I grant, at the size of the great Coliseum.
 Doubtless the notion of grand and capacious and massive amuse-
 ment,

This the old Romans had; but tell me, is this an idea?

Yet of solidity much, but of splendor little is extant:

"Brickwork I found thee, and marble I left thee!" their Emperor
 vaunted;

"Marble I thought thee, and brickwork I find thee!" the tourist
 may answer.

* * * * *

Yet to the wondrous St. Peter's, and yet to the solemn Rotonda,

Mingling with heroes and gods, yet to the Vatican walls,

Yet may we go, and recline, while a whole mighty world seems
 above us,

Gathered and fixed to all time into one roofing supreme;

Yet may we, thinking on these things, exclude what is meaner
 around us;

Yet, at the worst of the worst, books and a chamber remain;

Yet may we think, and forget, and possess our souls in resistance. —

Ah, but away from the stir, shouting, and gossip of war,

Where, upon Apennine slope, with the chestnut the oak-trees im-
 mingle,

Where amid odorous copse bridle-paths wander and wind,

Where under mulberry branches the diligent rivulet sparkles,

Or amid cotton and maize peasants their water-works ply,

Where over fig-tree and orange, in tier upon tier still repeated,

Garden on garden upreared, balconies step to the sky, —

Ah, that I were far away from the crowd and the streets of the
 city,

Under the vine-trellis laid, O my beloved, with thee!

THE UNLUCKY WEATHERCOCK:

A TRAGI-COMEDY OF THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION.

BY MAURICE JOKAI.

[JOKAI MÓR (Maurice Jokai), the greatest of Hungarian novelists, and a journalist and politician of immense activity and influence, was born at Komorn in 1825. His first novel, "Working Days," appeared in 1846. An ardent patriot in the revolution of 1848, he came near execution for it. In the half-century since then he has published over three hundred volumes, among his chief novels being "A Hungarian Nabob" (1856), and its sequel "Zoltán Kárpáthy"; "The Palmy Days of Transylvania" (1861); "The New Squire" (1862); "What we are Growing Old For" (1865); "Love's Fools" (1867); "Black Diamonds" (1870); "Rab Ráby" (1880); "The Poor Rich" (1881); "Eyes like the Sea" (1890); "There is no Devil" (1891); "The Son of Rákóczy" (1892); "Twice Two are Four" (1893). He has also written histories and a great descriptive and statistical account of Hungary, an autobiography, and many other works; has edited several important daily papers and a humorous weekly; has been a member of the Hungarian Diet since its re-creation in 1866, and since 1897 a life member of the House of Magnates. Died in 1904.]

IT SEEMS as if fortune delighted in extending her hand favorably towards some individuals, while to others she only puts it forth to deceive and buffet them through life. Her caprices have furnished us with a lively example in both manners of dealing. We relate the simple facts as we heard them without adding a word.

Towards the close of 1848, war was the only theme in vogue. In Pesth especially, the word *peace* was quite out of fashion. The hotels were filled with guests who met for the purpose of discussing the favorite topic; martial music was heard from morning till night; the European war was preparing.

Two personages were sitting together before a small table at the hotel "Nagy Pipa,"¹ to whom the German saying might have been applied — "*Der eine schweigt, der andere hört zu,*"² for one of these two personages seemed attentively considering the probable or possible cause of his companion's silence, casting from time to time a scrutinizing glance on his countenance, intended to penetrate whatever dark project might be passing within.

This observant individual was no other than the humane Master Janos, police-corporal, and vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth; and when we inform our readers that he occupied

¹ Great Pipe.² "One keeps silence, the other listens to him."

this post during Metternich's time, and that, notwithstanding that minister's overthrow, he still retained his position, unlike the usual fate of the adherents of a fallen ministry, they will surely admit that the favorite of fortune could not be better personified than by the same Master Janos: nor can it be denied that the individual opposite was no less persecuted by the fickle goddess; not only because he was the object of honest Master Janos's suspicious glances, but more especially because a nailsmith's apprentice from Vienna could think of coming to Hungary of all places on earth—a country where the craft is carried on wholesale at the corner of every village by the Wallachian gypsies.

Master Janos had not studied Lavater, but long experience had led him to conclude, after minute examination of the man's countenance, that some counter-revolutionary scheme was turning in his head.

Consequently he drew his chair nearer, and determined to break the silence.

"Where do you come from, sir? if I may presume to ask," he inquired, with a wily glance at his companion.

"Hyay! from Vienna," sighed the stranger, looking into the bottom of his glass.

"And what news from that city?"

"Hyae! nothing good."

"Eh, what? nothing good!—what bad, then?"

"Hyay! war is much feared."

"Feared! what audacity!—how dare they fear?"

"Hyay! sir, I do not fear either at thirty leagues' distance, but once I heard from the cellar how they were bombarding the streets, and I found nothing agreeable in it."

Master Janos found still greater reason for suspicion. He resolved to make him drink, and he would probably come on the traces of some dangerous plot.

How much does a nailsmith's stomach require? At the second pitcher his head sank slowly back, and his tongue moved with difficulty.

"Now for it!" thought Master Janos, filling his glass. "Eljen! liberty!" he exclaimed, waiting for the nailsmith to strike glasses.

The latter was not long in responding to the invitation, and echoed the "Eljen!" as far as his thickening tongue permitted.

"Now it is your turn to give a toast," said the vice-jailer, slyly eying his victim.

"Indeed, I am not used to give toasts, sir; I only drink them."

"Come, don't play the egotist, but drink to whoever you consider the greatest man in the world!"

"In the whole world?" replied the nailsmith, reflecting that the world was very large, and that he knew very little about it.

"Yes, in the whole world!—the whole round earth!" pursued Master Janos, confidently.

The nailsmith hesitated, scratched his nose, scratched his ear, scratched his whole head, and finally cried out, "Success to Master Slimak!"

The vice-jailer shuddered at this public demonstration. It was quite clear that this Master Slimak was some gunpowder-sworn commander-in-chief—there was no doubt of it, and, without any further ado, he seized the nailsmith by the collar, and, *brevis manu*, escorted him to the town hall, where he dragged him into a narrow, ominous-looking chamber, before a stout, red-faced gentleman.

"This man is a suspicious character," he exclaimed. "In the first place, he has the audacity to fear war; in the next place, he sat from seven o'clock until half-past nine, two whole hours and a half, without opening his lips; and finally, he was impious enough to give a public toast to a certain Master Slimak, who is probably quite as suspicious a character as himself."

"Who is this Master Slimak?" asked the stout, red-faced gentleman, sternly.

"Nobody, indeed," replied the trembling Viennese, "but my former master, an honest nailsmith, whom I served for four years, and would be serving still, had his wife not beaten me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fat, red-faced gentleman. "It is not customary to give public toasts to such personages."

"But I don't know what the custom is here."

"If you wished to give a toast, why did you not drink to constitutional liberty, to the upper and lower Danube armies, or to freedom of the press, and such toasts?"

"Hyay, sir! I could not learn all that in a month!"

"But in three months I dare say you will be able to learn it well enough. Master Janos, take that man into custody."

The humane Master Janos again seized the delinquent by the collar, *ut supra*, and escorted him to the place appropriated to such malefactors, where he had time to consider why he was put there.

The three months passed slowly enough to the nailsmith. It was now the middle of March.

Master Janos punctually released his prisoner, and the honest man, in order to prove the reform of his sentiments, and thereby rise in Master Janos's opinion, greeted him with, "Success to liberty and the Hungarian arms!"

Master Janos stumbled against the wall in speechless horror, and as soon as he had regained his equilibrium, he seized the astonished nailsmith, who, when he had recovered his terrified senses, found himself again in the narrow, ominous chamber; but now, instead of the stout, red-faced gentleman, he stood before a lean, black gentleman, who, when he understood the charge against the prisoner, without permitting any explanation, condemned him to three months' imprisonment, informing him that henceforth, unless he wished to fare worse, he would exclaim, "Success to the imperial armies, the great constitution, and the one and powerful Austria!"

And the nailsmith, having made three steps beyond his prison door, was brought back to renew his captivity and ponder over his strange fate.

The three months had again passed over. It was some time in June.

The humane Master Janos did not fail to release his captive. The poor man began at his prison door to declaim the redeeming words of: "Long live Prince Windischgrätz! Success to glorious Austria!"

Master Janos laid his hand upon his sword, as if to protect himself from this incorrigible man.

"What! was it not enough to imprison you twice? Have you not yet learned what you should say? Have the kindness to step in here."

And for the third time they entered the narrow chamber.

Instead of the meager, black gentleman, it was again the fat, red-faced gentleman before whom our victim was called in question for his repeated crime.

"Obstinate traitor!" he exclaimed; "are you aware of the extent of your offense, and that if I did not condemn you to an imprisonment of three months on my own responsibility, instead of giving you up to justice, you would be cut into four quarters, as you deserve?"

The unhappy nailsmith must needs rejoice, in his extreme terror, at the mildness of the punishment.

"But what should I have said?" he asked his lenient judge, in a voice of despair.

"What should you have said? why, 'Success to the republic! Success to democracy! Success to revolution!'"

The poor man repeated the three injunctions, and promising faithfully to attend them, he resigned himself patiently to a new lease of his dark abode.

During the ensuing three months, everything had changed except the good fortune of Master Janos. Neither time nor chance could succeed in displacing him, as they had so many others. He was still vice-jailer of the noble city of Pesth, as he had formerly been.

It was now September. The nailsmith's penalty was out, and Master Janos called him forth. The prisoner's countenance expressed something unusually important; and no sooner did the vice-jailer approach than, seizing his hand, he exclaimed between his sobs, "Oh, Master Janos, tell the black gentleman that I humbly kiss his hand, and wish him from the bottom of my heart, 'Success to the republic!'"

As the hungry wolf pounces on the lamb, Master Janos once more seized the nailsmith by his ill-used collar; and indeed, so shocked was the worthy jailer, that, having brought his prisoner into the narrow chamber, it was some time before he could recover himself sufficiently to explain the circumstances to the lean, black gentleman, who once more occupied the place of the fat, red-faced one; and great was his vexation when this individual, instead of sentencing the delinquent to be broken on the wheel, merely awarded him three months more imprisonment!

On the third of November, 1849, all who had been imprisoned for slight political offenses were released from their confinement, and among others the nailsmith.

As Master Janos opened the door, the unfortunate man stopped his mouth with his pocket-handkerchief, giving the

humane jailer by this pantomime to understand that he would henceforth keep his demonstrations to himself.

It might have been some consolation to him to know that he was not the only one who cried out at the wrong time!

THE RECIPROCITY TREATY.

By JOSEPH HOWE.

(From a speech at Detroit, August 14, 1865.)

[JOSEPH HOWE was born near Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1804. Before his death, in 1873, he had established himself among his countrymen as a wise and strong leading figure whose influence flowed through a variety of channels, for Howe was editor, orator, and statesman combined. After an early experience in printing and journalism, he became owner and editor of the *Nova Scotian*, which during the many years of his control had a wide circulation in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. In it were published some of the best products of Canadian political and social writers of the time. Howe's own contribution was notable. He was active in the politics of his Province and, later, of the Dominion—first, as a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature and its cabinet; then, as a member of the first Dominion Parliament and Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet. His opposition to the plan for confederation is the one chapter in his public career which his admirers would choose to blot out. Only a month before his death, the experienced political leader had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of his own Province. Of the speeches of this most distinguished Nova Scotian, the one from which the following extracts have been taken is considered the masterpiece. It was delivered at a convention of the Boards of Trade of the United States and Canada, held at Detroit to consider whether the Reciprocity Treaty should be sustained. The speech, overcoming all opposition, resulted in a unanimous standing vote in favor of the treaty.]

I NEVER prayed for the gift of eloquence till now. Although I have passed through a long public life, I never was called upon to discuss a question so important in the presence of a body of representative men so large. I see before me merchants who think in millions, and whose daily transactions would sweep the harvest of a Greek island or Russian principality. I see before me the men who whiten the ocean and great lakes with the sails of commerce—who own the railroads, canals and telegraphs which spread life and civilization through this great country, making the waste plains fertile and the wilderness to blossom as the rose. I see before me the men whose capital and financial skill bulwark and sustain the Government in every crisis of public affairs. On either hand I see the gentlemen who control

and animate the press, whose laborious vigils mold public sentiment—whose honorable ambition I can estimate from my early connection with the profession. On these benches, sir, or I mistake the intelligence to be read in their faces, sit those who will yet be governors and ministers of State. I may well feel awed in the presence of such an audience as this; but the great question which brings us together is worthy of the audience and challenges their grave consideration.

What is that question? Sir, we are here to determine how best we can draw together in the bonds of peace, friendship and commercial prosperity the great branches of the British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked—we are not dealing with the concerns of a city, a province, or a state, but with the future of our race in all time to come. Some reference has been made to “elevators” in your discussions. What we want is an elevator to lift our souls to the height of this great argument. Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of Government, it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? We are taught to reverence the mystery of the Trinity, and our salvation depends on our belief. The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct, and yet united, let us live and flourish. Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings, and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour and in the earlier and later civil wars. We can wear our white and red roses without a blush, and glory in the principles those conflicts established. Our common ancestors won the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights—established free Parliaments, the Habeas Corpus and trial by jury. Our jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic.

It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars—but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war than there were in the two national wars be-

tween this country and Great Britain. You hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. And in that task I wish you Godspeed! And in the same way I feel that we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars, and unite together as one people for all time to come. I see around the door the flags of the two countries. United as they are there, I would ever have them draped together, fold within fold,—and let

“Their varying tints unite,
And form in heaven’s light
One arch of peace.”

The Reciprocity Treaty has a special arrangement, forced upon both countries by a long frontier, by the proximity of rich fishing grounds and by the difficulty of drawing accurate and recognized boundaries upon the sea. I need not enter upon the history of this question, which has been most accurately given by Lorenzo Sabine, Esq., in his very able reports to the Boston Board of Trade. It is sufficient for us to know that for forty years the use by American citizens of the inshore fisheries upon the coasts of British America was in controversy between the two Governments—that every year American fishing vessels were seized or driven off, it being impossible to divine accurately a sea line of five thousand miles—that disputes were endless, tending ultimately to the employment of naval forces, with evident danger of hostile collisions and of war.

On the other hand, the Canadians, seeing the great staples of the United States freely admitted into every part of the British Empire, naturally claimed that their breadstuffs should pass with equal freedom into the United States, the greater portion being only in transit to the mother country. The Maritime Provinces, admitting breadstuffs from the United States duty free, and all their manufactures under low import duties, not exceeding 10 to 12½ per cent., naturally claimed that their own unmanufactured staples should be admitted free into this country. They as fairly claimed that their tonnage should be entitled to the right of registry in the United States, and to participate in its coasting trade.

The Reciprocity Treaty was a compromise of all these claims and interests. For the Provinces it was an unfair compromise. The right of registry and to trade coastwise was not conceded. The free interchange of the produce of the soil, the forest and

the mine was satisfactory. The right to navigate Lake Michigan was perfectly fair to both countries.

Let us now look at the working of the treaty, and estimate, if we can, in a judicial spirit, its fair and legitimate fruits. We must confess that, as a measure of peace and national fraternity, it has been most successful. It has extended to the Gulf of St. Lawrence and to the North Atlantic, the freedom and security enjoyed by the Great Lakes under a kindred arrangement. There have been no more intrusions, warnings, captures,—no rival squadrons guarding boundaries not possible to define. This treaty settled amicably the last boundary question about which the Governments of Great Britain and the United States could by any possibility dispute. This was a great matter, had no other good been accomplished, and he is no friend to either country who would desire to throw open this wide field of controversy again. Looking at the industrial results of the treaty, any fair-minded and dispassionate mind must admit that they have far surpassed, in utility and value, all that could have been hoped by the most sanguine advocates of the measure in 1854. The trade of the United States and of the Provinces, feeble, restricted, slow of growth, and vexatious before, has been annually swelled by mutual exchanges and honorable competition, till it is represented by the grand total of \$456,350,391, in nine years. This amount seems almost incredible, but who can hazard an estimate of the figures by which this trade will be expressed ten or twenty years hence, if this wise adjustment of our mutual interests be not disturbed? If there be any advantage in a balance of trade, the returns show that the citizens of the United States have had it to the extent of \$55,951,145. But in the presence of the great benefits conferred upon both countries by the measure, it would be a waste of time to chaffer over their distribution. In the interests of peace and honest industry, we should thank Providence for the blessing, and confidently rely upon the wisdom of our statesmen to see that it is preserved.

Let me now draw your attention for a moment to the value of these North American fisheries. You have behind and around you here boundless prairies which an all-bountiful Creator annually covers with rich harvests and wheat and corn. The ocean is our prairie, and it stretches away before and around us, and Almighty God, for the sustenance of man, annually replenishes it with fish in myriads that cannot be counted, having a com-

mercial value that no man can estimate. The fecundity of the ocean may be estimated by the fact that the roes of thirty cod-fish annually replace all the fish that are taken by the British, French and American fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland. In like manner the schools of mackerel, herring and of all other fish that swarm in the bays and trim around the shores, are replaced year by year. These great storehouses of food can never be exhausted.

Mr. Chairman, I must now touch upon a subject of some delicacy and importance. It has been urged by Mr. Morrill in Congress, and by some people in the United States, that the treaty ought not to be renewed, because it had bred no friendship towards them across the lakes—that in their struggles the sympathies of the Provinces were with the South. Well, if that were true in its fullest extent, which it is not—if you had not had one sympathizer among the native people and British residents in the Provinces, it could fairly be said in response that when Great Britain was at war with Russia the sympathies of the American people were very generally with the latter country. I was in the United States at the time, and was perfectly astonished at the feeling. Russia was at that time a country full of slaves, for the serfs had not been emancipated, and England was at war with her to prevent her making slaves of the weak neighboring countries. How the American people could sympathize with Russia was a perfect puzzle at first sight, and can only be explained in the same manner that much of the sympathy for the South on the part of the British subjects may be explained. And when the Canadians once had a rebellion within their borders, where were the sympathies of the American people then? Were they with the Canadian Government or with the rebels? You not only sympathized with them, but—I am sorry to have to say it—you gave them aid along the frontier in many ways, and to a very large extent. I am happy to be able to say, that during the whole four years of the rebellion in the United States, there has not been developed a particle of evidence to show that a single citizen of any British North American Province put a hostile foot upon your soil. Everything of which complaint can be made has been the act of your own people, in violation of the hospitality and right of asylum everywhere extended to them on the soil of Great Britain and her dependencies.

I make those remarks in no spirit of anger or of excitement,

but to show how unfair it is to hold any government or people responsible for the actions of a few evil-disposed individuals, as well as how natural it is for sympathy to be aroused in the minds of people on one side or another. In our rebellion, when its attention was called to the acts of its citizens, the United States Government exerted itself to keep them within bounds, and all that could have been asked of the Provincial authorities has been freely done to prevent any cause of complaint against them. It is something to be able to say that during the four long disastrous years of war just ended, not a single act of which complaint can be made has been committed by a Canadian. Notwithstanding the false reports that were circulated, I do not believe there was a single intelligent citizen of my Province, at least, who did not believe that the capture of the Chesapeake off the coast of Maine, by rebellious citizens of the United States, was nothing less or more than an act of piracy. And so of the St. Albans raid. The government of Canada acted most promptly and nobly in connection with that affair, and has repaid the money which rebellious citizens of the United States had carried into their territory from the States banks. As to our harboring the rebels and extending to them the right of asylum, is there a single American here who would have his government surrender that right? There is not an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scotchman, nor an American who would not fight three wars rather than give up that sacred right. How many excellent citizens of the United States are in your country at this moment, and how many are there who have helped you to fight your battles, who dare not go back to their own native lands across the ocean on account of political offences? You would not give these people up to their respective governments, and thus surrender your right of asylum; every man of you would fight first. It is very proper that criminals should be given up, and a treaty for that purpose has been made between England and the United States. We may sympathize with political offenders, but not with criminals. When Abraham Lincoln fell by the hand of an assassin, the act was reprobated throughout the Provinces as well as throughout the British Empire. But admitting that a large number of the people in the Provinces sympathized with the rebels, what of that? Did not a very large number in the Northern States sympathize with them? Nobody ever saw two dogs fighting in the street, or two cocks fighting in a back yard, without having his sympathies aroused, he scarcely knows why, in favor of one or other of the combatants, and generally the

weaker. Suppose a good deal of feeling was excited in some portions of the British Provinces, is that good reason for refusing to allow us to trade with our brethren south of the lakes? The sympathy expressed for the South ought to be well balanced by the young men whom you have drawn from the colonies into this conflict. For one ton of goods sent to the Southerners, and for one young man sent to aid their cause, we have sent fifty tons of goods and fifty able-bodied soldiers to the North. The people of the Provinces might lay the charge against you of having seduced their young men away from their homes, and left their bodies bleaching on Southern plains or rotting in Southern prisons. Only a short time ago I met not less than thirty British Americans going home in a single vessel, after having served three years in the war, and having left scores of their companions behind to enrich the soil. At Washington I met with a brave nephew of one of my late colleagues in the Legislature of Nova Scotia, who held the rank of lieutenant in a Massachusetts regiment, with only one leg to take him back to his home instead of two. I met another veteran from my Province, who had fought in two battles and was on his way home. In my own family and person I have suffered not a little by this unhappy rebellion. I have five boys, and one of them took it into his head to enter your army. He has now been for nearly two years in the 23rd Ohio Regiment, and has fought in all the battles in which that regiment has been engaged during that period. He was in both the great battles under Sheridan, in which Early's forces were scattered and the Shenandoah Valley cleared. All the personal benefit that I have derived from the Reciprocity Treaty, or hope to derive from its renewal, will never compensate me or that boy's mother for the anxiety we have had with regard to him; but when he produced the certificates of his commanding officers, showing that he had conducted himself like a gentleman, and had been faithful and brave, it was some consolation for all anguish to know that he had performed his duty.

I know that it has been asserted by some, and I have heard uttered since I came to the convention, that if the Reciprocity Treaty is annulled, the British Provinces will be so cramped that they will be compelled to seek annexation to the United States. I beg to be allowed to say on that point that no man knows better the feeling in the Lower Provinces, and I believe I am well enough acquainted with the Canadians to speak for them also, and I speak for them all, with such exceptions as must be made when speaking for any entire population, when I make the

assertion that no consideration of finance, no question of balance for or against them, upon interchange of commodities, can have any influence upon the loyalty of the inhabitants of the British Provinces, or tend in the slightest degree to alienate the affections of the people from their country, their institutions, their Government and their Queen. There is not a loyal man in the British American Provinces, not a man worthy of the name, who, whatever may happen to the treaty, will become any less loyal, any the less true to his country on that account. There is not a man who dare, on the abrogation of the treaty, if such should be its fate, take the hustings and appeal to any constituency on annexation principles throughout the entire domain. The man who avows such a sentiment will be scouted from society by his best friends. What other treatment would a man deserve who, for pecuniary considerations, should turn traitor to his Sovereign and his Government, and violate all obligations to the country which gave him birth! You know what you call Copperheads, and a nice life they have of it. Just such a life will a man have who talks treason on the other side of the lines. The very boy to whom I have alluded as having fought manfully for the "Stars and Stripes" would rather blow his own father's brains out than haul down the honored flag under which he was born—the flag of his nation and of his fatherland. I do not believe there is a young Canadian in the American army who does not honor his own flag as you honor yours, and they ought to be despised if they did not. If any member of this convention harbors the idea that by refusing reciprocity to British America you will undermine the loyal feelings of the people of these colonies, he is laboring under a delusion and fostering an imputation upon the character and integrity of an honorable people of the most dastardly kind that can, by any possibility, receive a lodgment in his breast.

THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

By F. X. GARNEAU.

(From "*L'histoire du Canada.*")

[FRANCOIS XAVIER GARNEAU (1809-66), one of Canada's leading historians, was born in Quebec. His education prepared him for the profession of notary, but he early felt impelled to turn to authorship. In 1833 he was appointed translator to the Legislative Assembly of Lower Canada, and from 1844 to 1864 was secretary of the city of Quebec. Of his writings the most important is "*L'histoire du Canada*," a standard account of the country's history up to 1840. The following extract is a translation of parts of the chapter on the massacre of Lachine. The period referred to covers about the years 1686 to 1689. Dongan and, later, Andros, governors of New York, representing the King of England, and Denonville, the governor of New France, representing the King of France, were engaged in intrigues with the Indians, each against the other. The Iroquois, enraged by the treachery of Denonville in seizing some of their chiefs and sending them off to France to serve in the galleys, and receiving encouragement from New York, awaited a favorable moment for inflicting upon the French the most frightful massacre in Canada's history.]

On the twelfth of July, Denonville and his army set out on their march through the forest. The troops suffered considerably from the heat. As the country they were traversing was hilly, crossed by ravines and marshes, it offered plenty of opportunity for ambuscades, so they had to proceed with great caution. The Tsonnanthouans, informed of the approach of the French by some prisoners who had broken away from their guards at the very moment of departure, immediately set fire to their foremost village and took to flight. But when the moment of panic had passed, they decided to resist Denonville's advance by making use of the irregularities of the ground; so they retraced their steps. Three hundred took up positions in a brook, between two wooded hills, and five hundred others in a swamp some distance away, where there was a thick growth of tall reeds. Thus concealed, they waited.

The French, misled by certain false clues which the enemy had scattered along the route, pushed forward. The vanguard, far ahead of the main body, were first to reach the brook. The three hundred Tsonnanthouans in ambush there would have done better to let the French army pass, so as to attack from the rear and drive them by a sudden surprise assault toward the second ambuscade, set in the swamp. But they mistook the vanguard for the whole army, and, counting upon easily getting the

better of them since the force was almost entirely composed of savages, they gave their war-whoop and fired. At this unexpected volley from an unseen foe, most of the allies turned and fled, and in the first moment of shock the disorder spread among the soldiers who were with them and who were unaccustomed to bush warfare. Fortunately the Christian converts among the Indians stood firm. All at once, La Valtrie came up, at the head of his militia, marching in quick time and with drums beating a charge. And now dismay seized upon the minds of the enemy. They left their position and fled to join the other band, hidden in the swamp. These, panic-stricken in their turn, disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, throwing down their arms as they went. The losses of the French were of little account; of the Iroquois, on the other hand, forty-five were killed and sixty wounded. The victors bivouacked upon the spot. The native allies, as was their custom, seized upon the bodies of the slain foemen and made a horrible feast on human flesh and blood in their camp.

The next day, the fourteenth of July, the army made its way up to another burned village of the Tsonnanthouans set upon a hill whose crest was crowned with a group of towers standing out in picturesque relief against the bright background of the sky. These were the granaries. In them were discovered great supplies of maize which the Iroquois had not had time to destroy. The rest of the village was in ashes with the exception of the tombs, which had been spared. For ten days the devastation of the interior of the country went on. Two other settlements, smaller than the first, were set on fire; in every field the crops of grain, just ripe for the harvest, were slashed down by the sword; and all animals were slaughtered. There was not a single human being to be seen. The whole population had taken to flight, some to seek refuge among the Goyagouins, some to travel beyond the mountains into Virginia, leaving their route strewn with the bodies of those who fell exhausted and dying. This disaster reduced the Tsonnanthouan tribe by about half their numbers, and sadly humbled the proud confederation of which they were a part.

Instead of marching at once against the other cantons, according to the expectations of the army (especially the native allies), so as to utterly break down the power of the Iroquois while the nation was crushed with dismay, the governor, leaving his conquest unfinished, sent back part of his forces and with the rest moved on toward the mouth of the Niagara River.

There he erected upon the site of La Salle's ruined fort another fortress built of stakes, where he stationed Chevalier de Troyes with a hundred men; but not long afterward almost the whole garrison was wiped out by an epidemic.

Denonville's retreat was a signal for new incursions by the Iroquois—expeditions of bloody reprisal which spread abroad through the whole colony a sense of apprehension and natural alarm. With rage in their hearts, the savages set out to devastate all western Canada with fire and hatchet. Dongan, who had written to London that Denonville had invaded English territory, now shrewdly urged them on, representing himself as their faithful ally, not their master; and, appealing to their patriotism, he called upon them to defend their land with as much force as they could muster. He offered to the Iroquois at Sault St. Louis English Jesuit priests and, in order to bring them nearer to New York, promised them lands more satisfactory than the ones on which they were living. With the purpose of appearing in the guise of mediator between the belligerent parties, he made certain propositions which he knew the French would never accept. And, assuming the rôle of dictator for the Five Nations, he assured Père Vaillant, who had been sent to Albany by that weakling, Denonville, that Canada could secure peace only upon condition that the natives who had been sent to France to serve in the galleys should be brought back; that the christened Iroquis of Sault St. Louis and of the Mountain should return to their tribes; that the forts at Niagara and Cataraqui should be razed; and that compensation should be made to the Tsonnanthouans for the ravaging of their villages. Then Dongan, bringing together the elders of the cantons, announced to them that the French Government was seeking peace, and set before them terms which they should insist upon getting. "I hope," he added, "that you will lay down the hatchet; but do not bury it; simply hide it in the grass. My King has forbidden me to supply arms for you if you make plans to go on with the war against the French; but you may feel sure that you will not be left in want of anything. For so worthy a cause I would at my own expense provide whatever might be needed. Be on your guard for fear of surprises, and hold yourselves ready to swoop down upon the enemy by way of Lake Champlain or Lake Ontario as soon as the moment comes when you can renew the warfare."

The attitude toward the French had grown decidedly cool

among the Indians of the Lake districts, especially the Hurons of Michillimackinac, who kept up secret relations with the Iroquois, in spite of having fought against them in the last campaign. This state of affairs, added to a bad epidemic which had fallen upon Canada after the return of the army, influenced the governor to lay aside all thought of a new expedition. Thus the foe was given an opening for menacing the forts of Niagara and Frontenac and even Chambly. When, at the instigation of Dongan, the last-named fort was suddenly surrounded by Agniers and Mahingans, its preservation was due only to the prompt action of the people of the region around who flew to the rescue. Bands of the savages crept along up to the very island of Montreal, where one company made an assault upon a block-house, attempted to tear down its palisades, and was not driven off until after some of the number had been killed. A second band, consisting of two hundred warriors, fell upon another place, put to death some of the inhabitants, and burned some of the houses. But these were minor attacks, after all,—forerunners of terrible outbreaks that were to come in the next few years.

The governor's report of this war brings vividly before our minds the conditions under which our ancestors lived, the dangers to which they were hourly exposed, the courage and the constancy which they exhibited in this struggle with barbarians.

The savages, he says, are "like a great pack of wolves extending far and wide through a vast forest, whence they issue forth to ravage all the countryside around. The people organize to give them chase and try to find out their lair; but they are on every side. One must lie in wait for them, and wait long. The only way to pursue them is to use hunting-dogs, and even then the only sleuth-hounds of any real avail would be other savages. These are not to be had, for the few at our command are not the sort that can be relied upon; they shrink from approaching the enemy, for fear of stirring up his rage against themselves."

The first days of August, 1689, had come. No warning was sounded that anything out of the ordinary was about to happen. During the night of the fourth, fifteen hundred Iroquois moved across Lake St. Louis, through a storm of hail and rain which worked in their favor, and noiselessly disembarked at Lachine on the upper end of the island of Montreal. Before daybreak they had stationed themselves in groups among the houses over an area of several leagues. The people were still deep in

slumber. The Iroquois stood awaiting a signal: it was given. Doors were driven in, and the massacre started. The savages fell to slaughtering their victims. Houses that could not be broken into were set on fire, and when the flames drove out the inmates every horror that fury and ferocity could invent was inflicted upon them. The torturers tore babes from their mothers' wombs, and forced other mothers to thrust their infants into the flames and roast them alive. About two hundred human beings perished. Others were carried off to the cantons to be burned alive. The island, bathed in blood, was sacked up to the very gates of the city within which was Denonville himself. Thence the Iroquois crossed to the opposite shore and laid waste with fire the whole parish of La Chenaie, massacring twenty of its people.

Nothing was done to stay the engulfing torrent which rushed on in undisputed mastery. At the first alarm, Denonville had lost his head entirely. When companies of men came to him, ready to march against the Iroquois, he sent them back or gave them strict orders not to move forward. On several occasions it would have been possible to take the barbarians by surprise and destroy them while roving about the country in a drunken state, or to attack them to advantage when on the march. But a positive order prevented any move to check them. Soldiers and inhabitants had to remain where they were under arms, offering no resistance to these ravages and powerless to avenge themselves. Here and there a few encounters took place. Eighty men, French and Indians, under Lieutenant Larobeyre, were sent to the assistance of Fort Roland at Lachine, where Chevalier de Vandreuil was in command. But while on the way this inadequate company was set upon and overwhelmed. Larobeyre, wounded but still alive, fell into the hands of the Iroquois, who kept him to serve as a spectacle for their village, where they put him to death with inhuman tortures. These fiends over-ran the countryside, leaving bloody traces everywhere behind them. In their light canoes they moved swiftly from place to place: and wherever they met resistance they gave way, to break forth in some other spot where there was no obstacle. Thus with hatchet and torch they passed along like a fire driven by a wind which is continually shifting its direction. At last they withdrew.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

[JULIA WARD HOWE (1819-1910), American poet and philanthropist, was born in New York, but after her marriage to Dr. S. G. Howe removed to Boston. She did valiant work for many reforms during her long life, and wrote many books, but the following poem has made her name familiar throughout the world. It was written in 1861, shortly after the beginning of the Civil War in the United States.]

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

SCHOPENHAUER'S ESSAYS.

TRANSLATED BY ERNEST BELFORD BAX.

[ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER: A German philosopher; born at Dantzig, February 22, 1788; died at Frankfort-on-the-Main, September 20, 1860. He studied at Göttingen, Berlin, Dresden, and Rudolstadt, and received his degree at Jena in 1813. His graduation thesis, "The Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason," showed the wonderful philosophical mind of the student, whose next notable work, "The World as Will and Idea" (1818), is his masterpiece. His other writings include a pamphlet on "Sight and Color" (1816), "The Two Fundamental Problems of Ethics" (1841), and "Parerga and Paralipomena" (1851).]

THINKING FOR ONESELF.

As the richest library unarranged is not so useful as a very moderate one well arranged, so the greatest amount of erudition, if it has not been elaborated by one's own thought, is worth much less than a far smaller amount that has been well thought over. For it is through the combination on all sides of that which one knows, through the comparison of every truth with every other, that one assimilates one's own knowledge and gets it into one's power. One can only think out what one knows; hence one should learn something; but one only knows what one has thought out.

One can only apply oneself of set purpose to reading and learning, but not to thinking proper. The latter must, that is, be stimulated and maintained, like fire by a draught of air, by some interest in the subject itself, which may be either a purely objective or a merely subjective one. The latter is only present in the case of our personal interest, but the former only for thinking heads by nature, for which thought is as natural as breath, but which are very rare. For this reason it is so little the case with most scholars.

The distinction between the effect which thinking for oneself, and that which reading has upon the mind, is inconceivably great, hence it perpetually increases the original diversity of heads by virtue of which a man is driven to the one or to the other. Reading imposes thoughts upon the mind which are as foreign and heterogeneous to the direction and mood which it has for the moment as the seal is to the wax on which it impresses its stamp. The mind suffers thereby an entire compul-

sion from without, to think now this, now that, for which it has no desire and no capacity. In thinking for itself, on the other hand, it follows its own natural impulse, as either external circumstance or some recollection has determined it for the moment. Perceptual surroundings, namely, do not impress one definite thought upon the mind as reading does, but merely give it material and occasion to think that which is according to its nature and present disposition. Hence much reading deprives the mind of all elasticity, as a weight continually pressing upon it does a spring, and the most certain means of never having any original thoughts is to take a book in hand at once, at every spare moment. This practice is the reason why scholarship makes most men more unintelligent and stupid than they are by nature, and deprives their writings of all success ; they are, as Pope says —

Forever reading, never to be read.

Scholars are those who have read in books ; but thinkers, geniuses, enlighteners of the world, and benefactors of the human race are those who have directly read in the book of the world.

At bottom it is only our own fundamental conceptions which have truth and life, for it is they alone that one thoroughly and correctly understands. Alien thoughts that we read are the remnants of another's meal, the cast-off clothes of a strange guest.

The alien thought arising within us is related to our own as the impression in stone of a plant of the early world is to the blooming plant of spring.

Reading is a mere surrogate for original thought. In reading, one allows one's own thoughts to be guided by another in leading strings. Besides, many books are only good for showing how many false paths there are, and how seriously one may miss one's way if one allows oneself to be guided by them ; but he whom genius guides, he, that is, who thinks for himself, thinks of free will, thinks correctly—he has the compass to find out the right way. One should only read when the source of original thoughts fails, which is often enough the case even with the best heads. But to scare away one's own original thoughts for the sake of taking a book in the hand is a sin against the Holy Ghost. In this case, one resembles a man who

runs away from free nature in order to look at a herbarium, or to contemplate a beautiful landscape in an engraving.

Even if sometimes one may find with ease in a book a truth or an insight already given, which one has worked out slowly, and with much trouble, by one's own thinking and combining, it is yet worth a hundred times more when one has attained it through one's original thought. Only then does it become as integral part, as living member, one with the whole system of our thoughts; only then does it stand in complete and firm cohesion with them, is understood in all its grounds and consequences, bears the color, the shade, the stamp, of our whole mode of thought, and this because it has come at the precise time that the need for it was present, and therefore sits firmly, secure from dispossession. Here accordingly Goethe's verse,

What thou hast inherited from thy fathers
Acquire it, in order to possess it,

finds its most perfect application and explanation. The self-thinker, namely, learns the authorities for his opinions afterwards, when they serve merely to confirm him in them and for his own strengthening. The book philosopher, on the other hand, starts from them, in that he constructs a whole for himself out of the alien opinions he has read up, which then resembles an automaton that has been put together of foreign material, while the former resembles a living man. For in this case it has arisen like the living man, since the outer world has impregnated the thinking mind which has carried it, and given it birth.

Truth that has only been learnt cleaves to us like a limb that has been stuck on — a false tooth, a waxen nose, or at best like a genuine one of alien flesh. But that which has been acquired by original thought resembles the natural limb; it alone really belongs to us. On this rests the distinction between the thinker and the mere scholar. Hence the intellectual acquirement of the self-thinker is like a fine painting, which stands out lifelike with accurate light and shade, well-balanced tone, and complete harmony of color. The intellectual acquirement of the mere scholar, on the contrary, resembles a large palette full of bright colors, systematically arranged indeed, but without harmony, cohesion, and significance.

Reading means thinking with an alien head, not one's own.

But to original thought, from which a coherent whole, even if not a strictly rounded-off system, seeks to develop itself, nothing is more injurious than too great an influx of foreign thoughts through continual reading. For these, each sprung from another mind, belonging to another system, bearing another color, never of themselves flow together to form a whole of thought, of knowledge, of insight, and conviction, but rather set up a Babylonian confusion of tongues in the head, and rob the mind which has been filled with them of all clear insight, and thus almost disorganize it. This state is noticeable with many scholars, and the result is that they are behind many unlearned persons in healthy understanding, accurate judgment, and practical tact, the latter having always subordinated to and incorporated with their own thought what has come to them from without, through experience, conversation, and a little reading. The scientific *thinker* does this in a greater degree. Although he needs much knowledge, and therefore must read much, his mind is nevertheless strong enough to master all this, to assimilate it, to incorporate it into the system of his thoughts, and so to subordinate it to the organically coherent whole of a magnificent insight, which is always growing. In this, his own thinking, like the ground bass of the organ, perpetually dominates all, and is never drowned by foreign tones, as is the case with merely poly-historical heads, in which, as it were, musical fragments from all keys run into one another, and the fundamental note is no more to be heard.

People who have occupied their life with reading, and who have derived their wisdom from books, resemble those who have acquired a correct knowledge of a country from many descriptions of travel. Such persons can give information about much, but at bottom they have no coherent, clear, fundamental knowledge of the structure of the country. Those, on the contrary, who have occupied their life with thought, resemble persons who have themselves been in that country. They alone know, properly speaking, what is in question, since they know the things there in their connection, and are truly at home in them.

The ordinary book philosopher is related to the self-thinker as an historical investigator to an eyewitness. The latter speaks from his own direct apprehension of the matter. Hence

all self-thinkers agree in the last resort and their diversity only arises from that of their standpoint; and where this does not alter anything they all say the same. For they only put forward what they have objectively apprehended. I have often found propositions which, on account of their paradoxical nature, I only brought before the public with hesitation, to my agreeable surprise repeated in the old works of great men. The book philosopher, on the contrary, reports what this one has said, and what that one has thought, and what another has objected, etc. This he compares, weighs, criticises, and thus seeks to get at the truth of things, a point in which he strongly resembles the critical historian. Thus, for example, he will institute investigations as to whether Leibnitz had ever been for a time at any period a Spinozist, etc. Conspicuous instances of what is here said are furnished to the curious admirer in Herbart's "Analytical Explanation of Moral and Natural Right," as also in his "Letters on Freedom." One might well wonder at the considerable trouble which such a one gives himself, for it seems as though, if he would only fix his eye on the subject itself, he would soon, by a little self-thought, attain to the goal. But as to this, there is one small hindrance, namely, that it does not depend on our will. One can always sit down and read, but not always think as well. It is, namely, with thoughts as with men, one cannot always have them called up at one's pleasure, but must wait till they come. Thought on a subject must make an appearance of itself by a happy, harmonious concurrence of the outward occasion with the inward mood and interest; and it is precisely this which will never occur to the foregoing persons. The above finds its explanation even in those thoughts which concern our personal interest. If we under certain circumstances have to form a decision, we cannot well sit down at any time we choose, think over the reasons, and then decide; for often our reflections on the subject will then precisely not hold, but wander to other things, for which sometimes even the disinclination for the circumstance is responsible. We should not therefore attempt to force it, but wait till the mood comes of itself; it will often do so unexpectedly and repeatedly, and every different mood at a different time throws a new light on the subject. This slow procedure it is which is understood as *maturity of judgment*. For the thought must be distributed; much that has before been overlooked will thereby be clear to us, and the disinclination

will thereby be lost, since things more clearly kept in view appear in general much more endurable. In the same way, in theoretical departments, the right time has to be waited for, and even the greatest mind is not always capable of thinking for itself. It will do well therefore to utilize the remainder of the time for reading, which is, as already said, a surrogate of original thought, and brings material to the mind, in that another thinks for us, albeit invariably in a manner which is not our own. For this reason one ought not to read too much, in order that the mind may not become accustomed to the surrogate, and thereby forget the thing itself; in other words, that it shall not accustom itself to an already trodden path, and by going along an alien track of thought become estranged from its own. Least of all ought one, for the sake of reading, to withdraw oneself entirely from the view of the real world. For the occasion and the disposition to original thought occur incomparably more often here than in reading. For the perpetual, the real, in its originality and power, is the natural object of the thinking mind, and is able most easily to move it deeply.

If these considerations are correct, we shall not wonder that the self-thinker and the book philosopher are easily to be recognized by their delivery; the former by the stamp of earnestness, directness, and originality, in the idiosyncrasy of all his thoughts and expressions; the latter, on the contrary, in that everything is pieced together at second hand, out of traditional notions and stuff that has been raked up, and is thus flat and dull, like the impression of an impression. His style, consisting of conventional, banal phrases and current tags, resembles a small state whose circulation consists solely in foreign money, because it does not itself coin.

Mere experience can replace thought just as little as reading. Pure empiricism is related to thinking as eating is to digestion and assimilation. When the former boasts that it alone, through its discoveries, has furthered human knowledge, it is as though the mouth should boast that the maintenance of the body was its work alone.

The works of all really competent heads distinguish themselves from the rest by their character of *decisiveness* and *definiteness*, together with the distinctness and clearness springing therefrom, for such heads always know definitely and distinctly

what they want to express, be it in prose, in verse, or in sounds. This decisiveness and clearness is wanting in the rest, and in this they may be at once recognized.

The characteristic sign of minds of the first order is the immediateness of all their judgments. All that they bring forward is the result of their own thinking, and everywhere proclaims itself as such by its delivery. They accordingly, like princes, have an imperial immediacy in the empire of mind; the rest are all mediatized, as may be easily seen from their style, which has no original stamp.

Every true self-thinker thus resembles *pro tanto* a monarch; he is immediate, and recognizes no one above himself. His judgments, like the decisions of a monarch, spring from his own supreme power, proceed directly from himself. For just as little as the monarch does he accept commands and authorizations, but lets nothing obtain that he has not confirmed himself. The common herd of heads, on the other hand, entangled in all sorts of opinions, authorities, and prejudices, resemble the people who silently obey his law and mandate.

Those persons who are so zealous and hasty in deciding most questions by the quotation of authorities are glad when, instead of their own understanding and insight, which is wanting, they can bring into the field some one else's. Their number is legion, for as Seneca says: "*Unus quisque mavult credere, quam judicare.*" In their controversies, authorities are the universally chosen weapons. With them they attack each other, and he who happens to be mixed up in them is badly advised if he attempt to defend himself with reasons and arguments. For against these weapons they are horned Siegfrieds, dipped in the flood of incapacity to think and to judge. They will therefore hold up their authorities before him as an *argumentum ad verecundiam*, and then cry *Victoria!*

In the realm of reality, however beautiful, happy, and cheerful it may happen to be, we move ourselves continuously under the influence of an oppression, which has ceaselessly to be overcome; while in the realm of thought we are incorporeal spirits, without weight and without trouble. There is, therefore, no happiness on earth like that which a beautiful and fruitful mind in a happy hour finds in itself.

The presence of a thought is like the presence of a loved one. We deem that we shall never forget this thought, and that this loved one can never become indifferent to us. But out of sight, out of mind! The most beautiful thought runs the risk of being irrevocably forgotten if it is not written down, and the loved one to be torn from us if she has not been wedded.

There are many thoughts which have a value for him who thinks them, but few only among them which possess the power of acting through repercussion or reflection, that is, after they have been written down, to gain the reader's interest.

But as regards this, that only has true worth which one has in the first instance thought out *for oneself*. One may divide thinkers into such as at first think *for themselves*, and such as at once think *for others*. The former are the genuine *self-thinkers* in the double sense of the word; they are the true *philosophers*. For they alone take the matter seriously. The pleasure and happiness of their existence, indeed, consists in thinking. The others are the *sophists*; they wish to *appear* and seek their happiness in that which they hope thereby to obtain from others; herein lies their seriousness. To which of these two classes a writer belongs may be easily recognized by his whole style and manner. Lichtenberg is an example of the first kind, Herder already belongs to the second.

If one considers how great and how near us is the *problem of existence*, of this ambiguous, tormented, fleeting, dreamlike existence, so great and so near, that as soon as one is aware of it, all other problems and purposes are overshadowed and hidden by it; and if one keeps before one's eyes how all men, with few and rare exceptions, are never clearly conscious of this problem, seeming indeed not to be possessed of it, but to trouble themselves rather about anything else than about it, and are concerned only for the present day, and for the scarcely longer span of their personal future, either expressly declining the problem in question, or willingly contenting themselves in respect of it with any system of popular metaphysics; when one, I say, well considers this, one might almost be of the opinion that man could only in a very general sense be called a *thinking being*, and one might wonder at no trait of thoughtlessness

or simplicity, but rather recognize that the intellectual scope of the average man, although it indeed transcends that of the animal (unconscious of its whole existence, future and past, and living, as it were, a single present), but yet not so incalculably removed as one is accustomed to imagine.

It is in accordance with the above that in conversation one finds the thoughts of most men clipped as short as chopped straw, and therefore not admitting of any longer thread being spun out of them.

It would be impossible, moreover, if this world were peopled by merely thinking beings, that noise of every kind should be allowed and given such unlimited scope, even the most horrible and purposeless. If nature had intended man for thinking, she would never have given him ears, or would at least, as with bats, whom I envy on this account, have furnished him with air-tight covers. But he, like the rest, is in truth a poor creature, whose powers are merely directed to the maintenance of his existence, for which reason he always requires open ears, which unsolicited, and by night as well as by day, announce the approach of the persecutor.

ON READING AND BOOKS.

Ignorance first degrades a man when it is met with in company with riches. The poor man is crushed by his poverty and distress; his work takes the place of knowledge with him, and occupies his thoughts. The rich, on the contrary, who are ignorant, live merely for their lusts, and resemble brutes, as may daily be seen. To this is to be added further the reproach that they have not used their riches and leisure for that which gives them their greatest value.

When we read, another thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. It is as when in learning to write the pupil follows with his pen the strokes that have been made in pencil by the teacher. In reading, accordingly, we are relieved of the greater part of the work of thinking. Hence the perceptible relief when we pass from the occupation of our own thoughts to reading. But while we read, our head is, properly speaking, only the arena of alien thoughts. Hence it is that he who reads very much and almost the whole day, amusing himself in the intervals of his reading with thoughtless pas-

time, gradually loses the capacity even to think, just as one who always rides at last forgets how to walk. But such is the case with many scholars; they have read themselves stupid. For perpetual reading recurred to immediately at every free moment cripples the mind more than perpetual work with the hands, for with the latter one can always follow one's own thoughts. Just as a spring by the continuous pressure of a foreign body loses its elasticity, so does the mind through the continuous pressure of foreign thoughts. Just as one injures the stomach by too much aliment, and thereby damages the whole body, so the mind may be clogged and suffocated by too much intellectual nourishment. For the more one reads the fewer traces does what is read leave on the mind. It is like a tablet on which many things have been written over one another. It never comes to rumination therefore; but it is only by this that one makes what one reads one's own. If one reads incessantly, without afterwards thinking further upon it, it does not take root, and gets for the most part lost. For it is precisely the same with the intellectual nourishment as with the corporeal; scarcely the fiftieth part of what we take is assimilated, the rest passes off through evaporation, respiration, or otherwise.

There is no literary quality, as, for example, persuasive power, wealth of imagery, the gift of comparison, boldness, or bitterness, or brevity, or grace, or facility of expression; or, again, wit, striking contrasts, a laconic style, *naïveté*, etc., which we can acquire by reading authors who possess such qualities. But we may nevertheless call forth thereby these qualities in ourselves if we already possess them as disposition, that is, *in potentia*, and bring them to our consciousness; we can see all that is to be done with them, we can be strengthened in the inclination, or indeed in the courage to use them; we can judge by instances of the effect of their application, and so learn the right employment of them, after which we assuredly first possess them *in actu*. This then is the only way in which reading educates to writing, inasmuch as it teaches us the use we can make of our own natural gifts, always supposing of course that we possess these; without them, on the contrary, we can learn nothing by reading but cold, dead mannerisms, and become arid imitators.

As the strata of the earth preserve the living beings of past epochs in their order, so the shelves of libraries preserve in

their order past errors and their expositions, which, like the former, in their time, were living enough and made much noise, but exist now stiff and petrified, only to be contemplated by the literary paleontologist.



FEATHERTOP.

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

(From "Mosses from an Old Manse.")

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: American story-writer; born at Salem, Mass., July 4, 1804; died at Plymouth, N.H., May 19, 1864. His official positions, in the customhouse at Salem and as United States consul at Liverpool, furnished him with many opportunities for the study of human nature. His literary popularity was of slow growth, but was founded on sure permanencies. His most famous novels are "The Scarlet Letter" (1850), "The House of the Seven Gables" (1851), "The Blithedale Romance" (1852), "The Marble Faun" (1860), "Septimius Felton," posthumous. He wrote a great number of short stories, inimitable in style and full of weird imagination. "Twice-told Tales," first series, appeared in 1837; "The Snow Image and Other Twice-told Tales," in 1852; "Mosses from an Old Manse," in 1846; "Tanglewood Tales," in 1853.]

"DICKON," cried Mother Rigby, "a coal for my pipe!"

The pipe was in the old dame's mouth when she said these words. She had thrust it there after filling it with tobacco, but without stooping to light it at the hearth — where, indeed, there was no appearance of a fire having been kindled that morning. Forthwith, however, as soon as the order was given, there was an intense red glow out of the bowl of the pipe and a whiff of smoke from Mother Rigby's lips. Whence the coal came and how brought hither by an invisible hand I have never been able to discover.

"Good!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a nod of her head. "Thank ye, Dickon! And now for making this scarecrow. Be within call, Dickon, in case I need you again."

The good woman had risen thus early (for as yet it was scarcely sunrise) in order to set about making a scarecrow, which she intended to put in the middle of her corn patch. It was now the latter week of May, and the crows and blackbirds had already discovered the little green, rolled-up leaf of the Indian corn just peeping out of the soil. She was determined,

therefore, to contrive as lifelike a scarecrow as ever was seen, and to finish it immediately, from top to toe, so that it should begin its sentinel's duty that very morning. Now, Mother Rigby (as everybody must have heard) was one of the most cunning and potent witches in New England, and might with very little trouble have made a scarecrow ugly enough to frighten the minister himself. But on this occasion, as she had awakened in an uncommonly pleasant humor, and was further dulcified by her pipe of tobacco, she resolved to produce something fine, beautiful, and splendid rather than hideous and horrible.

"I don't want to set up a hobgoblin in my own corn patch, and almost at my own doorstep," said Mother Rigby to herself, puffing out a whiff of smoke. "I could do it if I pleased, but I'm tired of doing marvelous things, and so I'll keep within the bounds of everyday business, just for variety's sake. Besides, there is no use in scaring the little children for a mile round about, though 'tis true I'm a witch." It was settled, therefore, in her own mind, that the scarecrow should represent a fine gentleman of the period, so far as the materials at hand would allow.

Perhaps it may be as well to enumerate the chief of the articles that went to the composition of this figure. The most important item of all, probably, although it made so little show, was a certain broomstick on which Mother Rigby had taken many an airy gallop at midnight, and which now served the scarecrow by way of a spinal column—or, as the unlearned phrase it, a backbone. One of its arms was a disabled flail which used to be wielded by Goodman Rigby before his spouse worried him out of this troublesome world; the other, if I mistake not, was composed of the pudding stick and a broken rung of a chair, tied loosely together at the elbow. As for its legs, the right was a hoe handle, and the left an undistinguished and miscellaneous stick from the wood pile. Its lungs, stomach, and other affairs of that kind were nothing better than a meal bag stuffed with straw. Thus we have made out the skeleton and entire corporosity of the scarecrow, with the exception of its head, and this was admirably supplied by a somewhat withered and shriveled pumpkin, in which Mother Rigby cut two holes for the eyes and a slit for the mouth, leaving a bluish-colored knob in the middle to pass for a nose. It was really quite a respectable face.

"I've seen worse ones on human shoulders, at any rate," said Mother Rigby. "And many a fine gentleman has a pumpkin head, as well as my scarecrow."

But the clothes in this case were to be the making of the man; so the good old woman took down from a peg an ancient plum-colored coat of London make and with relics of embroidery on its seams, cuffs, pocket flaps, and buttonholes, but lamentably worn and faded, patched at the elbows, tattered at the skirts, and threadbare all over. On the left breast was a round hole whence either a star of nobility had been rent away or else the hot heart of some former wearer had scorched it through and through. The neighbors said that this rich garment belonged to the Black Man's wardrobe, and that he kept it at Mother Rigby's cottage for the convenience of slipping it on whenever he wished to make a grand appearance at the governor's table. To match the coat there was a velvet waistcoat of very ample size, and formerly embroidered with foliage that had been as brightly golden as the maple leaves in October, but which had now quite vanished out of the substance of the velvet. Next came a pair of scarlet breeches once worn by the French governor of Louisbourg, and the knees of which had touched the lower step of the throne of Louis le Grand. The Frenchman had given these smallclothes to an Indian powwow, who parted with them to the old witch for a gill of strong waters at one of their dances in the forest. Furthermore, Mother Rigby produced a pair of silk stockings and put them on the figure's legs, where they showed as unsubstantial as a dream, with the wooden reality of the two sticks making itself miserably apparent through the holes. Lastly, she put her dead husband's wig on the bare scalp of the pumpkin, and surmounted the whole with a dusty three-cornered hat, in which was stuck the longest tail feather of a rooster.

Then the old dame stood the figure up in a corner of her cottage and chuckled to behold its yellow semblance of a visage, with its nobby little nose thrust into the air. It had a strangely self-satisfied aspect, and seemed to say, "Come, look at me!"

"And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact!" quoth Mother Rigby, in admiration at her own handiwork. "I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch, but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And, by the bye, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn patch."

While filling her pipe the old woman continued to gaze with almost motherly affection at the figure in the corner. To say the truth, whether it were chance or skill or downright witchcraft, there was something wonderfully human in this ridiculous shape bedizened with its tattered finery, and, as for the countenance, it appeared to shrivel its yellow surface into a grin—a funny kind of expression betwixt scorn and merriment, as if it understood itself to be a jest at mankind. The more Mother Rigby looked, the better she was pleased.

“Dickon,” cried she, sharply, “another coal for my pipe!”

Hardly had she spoken than, just as before, there was a red-glowing coal on the top of the tobacco. She drew in a long whiff, and puffed it forth again into the bar of morning sunshine which struggled through the one dusty pane of her cottage window. Mother Rigby always liked to flavor her pipe with a coal of fire from the particular chimney corner whence this had been brought. But where that chimney corner might be or who brought the coal from it—further than that the invisible messenger seemed to respond to the name of Dickon—I cannot tell.

“That puppet yonder,” thought Mother Rigby, still with her eyes fixed on the scarecrow, “is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn patch frightening away the crows and blackbirds. He’s capable of better things. Why, I’ve danced with a worse one when partners happened to be scarce at our witch meetings in the forest! What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world?”

The old witch took three or four more whiffs of her pipe and smiled.

“He’ll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner,” continued she. “Well, I didn’t mean to dabble in witchcraft to-day further than the lighting of my pipe, but a witch I am, and a witch I’m likely to be, and there’s no use trying to shirk it. I’ll make a man of my scarecrow, were it only for the joke’s sake.”

While muttering these words Mother Rigby took the pipe from her own mouth, and thrust it into the crevice which represented the same feature in the pumpkin visage of the scarecrow.

“Puff, darling, puff!” she said. “Puff away, my fine fellow! Your life depends on it!”

This was a strange exhortation, undoubtedly, to be addressed to a mere thing of sticks, straw, and old clothes, with nothing better than a shriveled pumpkin for a head, as we know to have been the scarecrow's case. Nevertheless, as we must carefully hold in remembrance, Mother Rigby was a witch of singular power and dexterity; and, keeping this fact duly before our minds, we shall see nothing beyond credibility in the remarkable incidents of our story. Indeed, the great difficulty will be at once got over if we can only bring ourselves to believe that as soon as the old dame bade him puff there came a whiff of smoke from the scarecrow's mouth. It was the very feeblest of whiffs, to be sure, but it was followed by another and another, each more decided than the preceding one.

"Puff away, my pet! Puff away, my pretty one!" Mother Rigby kept repeating, with her pleasantest smile. "It is the breath of life to ye, and that you may take my word for it."

Beyond all question, the pipe was bewitched. There must have been a spell either in the tobacco or in the fiercely glowing coal that so mysteriously burned on top of it, or in the pungently aromatic smoke which exhaled from the kindled weed. The figure, after a few doubtful attempts, at length blew forth a volley of smoke extending all the way from the obscure corner into the bar of sunshine. There it eddied and melted away among the motes of dust. It seemed a convulsive effort, for the two or three next whiffs were fainter, although the coal still glowed and threw a gleam over the scarecrow's visage. The old witch clapped her skinny hands together, and smiled encouragingly upon her handiwork. She saw that the charm had worked well. The shriveled yellow face, which heretofore had been no face at all, had already a thin fantastic haze, as it were, of human likeness, shifting to and fro across it, sometimes vanishing entirely, but growing more perceptible than ever with the next whiff from the pipe. The whole figure, in like manner, assumed a show of life such as we impart to ill-defined shapes among the clouds, and half deceive ourselves with the pastime of our own fancy.

If we must needs pry closely into the matter, it may be doubted whether there was any real change, after all, in the sordid, worn-out, worthless, and ill-jointed substance of the scarecrow, but merely a spectral illusion and a cunning effect of light and shade, so colored and contrived as to delude the eyes of most men. The miracles of witchcraft seem always to

have had a very shallow subtlety, and at least, if the above explanations do not hit the truth of the process, I can suggest no better.

"Well puffed, my pretty lad!" still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come! another good, stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it. Well done, again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee."

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered, and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood and musty straw and ragged garments that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things; so it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood, poor devil of a contrivance that it was, with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters composed of heterogeneous materials used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, with which romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head peeping with a hiss out of her bosom) at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke, else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage kitchen became all-vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window pane on the opposite wall.

Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one brown arm akimbo and the other stretched toward the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose, for with each successive whiff the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty, and glistened with the skillfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away; and, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lusterless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clenched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle — perhaps untrue or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain — that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacher into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly : "have also the echo and mockery of a voice. I bid thee speak !"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend held the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit into the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor stifled voice, "be not so awful with me ! I would fain speak, but, being without wits, what can I say ?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou ?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha ? Say, indeed ! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull and demandest of me what thou shalt say ? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and, saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing. Be not afraid, I tell thee ! When thou comest into the world — whither I purpose sending thee forthwith — thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk ! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow."

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one !" answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world ; and I've made them of all sorts — clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best ; so give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart !"

"With all thy heart !" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides, and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking ! With all thy heart ! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, as if thou really hadst one !"

So, now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred,

she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him on the spot with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air and a château in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship laden with salt of Cadiz which she herself by her necromantic arts had caused to founder ten years before in the deepest part of mid ocean. If the salt were not dissolved and could be brought to market, it would fetch a pretty penny among the fishermen. That he might not lack ready money, she gave him a copper farthing of Birmingham manufacture, being all the coin she had about her, and likewise a great deal of brass, which she applied to his forehead, thus making it yellower than ever.

"With that brass alone," quoth Mother Rigby, "thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. Kiss me, pretty darling! I have done my best for thee."

Furthermore, that the adventurer might lack no possible advantage toward a fair start in life, this excellent old dame gave him a token by which he was to introduce himself to a certain magistrate, member of the council, merchant, and elder of the church (the four capacities constituting but one man), who stood at the head of society in the neighboring metropolis. The token was neither more nor less than a single word, which Mother Rigby whispered to the scarecrow, and which the scarecrow was to whisper to the merchant.

"Gouty as the old fellow is, he'll run thy errands for thee when once thou hast given him that word in his ear," said the old witch. "Mother Rigby knows the worshipful Justice Gookin, and the worshipful justice knows Mother Rigby!"

Here the witch thrust her wrinkled face close to the puppet's, chuckling irrepressibly, and fidgiting all through her system with delight at the idea which she meant to communicate.

"The worshipful Master Gookin," whispered she, "hath a comely maiden to his daughter. And hark ye, my pet. Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thine own. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits. Now, with thy outside and thy inside, thou art the very man to win a young girl's

heart. Never doubt it ; I tell thee it shall be so. Put but a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own."

All this while the new creature had been sucking in and exhaling the vapory fragrance of his pipe, and seemed now to continue this occupation as much for the enjoyment it afforded as because it was an essential condition of his existence. It was wonderful to see how exceedingly like a human being it behaved. Its eyes (for it appeared to possess a pair) were bent on Mother Rigby, and at suitable junctures it nodded or shook its head. Neither did it lack words proper for the occasion — "Really!" — "Indeed!" — "Pray tell me!" — "Is it possible!" — "Upon my word!" — "By no means!" — "Oh!" — "Ah!" — "Hem!" and other such weighty utterances as imply attention, inquiry, acquiescence, or dissent on the part of the auditor. Even had you stood by and seen the scarecrow made you could scarcely have resisted the conviction that it perfectly understood the cunning counsels which the old witch poured into its counterfeit of an ear. The more earnestly it applied its lips to the pipe, the more distinctly was its human likeness stamped among visible realities; the more sagacious grew its expression, the more lifelike its gestures and movements, and the more intelligibly audible its voice. Its garments, too, glistened so much the brighter with an illusory magnificence. The very pipe in which burned the spell of all this wonder work ceased to appear as a smoke-blackened earthen stump, and became a meerschaum with painted bowl and amber mouth-piece.

It might be apprehended, however, that, as the life of the illusion seemed identical with the vapor of the pipe, it would terminate simultaneously with the reduction of the tobacco to ashes. But the beldam foresaw the difficulty.

"Hold thou the pipe, my precious one," said she, "while I fill it for thee again."

It was sorrowful to behold how the fine gentleman began to fade back into a scarecrow while Mother Rigby shook the ashes out of the pipe and proceeded to replenish it from her tobacco box.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for this pipe."

No sooner said than the intensely red speck of fire was glowing within the pipe bowl, and the scarecrow, without waiting for the witch's bidding, applied the tube to his lips and drew in a few short, convulsive whiffs, which soon, however, became regular and equable.

"Now, mine own heart's darling," quoth Mother Rigby, "whatever may happen to thee, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it; and that, at least, thou knowest well, if thou knowest naught besides. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud, and tell people, if any questions be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and — first filling thyself with smoke — cry sharply, 'Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!' and 'Dickon, another coal for my pipe!' and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be, else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw and a withered pumpkin. Now depart, my treasure, and good luck go with thee!"

"Never fear, mother," said the figure, in a stout voice, and sending forth a courageous whiff of smoke. "I will thrive if an honest man and a gentleman may."

"Oh, thou wilt be the death of me!" cried the old witch, convulsed with laughter. "That was well said! If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow, and I will wager on thy head, as a man of pith and substance, with a brain and what they call a heart, and all else that a man should have, against any other thing on two legs. I hold myself a better witch than yesterday, for thy sake. Did I not make thee? And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here! take my staff along with thee."

The staff, though it was but a plain oaken stick, immediately took the aspect of a gold-headed cane.

"That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own," said Mother Rigby, "and it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door. Get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure; and if any ask thy name, it is 'Feathertop,' for thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head. And thy wig, too, is of the fashion they call 'feather-top'; so be 'Feathertop' thy name."

And, issuing from the cottage, Feathertop strode manfully towards town. Mother Rigby stood at the threshold, well pleased to see how the sunbeams glistened on him, as if all his magnificence were real, and how diligently and lovingly he smoked his pipe, and how handsomely he walked, in spite of a little stiffness of his legs. She watched him until out of sight, and threw a witch benediction after her darling when a turn of the road snatched him from her view.

Betimes in the forenoon, when the principal street of the neighboring town was just at its acme of life and bustle, a stranger of very distinguished figure was seen on the sidewalk. His port as well as his garments betokened nothing short of nobility. He wore a richly embroidered plum-colored coat, a waistcoat of costly velvet magnificently adorned with golden foliage, a pair of splendid scarlet breeches, and the finest and glossiest of white silk stockings. His head was covered with a peruke so daintily powdered and adjusted that it would have been sacrilege to disorder it with a hat, which, therefore (and it was a gold-laced hat set off with a snowy feather), he carried beneath his arm. On the breast of his coat glistened a star. He managed his gold-headed cane with an airy grace peculiar to the fine gentleman of the period, and, to give the highest possible finish to his equipment, he had lace ruffles at his wrist of a most ethereal delicacy, sufficiently avouching how idle and aristocratic must be the hands which they half concealed.

It was a remarkable point in the accouterment of this brilliant personage that he held in his left hand a fantastic kind of a pipe with an exquisitely painted bowl and an amber mouthpiece. This he applied to his lips as often as every five or six paces, and inhaled a deep whiff of smoke, which after being retained a moment in his lungs might be seen to eddy gracefully from his mouth and nostrils.

As may well be supposed, the street was all astir to find out the stranger's name.

"It is some great nobleman, beyond question," said one of the townspeople. "Do you see the star at his breast?"

"Nay, it is too bright to be seen," said another. "Yes, he must needs be a nobleman, as you say. But by what conveyance, think you, can his Lordship have voyaged or traveled hither? There has been no vessel from the old country for a month past; and if he have arrived overland from the southward, pray where are his attendants and equipage?"

"He needs no equipage to set off his rank," remarked a third. "If he came among us in rags, nobility would shine through a hole in his elbow. I never saw such dignity of aspect. He has the old Norman blood in his veins, I warrant him."

"I rather take him to be a Dutchman or one of your High Germans," said another citizen. "The men of those countries have always the pipe at their mouths."

"And so has a Turk," answered his companion. "But in my judgment, this stranger hath been bred at the French court, and hath there learned politeness and grace of manner, which none understand so well as the nobility of France. That gait, now! A vulgar spectator might deem it stiff—he might call it a hitch and jerk—but, to my eye, it hath an unspeakable majesty, and must have been acquired by constant observation of the deportment of the Grand Monarque. The stranger's character and office are evident enough. He is a French ambassador come to treat with our rulers about the cession of Canada."

"More probably a Spaniard," said another, "and hence his yellow complexion. Or, most likely, he is from the Havana or from some port on the Spanish main, and comes to make investigation about the piracies which our governor is thought to connive at. Those settlers in Peru and Mexico have skins as yellow as the gold which they dig out of their mines."

"Yellow or not," cried a lady, "he is a beautiful man! So tall, so slender! Such a fine, noble face, with so well shaped a nose and all that delicacy of expression about the mouth! And, bless me! how bright his star is! It positively shoots out flames."

"So do your eyes, fair lady," said the stranger, with a bow and a flourish of his pipe, for he was just passing at the instant. "Upon my honor, they have quite dazzled me!"

"Was ever so original and exquisite a compliment?" murmured the lady, in an ecstasy of delight.

Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur which, after sniffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's back yard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin.

Feathertop, meanwhile, pursued his way along the street. Except for the few complimentary words to the lady, and now and then a slight inclination of the head in requital of the profound reverences of the bystanders, he seemed wholly absorbed in his pipe. There needed no other proof of his rank and consequence than the perfect equanimity with which he comported himself, while the curiosity and admiration of the town swelled almost into clamor around him. With a crowd gathering behind his footsteps, he finally reached the mansion house of the worshipful Justice Gookin, entered the gate, ascended the steps of the front door and knocked. In the interim before his summons was answered the stranger was observed to shake the ashes out of his pipe.

"What did he say in that sharp voice?" inquired one of the spectators.

"Nay, I know not," answered his friend. "But the sun dazzles my eyes strangely. How dim and faded his Lordship looks all of a sudden! Bless my wits, what is the matter with me?"

"The wonder is," said the other, "that his pipe, which was out only an instant ago, should be all alight again, and with the reddest coal I ever saw. There is something mysterious about this stranger. What a whiff of smoke was that! 'Dim and faded,' did you call him? Why, as he turns about the star on his breast is all ablaze."

"It is, indeed," said his companion, "and it will go near to dazzle pretty Polly Gookin, whom I see peeping at it out of the chamber window."

The door being now opened, Feathertop turned to the crowd, made a stately bend of his body, like a great man acknowledging the reverence of the meaner sort, and vanished into the house. There was a mysterious kind of a smile—if it might not better be called a grin or grimace—upon his visage, but, of all the throng that beheld him, not an individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger, except a little child and a cur dog.

Our legend here loses somewhat of its continuity, and, passing over the preliminary explanation between Feathertop and the merchant, goes in quest of the pretty Polly Gookin. She was a damsel of a soft, round figure, with light hair and blue eyes, and a fair rosy face which seemed neither very shrewd nor very simple. This young lady had caught a glimpse of the

glistening stranger while standing at the threshold, and had forthwith put on a laced cap, a string of beads, her finest kerchief, and her stiffest damask petticoat, in preparation for the interview. Hurrying from her chamber to the parlor, she had ever since been viewing herself in the large looking-glass and practicing pretty airs — now a smile, now a ceremonious dignity of aspect, and now a softer smile than the former, kissing her hand, likewise, tossing her head, and managing her fan, while within the mirror an unsubstantial little maid repeated every gesture and did all the foolish things that Polly did, but without making her ashamed of them. In short, it was the fault of pretty Polly's ability rather than her will, if she failed to be as complete an artifice as the illustrious Feathertop himself; and when she thus tampered with her own simplicity, the witch's phantom might well hope to win her.

No sooner did Polly hear her father's gouty footsteps approaching the parlor door, accompanied with the stiff clatter of Feathertop's high-heeled shoes, than she seated herself bolt upright and innocently began warbling a song.

"Polly! Daughter Polly!" cried the old merchant. "Come hither, child."

Master Gookin's aspect, as he opened the door, was doubtful and troubled.

"This gentleman," continued he, presenting the stranger, "is the Chevalier Feathertop — nay, I beg his pardon, my Lord Feathertop — who hath brought me a token of remembrance from an ancient friend of mine. Pay your duty to his Lordship, child, and honor him as his quality deserves."

After these few words of introduction the worshipful magistrate immediately quitted the room. But even in that brief moment, had the fair Polly glanced aside at her father instead of devoting herself wholly to the brilliant guest, she might have taken warning of some mischief nigh at hand. The old man was nervous, fidgety, and very pale. Purposing a smile of courtesy, he had deformed his face with a sort of galvanic grin, which, when Feathertop's back was turned, he exchanged for a scowl, at the same time shaking his fist and stamping his gouty foot — an incivility which brought its retribution along with it. The truth appears to have been that Mother Rigby's word of introduction, whatever it might be, had operated far more on the rich merchant's fears than on his good will. Moreover, being a man of wonderfully acute observation, he had

noticed that the painted figures on the bowl of Feathertop's pipe were in motion. Looking more closely he became convinced that these figures were a party of little demons, each duly provided with horns and a tail, and dancing hand in hand with gestures of diabolical merriment round the circumference of the pipe bowl. As if to confirm his suspicions, while Master Gookin ushered his guest along a dusky passage from his private room to the parlor, the star on Feathertop's breast had scintillated actual flames, and threw a flickering gleam upon the wall, the ceiling, and the floor.

With such sinister prognostics manifesting themselves on all hands, it is not to be marveled at that the merchant should have felt that he was committing his daughter to a very questionable acquaintance. He cursed in his secret soul the insinuating elegance of Feathertop's manners as this brilliant personage bowed, smiled, put his hand on his heart, inhaled a long whiff from his pipe, and enriched the atmosphere with the smoky vapor of a fragrant and visible sigh. Gladly would poor Master Gookin have thrust his dangerous guest into the street, but there was a restraint and terror within him. This respectable old gentleman, we fear, at an earlier period of life, had given some pledge or other to the Evil Principle, and perhaps was now to redeem it by the sacrifice of his daughter.

It so happened that the parlor door was partly of glass shaded by a silken curtain, the folds of which hung a little awry. So strong was the merchant's interest in witnessing what was to ensue between the fair Polly and the gallant Feathertop that after quitting the room he could by no means refrain from peeping through the crevice of the curtain. But there was nothing very miraculous to be seen — nothing except the trifles previously noticed, to confirm the idea of a supernatural peril environing the pretty Polly. The stranger, it is true, was evidently a thorough and practiced man of the world, systematic and self-possessed, and therefore the sort of person to whom a parent ought not to confide a simple young girl without due watchfulness for the result. The worthy magistrate, who had been conversant with all degrees and qualities of mankind, could not but perceive every motion and gesture of the distinguished Feathertop came in its proper place. Nothing had been left rude or native in him; a well-digested conventionalism had incorporated itself thoroughly with his substance and transformed him into a work of art. Perhaps it was this peculiarity that

invested him with a species of ghastliness and awe. It is the effect of anything completely and consummately artificial in human shape that the person impresses us as an unreality, and as having hardly pith enough to cast a shadow upon the floor. As regarded Feathertop, all this resulted in a wild, extravagant, and fantastical impression, as if his life and being were akin to the smoke that curled upward from his pipe.

But pretty Polly Gookin felt not thus. The pair were now promenading the room — Feathertop with his dainty stride, and no less dainty grimace, the girl with a native maidenly grace just touched, not spoiled, by a slightly affected manner which seemed caught from the perfect artifice of her companion. The longer the interview continued, the more charmed was pretty Polly, until within the first quarter of an hour (as the old magistrate noted by his watch) she was evidently beginning to be in love. Nor need it have been witchcraft that subdued her in such a hurry : the poor child's heart, it may be, was so very fervent that it melted her with its own warmth, as reflected from the hollow semblance of a lover. No matter what Feathertop said, his words found depth and reverberation in her ear ; no matter what he did, his action was very heroic to her eye. And by this time, it is to be supposed, there was a blush on Polly's cheek, a tender smile about her mouth, and a liquid softness in her glance, while the star kept a coruscating on Feathertop's breast, and the little demons careered with more frantic merriment than ever about the circumference of his pipe bowl. Oh, pretty Polly Gookin ! why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow ? Is it so unusual a misfortune — so rare a triumph ?

By and by Feathertop paused, and, throwing himself into an imposing attitude, seemed to summon the fair girl to survey his figure and resist him longer if she could. His star, his embroidery, his buckles, glowed at that instant with unutterable splendor ; the picturesque hues of his attire took a richer depth of coloring ; there was a gleam and polish over his whole presence betokening the perfect witchery of well-ordered manners. The maiden raised her eyes and suffered them to linger upon her companion with a bashful and admiring gaze. Then, as if desirous of judging what value her own simple comeliness might have side by side with so much brilliancy, she cast a glance toward the full-length looking-glass, in front of which they happened to be standing. It was one of the truest plates

in the world, and incapable of flattery. No sooner did the images therein reflected meet Polly's eye than she shrieked, shrank from the stranger's side, gazed at him for a moment in the wildest dismay, and sank insensible upon the floor. Feather-top, likewise, had looked toward the mirror and there beheld, not the glittering mockery of his outside show, but a picture of the sordid patchwork of his real composition stripped of all witchcraft.

The wretched simulacrum! We almost pity him. He threw up his arms with an expression of despair that went farther than any of his previous manifestations toward vindicating his claims to be reckoned human. For perchance the only time since this so often empty and deceptive life of mortals began its course, an illusion had seen and fully recognized itself.

Mother Rigby was seated by her kitchen hearth in the twilight of this eventful day, and had just shaken the ashes out of a new pipe, when she heard a hurried tramp along the road. Yet it did not seem so much the tramp of human footsteps as the clatter of sticks or the rattling of dry bones.

"Ha!" thought the old witch; "what step is that? Whose skeleton is out of its grave now, I wonder?"

A figure burst headlong into the cottage door. It was Feathertop. His pipe was still alight, the star still flamed upon his breast, the embroidery still glowed upon his garments, nor had he lost in any degree or manner that could be estimated the aspect that assimilated him with our mortal brotherhood. But yet, in some indescribable way (as is the case with all that has deluded us when once found out), the poor reality was felt beneath the cunning artifice.

"What has gone wrong?" demanded the witch. "Did yonder sniffing hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torture him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!"

"No, mother," said Feathertop, despondingly; "it was not that."

"Did the girl scorn my precious one?" asked Mother Rigby, her fierce eyes glowing like two coals of Tophet. "I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the coal in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having."

"Let her alone, mother," answered poor Feathertop. "The

girl was half won, and methinks a kiss from her sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But," he added, after a brief pause and then a howl of self-contempt, "I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am. I'll exist no longer."

Snatching the pipe from his mouth, he flung it with all his might against the chimney, and at the same instant sank upon the floor, a medley of straw and tattered garments, with some sticks protruding from the heap and a shriveled pumpkin in the midst. The eyeholes were now lusterless, but the rudely carved gap that just before had been a mouth still seemed to twist itself into a despairing grin, and was so far human.

"Poor fellow!" quoth Mother Rigby, with a rueful glance at the relics of her ill-fated contrivance. "My poor dear pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was, yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it?"

While thus muttering the witch had filled a fresh pipe of tobacco, and held the stem between her fingers, as doubtful whether to thrust it into her own mouth or Feathertop's.

"Poor Feathertop!" she continued. "I could easily give him another chance, and send him forth again to-morrow. But no! His feelings are too tender—his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. Well, well! I'll make a scarecrow of him, after all. 'Tis an innocent and useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind. And, as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he."

So saying, Mother Rigby put the stem between her lips.

"Dickon," cried she, in her high, sharp tone, "another coal for my pipe!"

DARIUS GREEN AND HIS FLYING MACHINE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, American writer, was born at Ogden, New York, in 1827, and lived until 1916. He taught school, became a journalist, and finally settled in Boston and gave himself to authorship. His "Neighbor Jackwood" (1857) is a good story of New England life, but he is best known for his many stories for boys, all interesting and clean, if not of the first order. He wrote much verse, some of it in dialect, and his collected "Poetical Works" were published in 1903. This poem, one of his best known, is published by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.]

If ever there lived a Yankee lad,
 Wise or otherwise, good or bad,
 Who, seeing the birds fly, didn't jump
 With flapping arms from stake or stump,
 Or, spreading the tail of his coat for a sail,
 Take a soaring leap from post or rail,
 And wonder why *he* couldn't fly,
 And flap and flutter and wish and try,—
 If ever you knew a country dunce
 Who didn't try that as often as once,
 All I can say is, that's a sign
 He never would do for a hero of mine.

An aspiring genius was D. Green:
 The son of a farmer,—age fourteen;
 His body was long and lank and lean,—
 Just right for flying, as will be seen;
 He had two eyes as bright as a bean,
 And a freckled nose that grew between,
 A little awry;—for I must mention
 That he had riveted his attention
 Upon his wonderful invention,
 Twisting his tongue as he twisted his strings,
 And working his face as he worked the wings,
 And with every turn of gimlet and screw
 Turning and screwing his mouth round too,
 Till his nose seemed bent to catch the scent,
 Around some corner, of new-baked pies,
 And his wrinkled cheeks and his squinting eyes
 Grew puckered into a queer grimace,
 That made him look very droll in the face,
 And also very wise.

And wise he must have been, to do more
 Than ever a genius did before,
 Excepting Dædalus of yore
 And his son Icarus, who wore
 Upon their backs those wings of wax
 He had read of in the old almanacs.
 Darius was clearly of the opinion,
 That the air was also man's dominion,
 And that, with paddle or fin or pinion,
 We soon or late should navigate
 The azure as now we sail the sea.
 The thing looks simple enough to me;
 And if you doubt it,
 Hear how Darius reasoned about it:

"The birds can fly, an' why can't I?
 Must we give in," says he with a grin,
 "'T the bluebird an' phœbe are smarter'n we be?
 Jest fold our hands, an' see the swaller
 An' blackbird an' catbird beat us holler?
 Does the leetle chatterin', sassy wren,
 No bigger'n my thumb, know more than men?
 Jest show me that! er prove 't the bat
 Hez got more brains than's in my hat,
 An' I'll back down, an' not till then!"
 He argued further: "Ner I can't see
 What's th' use o' wings to a bumble-bee,
 Fer to git a livin' with, more'n to me;—
 Ain't my business importanter'n his'n is?
 That Icarus was a silly cuss,—
 Him an' his daddy Dædalus;
 They might 'a' knowed wings made o' wax
 Wouldn't stan' sun-heat an' hard whacks:
 I'll make mine o' luther, er suthin' er other."

And he said to himself, as he tinkered and planned:
 "But I ain't goin' to show my hand
 To nummies that never can understand
 The fust idee that's big and grand.
 They'd a' laft an' made fun
 O' Creation itself afore 'twas done!"
 So he kept his secret from all the rest,
 Safely buttoned within his vest;
 And in the loft above the shed
 Himself he locks, with thimble and thread
 And wax and hammer and buckles and screws,
 And all such things as geniuses use;—

Two bats for patterns, curious fellows!
 A charcoal-pot and a pair of bellows;
 An old hoop-skirt or two, as well as
 Some wire, and several old umbrellas;
 A carriage-cover, for tail and wings;
 A piece of harness; and straps and strings;
 And a big strong box, in which he locks
 These and a hundred other things.

His grinning brothers, Reuben and Burke
 And Nathan and Jotham and Solomon, lurk
 Around the corner to see him work,—
 Sitting cross-legged, like a Turk,
 Drawing the waxed-end through with a jerk,
 And boring the holes with a comical quirk
 Of his wise old head, and a knowing smirk.
 But vainly they mounted each other's backs,
 And poked through knot-holes and pried through cracks;
 With wood from the pile and straw from the stacks
 He plugged the knot-holes and calked the cracks;
 And a bucket of water, which one would think
 He had brought up into the loft to drink
 When he chanced to be dry,
 Stood always nigh, for Darius was sly!
 And, whenever at work he happened to spy
 At chink or crevice a blinking eye,
 He let a dipper of water fly:
 "Take that! an', ef ever ye git a peep,
 Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"
 And he sings as he locks his big strong box:
 "The weasel's head is small an' trim,
 An' he is leetle an' long an' slim,
 An' quick of motion an' nimble of limb,
 An', ef yeou'll be advised by me,
 Keep wide awake when ye're ketchin' him!"

So day after day
 He stitched and tinkered and hammered away,
 Till at last 'twas done,—
 The greatest invention under the sun!
 "An' now," says Darius, "hooray fer some fun!"

'Twas the Fourth of July, and the weather was dry,
 And not a cloud was on all the sky,
 Save a few light fleeces, which here and there,
 Half mist, half air,
 Like foam on the ocean went floating by,—

Just as lovely a morning as ever was seen
 For a nice little trip in a flying-machine.
 Thought cunning Darius, "Now I shan't go
 Along 'ith the fellers to see the show:
 I'll say I've got sich a terrible cough!
 An' then, when the folks 'ave all gone off,
 I'll hev full swing fer to try the thing,
 An' practyse a little on the wing."

"Ain't goin' to see the celebration?"
 Says brother Nate. "No; botheration!
 I've got sich a cold — a toothache — I —
 My gracious! — feel's though I should fly!"
 Said Jotham, "'Sho! guess ye better go."

But Darius said, "No!
 Shouldn't wonder 'f yeou might see me, though,
 'Long 'bout noon, ef I git red
 O' this jumpin', thumpin' pain 'n my head."
 For all the while to himself he said,—

"I tell ye what!
 I'll fly a few times around the lot,
 To see how 't seems, then soon's I've got
 The hang o' the thing, ez likely's not,
 I'll astonish the nation, an' all creation,
 By flyin' over the celebration!
 Over their heads I'll sail like an eagle;
 I'll balance myself on my wings like a sea-gull;
 I'll dance on the chimbleys; I'll stan' on the steeple;
 I'll flop up to winders an' scare the people!
 I'll light on the libbe'ty-pole, an' crow;
 And I'll say to the gawpin' fools below,
 'What world's this 'ere that I've come near?'
 Fer I'll make 'em b'lieve I'm a chap f'm the moon;
 An' I'll try a race 'ith their ol' balloon!"

He crept from his bed;
 And, seeing the others were gone, he said,
 "I'm a-gittin' over the cold 'n my head."
 And away he sped,
 To open the wonderful box in the shed.

His brothers had walked but a little way,
 When Jotham to Nathan chanced to say,
 "What on airth is he up to, hey?"
 "Don'o,— th' 's suthin' er other to pay,
 Er he wouldn't 'a' stayed to hum to-day."
 Says Burke, "His toothache's all 'n his eye!"

He never'd miss a Fo'th-o'-July,
 Ef he hedn't got some machine to try."
 Then Sol, the little one, spoke: "By darn!
 Le's hurry back, an' hide 'n the barn,
 An' pay him fer tellin' us that yarn!"
 "Agreed!" Through the orchard they creep back,
 Along by the fences, behind the stack,
 And one by one, through a hole in the wall,
 In under the dusty barn they crawl,
 Dressed in their Sunday garments all;
 And a very astonishing sight was that,
 When each in his cobwebbed coat and hat
 Came up through the floor like an ancient rat.
 And there they hid; and Reuben slid
 The fastenings back, and the door undid.
 "Keep dark!" said he,
 "While I squint an' see what the' is to see."

As knights of old put on their mail,—
 From head to foot an iron suit,
 Iron jacket and iron boot,
 Iron breeches, and on the head
 No hat, but an iron pot instead,
 And under the chin the bail,—
 (I believe they called the thing a helm).—
 And, thus accoutred, they took the field,
 Sallying forth to overwhelm
 The dragons and pagans that plagued the realm;
 So this modern knight prepared for flight,
 Put on his wings and strapped them tight,—
 Jointed and jaunty, strong and light,—
 Buckled them fast to shoulder and hip,—
 Ten feet they measured from tip to tip!
 And a helm had he, but that he wore,
 Not on his head, like those of yore,
 But more like the helm of a ship.

"Hush!" Reuben said, "he's up in the shed!
 He's opened the winder,— I see his head!
 He stretches it out, an' pokes it about,
 Lookin' to see 'f the coast is clear,
 An' nobody near; —
 Guess he don'o' who's hid in here!
 He's riggin' a spring-board over the sill!
 Stop laffin', Solomon! Burke, keep still!
 He's a climbin' out now — Of all the things!
 What's he got on? I van, it's wings!

An' that t'other thing? I vum, it's a tail!
 An' there he sets like a hawk on a rail!
 Steppin' careful, he travels the length
 Of his spring-board and teeters to try its strength.
 How he stretches his wings, like a monstrous bat;
 Peeks over his shoulder, this way an' that,
 Fer to see 'f the' 's any one passin' by;
 But the' 's on'y a ca'f an' a goslin' nigh.
They turn up at him a wonderin' eye,
 To see — The dragon! he's goin' to fly!
 Away he goes! Jimminy! what a jump!
 Flop — flop — an' plump to the ground with a thump!
 Flutt'rin' an' flound'rin', all 'n a lump!"

As a demon is hurled by an angel's spear,
 Heels over head, to his proper sphere,—
 Heels over head, and head over heels,
 Dizzily down the abyss he wheels,—
 So fell Darius. Upon his crown,
 In the midst of the barn-yard, he came down,
 In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
 Broken braces and broken springs,
 Broken tail and broken wings,
 Shooting-stars and various things,—
 Barn-yard litter of straw and chaff,
 And much that wasn't so sweet by half.
 Away with a bellow fled the calf,
 And what was that? Did the gosling laugh?
 'Tis a merry roar from the old barn-door,
 And he hears the voice of Jotham crying;
 "Say, D'rius! how de yeou like flyin'?"

Slowly, ruefully, where he lay,
 Darius just turned and looked that way,
 As he stanch'd his sorrowful nose with his cuff,
 "Wal, I like flyin' well enough,"
 He said; "but the' ain't sich a thunderin' sight
 O' fun in 't when ye come to light."

I just have room for the MORAL here:
 And this is the moral,— Stick to your sphere;
 Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
 On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
 The moral is,— Take care how you light.

ROBERT ELSMERE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

[MARY AUGUSTA WARD (Mrs. Humphry Ward), British novelist, was born June 11, 1851, at Hobart, Tasmania. Her father, Thomas Arnold, a son of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and a brother of Matthew Arnold, was a brilliant, but somewhat erratic individual. While living at Oxford his daughter met and married Thomas Humphry Ward, a distinguished editor and journalist. Mrs. Ward, after serious studies of Spanish literature, and some magazine articles and translations, published "Robert Elsmere" in 1888. This novel, a story of the struggle of a clergyman of high character forced by conscience to surrender his orthodox beliefs, was discussed over the world. Afterward Mrs. Ward produced a long list of novels, nearly all dealing with some moral or sociological question, but none achieved the success of her first important book. Among her books are "David Grieve" (1892); "Marcella" (1894); "Helbeck of Bannisdale" (1898); "Eleanor" (1900); "Lady Rose's Daughter" (1903); "The Marriage of William Ashe" (1905), etc., etc. "The Case of Richard Meynell" (1911) is a sort of sequel to "Robert Elsmere." Mrs. Ward displayed excellent descriptive powers, firm grasp of social questions, and keen appreciation of the intellectual and spiritual conflicts of the age. She died in 1920.]

AFTER dinner Lady Charlotte fixed herself at first on Catharine, whose quiet dignity during the somewhat trying ordeal of the dinner had impressed her, but a few minutes' talk produced in her the conviction that without a good deal of pains—and why should a Londoner, accustomed to the cream of things, take pains with a country clergyman's wife?—she was not likely to get much out of her. Her appearance promised more, Lady Charlotte thought, than her conversation justified, and she looked about for easier game.

"Are you Mr. Elsmere's sister?" said a loud voice over Rose's head; and Rose, who had been turning over an illustrated book, with a mind wholly detached from it, looked up to see Lady Charlotte's massive form standing over her.

"No, his sister-in-law," said Rose, flushing in spite of herself, for Lady Charlotte was distinctly formidable.

"Hum," said her questioner, depositing herself beside her. "I never saw two sisters more unlike. You have got a very argumentative brother-in-law."

Rose said nothing, partly from awkwardness, partly from rising antagonism.

"Did you agree with him?" asked Lady Charlotte, putting up her glass and remorselessly studying every detail of the

pink dress, its ornaments, and the slippered feet peeping out beneath it.

"Entirely," said Rose fearlessly, looking her full in the face.

"And what can you know about it, I wonder? However, you are on the right side. It is the fashion nowadays to have enthusiasms. I suppose you muddle about among the poor like other people?"

"I know nothing about the poor," said Rose.

"Oh, then, I suppose you feel yourself effective enough in some other line?" said the other coolly. "What is it—lawn tennis, or private theatricals, or—hem—prettiness?" And again the eyeglass went up.

"Whichever you like," said Rose calmly, the scarlet on her cheek deepening, while she resolutely reopened her book. The manner of the other had quite effaced in her all that sense of obligation, as from the young to the old, in which she had been very carefully brought up. Never had she beheld such an extraordinary woman.

"Don't read," said Lady Charlotte complacently. "Look at me. It's your duty to talk to me, you know; and I won't make myself any more disagreeable than I can help. I generally make myself disagreeable, and yet, after all, there are a great many people who like me."

Rose turned a countenance rippling with suppressed laughter on her companion. Lady Charlotte had a large fair face, with a great deal of nose and chin, and an erection of lace and feathers on her head that seemed in excellent keeping with the masterful emphasis of those features. Her eyes stared frankly and unblushingly at the world, only softened at intervals by the glasses which were so used as to make them a most effective adjunct of her conversation. Socially, she was absolutely devoid of weakness or of shame. She found society extremely interesting, and she always struck straight for the desirable things in it, making short work of all those delicate tentative processes of acquaintanceship by which men and women ordinarily sort themselves. Rose's brilliant vivacious beauty had caught her eye at dinner; she adored beauty as she adored anything effective, and she always took a queer pleasure in bullying her way into a girl's liking. It is a great thing to be persuaded that at bottom you have a good heart. Lady Charlotte was so persuaded, and allowed herself many things in consequence.

"What shall we talk about?" said Rose demurely. "What a magnificent old house this is!"

"Stuff and nonsense! I don't want to talk about the house. I am sick to death of it. And if your people live in the parish, you are too. I return to my question. Come, tell me, what is your particular line in life? I am sure you have one, by your face. You had better tell me; it will do you no harm."

Lady Charlotte settled herself comfortably on the sofa, and Rose, seeing that there was no chance of escaping her tormentor, felt her spirits rise to an encounter.

"Really—Lady Charlotte—" and she looked down, and then up, with a feigned bashfulness—"I—I—play a little."

"Humph!" said her questioner again, rather disconcerted by the obvious missishness of the answer. "You do, do you? More's the pity. No woman who respects herself ought to play the piano nowadays. A professional told me the other day that until nineteen-twentieths of the profession were strung up, there would be no chance for the rest; and as for amateurs, there is simply *no* room for them whatever. I can't conceive anything more *passé* than amateur pianoforte playing!"

"I don't play the piano," said Rose meekly.

"What—the fashionable instrument, the banjo?" laughed Lady Charlotte. "That would be really striking."

Rose was silent again, the corners of her mouth twitching.

"Mrs. Darcy," said her neighbour, raising her voice, "this young lady tells me she plays something; what is it?"

Mrs. Darcy looked in a rather helpless way at Catherine. She was dreadfully afraid of Lady Charlotte.

Catherine, with a curious reluctance, gave the required information; and then Lady Charlotte insisted that the violin should be sent for, as it had not been brought.

"Who accompanies you?" she inquired of Rose.

"Mr. Langham plays very well," said Rose indifferently.

Lady Charlotte raised her eyebrows. "That dark, Byronic-looking creature who came with you? I should not have imagined him capable of anything sociable. Letitia, shall I send my maid to the rectory, or can you spare a man?"

Mrs. Darcy hurriedly gave orders, and Rose, inwardly furious, was obliged to submit. Then Lady Charlotte, having gained her point, and secured a certain amount of diversion for the evening, lay back on the sofa, used her fan, and yawned till the gentlemen appeared.

When they came in, the precious violin which Rose never trusted to any other hands but her own without trepidation had just arrived, and its owner, more erect than usual, because more nervous, was trying to prop up a dilapidated music-stand which Mrs. Darcy had unearthed for her. As Langham came in, she looked up and beckoned to him.

"Do you see?" she said to him impatiently, "they have made me play. Will you accompany me? I am very sorry, but there is no one else."

If there was one thing Langham loathed on his own account, it was any sort of performance in public. But the half-plaintive look which accompanied her last words showed that she knew it, and he did his best to be amiable.

"I am altogether at your service," he said, sitting down with resignation.

"It is all that tiresome woman, Lady Charlotte Wynnstay," she whispered to him behind the music-stand. "I never saw such a person in my life."

"Macaulay's Lady Holland without the brains," suggested Langham with languid vindictiveness as he gave her the note.

Meanwhile Mr. Wynnstay and the squire sauntered in together.

"A village Norman-Neruda?" whispered the guest to the host. The squire shrugged his shoulders.

"Hush!" said Lady Charlotte, looking severely at her husband. Mr. Wynnstay's smile instantly disappeared; he leant against the doorway and stared sulkily at the ceiling. Then the musicians began, on some Hungarian melodies put together by a younger rival of Brahms. They had not played twenty bars before the attention of every one in the room was more or less seized—unless we except Mr. Bickerton, whose children, good soul, were all down with some infantile ailment or other, and who was employed in furtively watching the clock all the time to see when it would be decent to order round the pony-carriage which would take him back to his pale overweighted spouse.

First came wild snatches of march music, primitive, savage, non-European; then a waltz of the lightest, maddest rhythm, broken here and there by strange barbaric clashes; then a song, plaintive and clinging, rich in the subtlest shades and melancholies of modern feeling.

"Ah, but *excellent!*" said Lady Charlotte once, under her breath, at a pause; "and what *entrain*—what beauty!"

For Rose's figure was standing thrown out against the dusky blue of the tapestried walls, and from that delicate relief every curve, every grace, each tint—hair and cheek and gleaming arm gained an enchanting picture-like distinctness. There was jessamine at her waist and among the gold of her hair; the crystals on her neck, and on the little shoe thrown forward beyond her dress, caught the lamplight.

"How can that man play with her and not fall in love with her?" thought Lady Charlotte to herself, with a sigh, perhaps, for her own youth. "He looks cool enough, however; the typical don with his nose in the air!"

Then the slow passionate sweetness of the music swept her away with it, she being in her way a connoisseur, and she ceased to speculate. When the sounds ceased there was silence for a moment. Mrs. Darcy, who had a piano in her sitting-room whereon she strummed every morning with her tiny rheumatic fingers, and who had, as we know, strange little veins of sentiment running all about her, stared at Rose with open mouth. So did Catherine. Perhaps it was then for the first time that, touched by this publicity, this contagion of other people's feelings, Catherine realised fully against what a depth of stream she had been building her useless barriers.

"More! more!" cried Lady Charlotte.

The whole room seconded the demand save the squire and Mr. Bickerton. They withdrew together into a distant oriel. Robert, who was delighted with his little sister-in-law's success, went smiling to talk of it to Mrs. Darcy, while Catherine with a gentle coldness answered Mr. Longstaffe's questions on the same theme.

"Shall we?" said Rose, panting a little, but radiant, looking down on her companion.

"Command me!" he said, his grave lips slightly smiling, his eyes taking in the same vision that had charmed Lady Charlotte's. What a "child of grace and genius"!

"But do you like it?" she persisted.

"Like it—like accompanying your playing?"

"Oh no!"—impatiently; "showing off, I mean. I am quite ready to stop."

"Go on; go on!" he said, laying his finger on the A. "You have driven all my *mauvaise honte* away. I have not heard you play so splendidly yet."

She flushed all over. "Then we will go on," she said briefly.

So they plunged again into an Andante and Scherzo of Beethoven. How the girl threw herself into it, bringing out the wailing love-song of the Andante, the dainty tripping mirth of the Scherzo, in a way which set every nerve in Langham vibrating! Yet the art of it was wholly unconscious. The music was the mere natural voice of her inner self. A comparison full of excitement was going on in that self between her first impressions of the man beside her, and her consciousness of him, as he seemed to-night, human, sympathetic, kind. A blissful sense of a mission filled the young silly soul. Like David, she was pitting herself and her gift against those dark powers which may invade and paralyse a life.

It was the afternoon of Good Friday. Catherine had been to church at St. Paul's, and Robert, though not without some inward struggle, had accompanied her. Their midday meal was over, and Robert had been devoting himself to Mary, who had been tottering round the room in his wake, clutching one finger tight with her chubby hand. In particular, he had been coaxing her into friendship with a wooden Japanese dragon which wound itself in awful yet most seductive coils round the cabinet at the end of the room. It was Mary's weekly task to embrace this horror, and the performance went by the name of "kissing the Jabberwock." It had been triumphantly achieved, and, as the reward of bravery, Mary was being carried round the room on her father's shoulder, holding on mercilessly to his curls, her shining blue eyes darting scorn at the defeated monster.

At last Robert deposited her on the rug beside a fascinating farmyard which lay there spread out for her, and stood looking, not at the child, but at his wife.

"Catherine, I feel so much as Mary did three minutes ago!"

She looked up startled. The tone was light, but the sadness, the emotion of the eyes, contradicted it.

"I want courage," he went on—"courage to tell you something that may hurt you. And yet I ought to tell it."

Her face took the shrinking expression which was so painful to him. But she waited quietly for what he had to say.

"You know, I think," he said, looking away from her to the gray Museum outside, "that my work in R—— hasn't been religious as yet at all. Oh, of course, I have said things here and there, but I haven't delivered myself in any way. Now there has come an opening."

And he described to her—while she shivered a little and drew herself together—the provocations which were leading him into a tussle with the North R—— Club.

“They have given me a very civil invitation. They are the sort of men after all whom it pays to get hold of, if one can. Among their fellows, they are the men who think. One longs to help them to think to a little more purpose.”

“What have you to give them, Robert?” asked Catherine after a pause, her eyes bent on the child’s stocking she was knitting. Her heart was full enough already, poor soul. Oh, the bitterness of this Passion week! He had been at her side often in church, but through all his tender silence and consideration she had divined the constant struggle in her between love and intellectual honesty, and it had filled her with a dumb irritation and misery indescribable. Do what she would, wrestle with herself as she would, there was constantly emerging in her now a note of anger, not with Robert, but, as it were, with those malign forces of which he was the prey.

“What have I to give them?” he repeated sadly. “Very little, Catherine, as it seems to me to-night. But come and see.”

His tone had a melancholy which went to her heart. In reality he was in that state of depression which often precedes a great effort. But she was startled by his suggestion.

“Come with you, Robert? To the meeting of a secularist club!”

“Why not? I shall be there to protest against outrage to what both you and I hold dear. And the men are decent fellows. There will be no disturbance.”

“What are you going to do?” she asked in a low voice.

“I have been trying to think it out,” he said with difficulty. “I want simply, if I can, to transfer to their minds that image of Jesus of Nazareth which thought, and love, and reading have left upon my own. I want to make them realise for themselves the historical character, so far as it can be realised—to make them see for themselves the real figure, as it went in and out amongst men—so far as our eyes can now discern it.”

The words came quicker towards the end, while the voice sank—took the vibrating characteristic note the wife knew so well.

“How can that help them?” she said abruptly. “Your historical Christ, Robert, will never win souls. If he was

God, every word you speak will insult him. If he was man, he was not a good man!"

"Come and see," was all he said, holding out his hand to her. It was in some sort a renewal of the scene at Les Avants, the inevitable renewal of an offer he felt bound to make, and she felt bound to resist.

She let her knitting fall and placed her hand in his. The baby on the rug was alternately caressing and scourging a woolly baa-lamb, which was the fetish of her childish worship. Her broken incessant baby-talk, and the ringing kisses with which she atoned to the baa-lamb for each successive outrage, made a running accompaniment to the moved undertones of the parents.

"Don't ask me, Robert, don't ask me! Do you want me to come and sit thinking of last year's Easter Eve?"

"Heaven knows I was miserable enough last Easter Eve," he said slowly.

"And now," she exclaimed, looking at him with a sudden agitation of every feature, "now you are not miserable? You are quite confident and sure? You are going to devote your life to attacking the few remnants of faith that still remain in the world?"

Never in her married life had she spoken to him with this accent of bitterness and hostility. He started and withdrew his hand, and there was a silence.

"I held once a wife in my arms," he said presently with a voice hardly audible, "who said to me that she would never persecute her husband. But what is persecution if it is not the determination not to understand?"

She buried her face in her hands. "I could not understand," she said sombrely.

"And rather than try," he insisted, "you will go on believing that I am a man without faith, seeking only to destroy."

"I know you think you have faith," she answered, "but how can it seem faith to me? 'He that will not confess Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven.' Your unbelief seems to me more dangerous than these horrible things which shock you. For you can make it attractive, you can make it loved, as you once made the faith of Christ loved."

He was silent. She raised her face presently, whereon were the traces of some of those quiet difficult tears which were characteristic of her, and went softly out of the room.

He stood a while leaning against the mantelpiece, deaf to little Mary's clamour, and to her occasional clutches at his knees, as she tried to raise herself on her tiny tottering feet. A sense as though of some fresh disaster was upon him. His heart was sinking, sinking within him. And yet none knew better than he that there was nothing fresh. It was merely that the scene had recalled to him anew some of those unpalatable truths which the optimist is always much too ready to forget.

Heredity, the moulding force of circumstances, the iron hold of the past upon the present—a man like Elsmere realises the working of these things in other men's lives with a singular subtlety and clearness, and is for ever overlooking them, running his head against them, in his own.

He turned and laid his arms on the chimneypiece, burying his head on them. Suddenly he felt a touch on his knee, and, looking down, saw Mary peering up, her masses of dark hair streaming back from the straining little face, the grave open mouth, and alarmed eyes.

"Fader, tiss! fader, tiss!" she said imperatively.

He lifted her up and covered the little brown cheeks with kisses. But the touch of the child only woke in him a fresh dread—the like of something he had often divined of late in Catherine. Was she actually afraid now that he might feel himself bound in future to take her child spiritually from her? The suspicion of such a fear in her woke in him a fresh anguish; it seemed a measure of the distance they had travelled from that old perfect unity.

"She thinks I could even become in time her tyrant and torturer," he said to himself with measureless pain, "and who knows—who can answer for himself? Oh, the puzzle of living!"

When she came back into the room, pale and quiet, Catherine said nothing, and Robert went to his letters. But after a while she opened his study door.

"Robert, will you tell me what your stories are to be next week, and let me put out the pictures?"

It was the first time she had made any such offer. He sprang up with a flash in his gray eyes, and brought her a slip of paper with a list. She took it without looking at him. But he caught her in his arms, and for a moment in that embrace the soreness of both hearts passed away.

POEMS OF EDWIN MARKHAM.

[EDWIN MARKHAM, American poet and lecturer, was born at Oregon City, Oregon, April 23, 1852, but was taken to California when five years of age, where he was educated. After many years as principal and superintendent of schools, he won sudden fame in 1899 by the publication of "The Man with the Hoe," suggested by Millet's famous painting, "The Angelus." He removed to New York and has since given his time to literature and social reform. In 1922 he was chosen to read the dedication poem on the completion of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington. The poems below are copyright by Edwin Markham, and are taken by special permission from "The Collected Poems of Edwin Markham," to be issued early in 1924.]

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting of the brutalized toiler.)

*God made man in His own image;
in the image of God made He him.
—Genesis.*

BOWED by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the dream He dreamed who shapt the suns
And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More packt with danger to the universe.
What gulfs between him and the seraphim!

Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Thru this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Thru this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quencht?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers of the lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute questions in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,
After the silence of the centuries?

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

(Read at the dedication of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.,
May 30, 1922.)

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greating and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.

Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
We held the ridgepole up, and spik't again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
 Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
 And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
 As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
 Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
 And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

OUTWITTED.

HE drew a circle that shut me out—
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
 But Love and I had the wit to win:
 We drew a circle that took him in!

ON THE TRACK OF THE WHITE WHALE.

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

(From "Moby Dick.")

[HERMAN MELVILLE, novelist, was born in New York, 1819; shipped as a common sailor at eighteen; in 1842 deserted from a whaling ship at Nukahiva, Marquesas Islands, and was captured by the natives and held prisoner some months in Typee (Taipi) Valley; escaping and returning to America in 1844, he wrote "Typee," a romantic portrayal of his experiences, which took popular fancy like wildfire. He followed it with "Omoo" (1847), "Mardi Gras" and "Redburn" (1849), "White Jacket" (1850), "Moby Dick," perhaps his greatest (1851), "Pierre" (1852), "Israel Potter," a genuine and most curious biography, extracting romance out of very squalid materials (1855), "Piazza Tales" (1856), "The Confidence Man" (1857), "Battle Pieces," war poems (1866), "Clarel," a poem (1876), "John Marr and Other Sailors," privately printed (1888), "Timoleon," poems (1891). In 1850 he located in Pittsfield, Mass., later removed to New York, held a place in its customhouse, and died there in 1891.]

QUEEQUEG.

QUEEQUEG was a native of Rokovoko, an island far away to the West and South. It is not down in any map; true places never are.

When a new-hatched savage running wild about his native woodlands in a grass clout, followed by the nibbling goats, as

if he were a green sapling, — even then, in Queequeg's ambitious soul, lurked a strong desire to see something more of Christendom than a specimen whaler or two. His father was a High Chief, a King; his uncle a High Priest; and on the maternal side he boasted aunts who were the wives of unconquerable warriors. There was excellent blood in his veins — royal stuff, — though sadly vitiated, I fear, by the cannibal propensity he nourished in his untutored youth.

A Sag Harbor ship visited his father's bay, and Queequeg sought a passage to Christian lands. But the ship, having her full complement of seamen, spurned his suit; and not all the King his father's influence could prevail. But Queequeg vowed a vow. Alone in his canoe, he paddled off to a distant strait, which he knew the ship must pass through when she quitted the island. On one side was a coral reef; on the other a low tongue of land, covered with mangrove thickets that grew out into the water. Hiding his canoe, still afloat, among these thickets, with its prow seaward, he sat down in the stern, paddle low in hand; and when the ship was gliding by, like a flash he darted out; gained her side; with one backward dash of his foot capsized and sank his canoe; climbed up the chains; and throwing himself at full length upon the deck, grappled a ringbolt there, and swore not to let it go, though hacked in pieces.

In vain the captain threatened to throw him overboard; suspended a cutlass over his naked wrists; Queequeg was the son of a King, and Queequeg budged not. Struck by his desperate dauntlessness, and his wild desire to visit Christendom, the captain at last relented, and told him he might make himself at home. But this fine young savage — this sea Prince of Wales, never saw the captain's cabin. They put him down among the sailors, and made a whaleman of him. But like Czar Peter content to toil in the shipyards of foreign cities, Queequeg disdained no seeming ignominy, if thereby he might happily gain the power of enlightening his untutored countrymen. For at bottom — so he told me — he was actuated by a profound desire to learn, among the Christians, the arts whereby to make his people still happier than they were; and more than that, still better than they were. But, alas! the practices of whalers soon convinced him that even Christians could be both miserable and wicked, — infinitely more so than all his father's heathens. Arrived at last in old Sag Har-

bor; and seeing what the sailors did there; and then going on to Nantucket, and seeing how they spent their wages in *that* place also, poor Queequeg gave it up for lost. Thought he, it's a wicked world in all meridians; I'll die a pagan.

And thus an old idolater at heart, he yet lived among these Christians, wore their clothes, and tried to talk their gibberish. Hence the queer ways about him, though now some time from home.

By hints, I asked him whether he did not propose going back, and having a coronation; since he might now consider his father dead and gone, he being very old and feeble at the last accounts. He answered no, not yet; and added that he was fearful Christianity, or rather Christians, had unfitted him for ascending the pure and undefiled throne of thirty pagan Kings before him. But by and by, he said, he would return, — as soon as he felt himself baptized again. For the nonce, however, he proposed to sail about, and sow his wild oats in all four oceans. They had made a harpooner of him, and that barbed iron was in lieu of a scepter now.

I asked him what might be his immediate purpose, touching his future movements. He answered, to go to sea again, in his old vocation. Upon this, I told him that whaling was my own design, and informed him of my intention to sail out of Nantucket, as being the most promising port for an adventurous whaleman to embark from. He at once resolved to accompany me to that island, ship aboard the same vessel, get into the same watch, the same boat, the same mess with me, in short to share my every hap; with both my hands in his, boldly dip into the Potluck of both worlds. To all this I joyously assented; for besides the affection I now felt for Queequeg, he was an experienced harpooner, and as such could not fail to be of great usefulness to one who, like me, was wholly ignorant of the mysteries of whaling, though well acquainted with the sea, as known to merchant seamen.

His story being ended with his pipe's last dying puff, Queequeg embraced me, pressed his forehead against mine, and blowing out the light, we rolled over from each other, this way and that, and very soon were sleeping.

NANTUCKET.

Nothing more happened on the passage worthy the mentioning; so, after a fine run, we safely arrived in Nantucket.

Nantucket ! Take out your map and look at it. See what a real corner of the world it occupies ; how it stands there, away offshore, more lonely than the Eddystone lighthouse. Look at it—a mere hillock, and elbow of sand ; all beach, without a background. There is more sand there than you would use in twenty years as a substitute for blotting paper. Some gamesome wights will tell you that they have to plant weeds there, they don't grow naturally ; that they import Canada thistles ; that they have to send beyond seas for a spile to stop a leak in an oil cask ; that pieces of wood in Nantucket are carried about like bits of the true cross in Rome ; that people there plant toadstools before their houses, to get under the shade in summer time ; that one blade of grass makes an oasis, three blades in a day's walk a prairie ; that they wear quicksand shoes, something like Laplander snowshoes ; that they are so shut up, belted about, every way inclosed, surrounded, and made an utter island of by the ocean, that to their very chairs and tables small clams will sometimes be found adhering, as to the backs of sea turtles. But these extravaganzas only show that Nantucket is no Illinois.

Look now at the wondrous traditional story of how this island was settled by the red men. Thus goes the legend. In olden times an eagle swooped down upon the New England coast, and carried off an infant Indian in his talons. With loud lament the parents saw their child borne out of sight over the wide waters. They resolved to follow in the same direction. Setting out in their canoes, after a perilous passage they discovered the island, and there they found an empty ivory casket,—the poor little Indian's skeleton.

What wonder, then, that these Nantucketers, born on a beach, should take to the sea for a livelihood ! They first caught crabs and quahogs in the sand ; grown bolder, they waded out with nets for mackerel ; more experienced, they pushed off in boats and captured cod ; and at last, launching a navy of great ships on the sea, explored this watery world ; put an incessant belt of circumnavigation round it ; peeped in at Behring's Straits ; and in all seasons and all oceans declared everlasting war with the mightiest animated mass that has survived the flood ; most monstrous and most mountainous ! That Himmalehan, salt-sea Mastodon, clothed with such portentousness of unconscious power that his very panics are more to be dreaded than his most fearless and malicious assaults !

And thus have these naked Nantucketers, these sea hermits, issuing from their ant-hill in the sea, overrun and conquered the watery world like so many Alexanders; parceling out among them the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian oceans, as the three pirate powers did Poland. Let America add Mexico to Texas, and pile Cuba upon Canada; let the English overswarm all India, and hang out their blazing banner from the sun; two thirds of this terraqueous globe are the Nantucketer's. For the sea is his; he owns it, as Emperors own empires,—other seamen having but a right of way through it. Merchant ships are but extension bridges; armed ones but floating forts; even pirates and privateers, though following the sea as highway-men the road, but plunder other ships, other fragments of the land like themselves, without seeking to draw their living from the bottomless deep itself. The Nantucketer, he alone resides and riots on the sea; he alone, in Bible language, goes down to it in ships,—to and fro plowing it as his own special plantation. *There* is his home; *there* lies his business, which a Noah's flood would not interrupt, though it overwhelmed all the millions in China. He lives on the sea, as prairie cocks in the prairie; he hides among the waves, he climbs them as chamois hunters climb the Alps. For years he knows not the land; so that when he comes to it at last, it smells like another world, more strangely than the moon would to an Earthsman. With the landless gull, that at sunset folds her wings and is rocked to sleep between billows; so at nightfall, the Nantucketer, out of sight of land, furls his sails, and lays him to his rest, while under his very pillow rush herds of walruses and whales.

CHOWDER.

It was quite late in the evening when the little "Moss" came snugly to anchor, and Queequeg and I went ashore; so we could attend to no business that day, at least none but a supper and a bed. The landlord of the Spouter Inn had recommended us to his cousin Hosea Hussey of the Try Pots, whom he asserted to be the proprietor of one of the best-kept hotels in all Nantucket, and moreover he had assured us that cousin Hosea, as he called him, was famous for his chowders. In sort, he plainly hinted that we could not possibly do better than try potluck at the Try Pots. But the directions he had given us

about keeping a yellow warehouse on our starboard hand till we opened a white church to the larboard, and then keeping that on the larboard hand till we made a corner three points to the starboard, and that done, then ask the first man we met where the place was: these crooked directions of his very much puzzled us at first, especially as, at the outset, Queequeg insisted that the yellow warehouse — our first point of departure — must be left on the larboard hand, whereas I had understood Peter Coffin to say it was on the starboard. However, by dint of beating about a little in the dark, and now and then knocking up a peaceable inhabitant to inquire the way, we at last came to something which there was no mistaking.

Two enormous wooden pots painted black, and suspended by asses' ears, swung from the crosstrees of an old topmast, planted in front of an old doorway. The horns of the crosstrees were sawed off on the other side, so that this old topmast looked not a little like a gallows. Perhaps I was oversensitive to such impressions at the time, but I could not help staring at this gallows with a vague misgiving. A sort of crick was in my neck as I gazed up to the two remaining horns; yes, *two* of them, one for Queequeg, and one for me. It's ominous, thinks I. A Coffin my Innkeeper upon landing in my first whaling port; tombstones staring at me in the whalemen's chapel; and here a gallows! and a pair of prodigious black pots too! Are these last throwing out oblique hints touching Tophet?

I was called from these reflections by the sight of a freckled woman with yellow hair and a yellow gown, standing in the porch of the inn, under a dull red lamp swinging there, that looked much like an injured eye, and carrying on a brisk scolding with a man in a purple wooden shirt.

"Get along with ye," said she to the man, "or I'll be combing ye!"

"Come on, Queequeg," said I, "all right. There's Mrs. Hussey."

And so it turned out, Mr. Hosea Hussey being from home, but leaving Mrs. Hussey entirely competent to attend to all his affairs. Upon making known our desires for a supper and a bed, Mrs. Hussey, postponing further scolding for the present, ushered us into a little room, and seating us at a table spread with the relics of a recently concluded repast, turned round to us and said — "Clam or Cod?"

"What's that about Cods, ma'am?" said I, with much politeness.

"Clam or Cod?" she repeated.

"A clam for supper? a cold clam? is *that* what you mean, Mrs. Hussey?" says I: "but that's a rather cold and clammy reception in the winter time, ain't it, Mrs. Hussey?"

But being in a great hurry to resume scolding the man in the purple shirt, who was waiting for it in the entry, and seeming to hear nothing but the word "clam," Mrs. Hussey hurried towards an open door leading to the kitchen, and bawling out "clam for two," disappeared.

"Queequeg," said I, "do you think that we can make out a supper for us both on one clam?"

However, a warm savory steam from the kitchen served to belie the apparently cheerless prospect before us. But when that smoking chowder came in, the mystery was delightfully explained. Oh, sweet friends! hearken to me. It was made of small juicy clams, scarcely bigger than hazelnuts, mixed with pounded ship biscuit, and salted pork cut up into little flakes; the whole enriched with butter, and plentifully seasoned with pepper and salt. Our appetites being sharpened by the frosty voyage, and, in particular, Queequeg seeing his favorite fishing food before him, and the chowder being surpassingly excellent, we dispatched it with great expedition: when leaning back a moment and bethinking me of Mrs. Hussey's clam and cod announcement, I thought I would try a little experiment. Stepping to the kitchen door, I uttered the word "cod" with great emphasis, and resumed my seat. In a few moments the savory steam came forth again, but with a different flavor, and in good time a fine cod chowder was placed before us.

We resumed business; and while plying our spoons in the bowl, thinks I to myself, I wonder now if this here has any effect on the head? What's that stultifying saying about chowder-headed people? "But look, Queequeg, ain't that a live eel in your bowl? Where's your harpoon?"

Fishest of all fishy places was the Try Pots, which well deserved its name; for the pots there were always boiling chowders. Chowder for breakfast, and chowder for dinner, and chowder for supper, till you began to look for fish bones coming through your clothes. The area before the house was paved with clam shells. Mrs. Hussey wore a polished necklace

of codfish vertebra ; and Hosea Hussey had his account books bound in superior old shark skin. There was a fishy flavor to the milk, too, which I could not at all account for, till one morning happening to take a stroll along the beach among some fishermen's boats, I saw Hosea's brindle cow feeding on fish remnants, and marching along the sand with each foot in a cod's decapitated head, looking very slipshod, I assure ye.

Supper concluded, we received a lamp, and directions from Mrs. Hussey concerning the nearest way to bed ; but, as Queequeg was about to precede me up the stairs, the lady reached forth her arm, and demanded his harpoon ; she allowed no harpoon in her chambers. "Why not?" said I ; "every true whaleman sleeps with his harpoon — but why not !" "Because it's dangerous," says she. "Ever since young Stiggs coming from that unfort'nate v'y'ge of his, when he was gone four years and a half, with only three barrels of *ile*, was found dead in my first floor back, with his harpoon in his side ; ever since then I allow no boarders to take sich dangerous weepous in their rooms at night. So, Mr. Queequeg" (for she had learned his name), "I will just take this here iron, and keep it for you till morning. But the chowder ; clam or cod to-morrow for breakfast, men?"

"Both," says I ; "and let's have a couple of smoked herring by way of variety."

THE SHIP.

In bed we concocted our plans for the morrow. But to my surprise and no small concern, Queequeg now gave me to understand that he had been diligently consulting Yojo — the name of his black little god — and Yojo had told him two or three times over, and strongly insisted upon it every way, that instead of our going together among the whaling fleet in harbor, and in concert selecting our craft ; instead of this, I say, Yojo earnestly enjoined that the selection of the ship should rest wholly with me, inasmuch as Yojo purposed befriending us ; and, in order to do so, had already pitched upon a vessel which, if left to myself, I, Ishmael, should infallibly light upon, for all the world as though it had turned out by chance ; and in that vessel I must immediately ship myself, for the present irrespective of Queequeg.

I have forgotten to mention that, in many things, Queequeg placed great confidence in the excellence of Yojo's judgment

and surprising forecast of things ; and cherished Yojo with considerable esteem, as a rather good sort of god, who perhaps meant well enough upon the whole, but in all cases did not succeed in his benevolent designs.

Now when I looked about the quarter-deck, for some one having authority, in order to propose myself as a candidate for the voyage, at first I saw nobody ; but I could not well overlook a strange sort of tent, or rather wigwam, pitched a little behind the mainmast. It seemed only a temporary erection used in port. It was of a conical shape, some ten feet high ; consisting of the long, huge slabs of limber black bone taken from the middle and highest part of the jaws of the right whale. Planted with their broad ends on the deck, a circle of these slabs laced together mutually sloped towards each other, and at the apex united in a tufted point, where the loose hairy fibers waved to and fro like the topknot on some old Pottawotomi sachem's head. A triangular opening faced towards the bows of the ship so that the insider commanded a complete view forward.

And half concealed in this queer tenement, I at length found one who by his aspect seemed to have authority ; and who, it being noon, and the ship's work suspended, was now enjoying respite from the burden of command. He was seated on an old-fashioned oaken chair, wriggling all over with curious carving ; and the bottom of which was formed of a stout interlacing of the same elastic stuff of which the wigwam was constructed.

There was nothing so very particular, perhaps, about the appearance of the elderly man I saw ; he was brown and brawny, like most old seamen, and heavily rolled up in blue pilot cloth, cut in the Quaker style ; only there was a fine and almost microscopic network of the minutest wrinkles interlacing round his eyes, which must have arisen from his continual sailings in many hard gales, and always looking to windward ; — for this causes the muscles about the eyes to become pursed together. Such eye wrinkles are very effectual in a scowl.

"Is this the Captain of the 'Pequod'?" said I, advancing to the door of the tent.

"Supposing it be the Captain of the 'Pequod,' what dost thou want of him?" he demanded.

"I was thinking of shipping."

"Thou wast, wast thou? I see thou art no Nantucketer — ever been in a stove boat?"

"No, sir, I never have."

"Dost know nothing at all about whaling, I dare say—eh?"

"Nothing, sir; but I have no doubt I shall soon learn. I've been several voyages in the merchant service, and I think that——"

"Marchant service be damned. Talk not that lingo to me. Dost see that leg?—I'll take that leg away from thy stern, if ever thou talkest of the marchant service to me again. Marchant service indeed! I suppose now ye feel considerable proud of having served in those marchant ships. But flukes! man, what makes thee want to go a whaling, eh?—it looks a little suspicious, don't it, eh?—Hast not been a pirate, hast thou? Didst not rob thy last Captain, didst thou?—Dost not think of murdering the officers when thou gettest to sea?"

I protested my innocence of these things. I saw that under the mask of these half-humorous innuendoes, this old seaman, as an insulated Quakerish Nantucketer, was full of his insular prejudices, and rather distrustful of all aliens, unless they hailed from Cape Cod or the Vineyard.

"But what takes thee a whaling? I want to know that before I think of shipping ye."

"Well, sir, I want to see what whaling is. I want to see the world."

"Want to see what whaling is, eh? Have ye clapped eye on Captain Ahab?"

"Who is Captain Ahab, sir?"

"Aye, aye, I thought so. Captain Ahab is the Captain of this ship."

"I am mistaken then. I thought I was speaking to the Captain himself."

"Thou art speaking to Captain Peleg—that's who ye are speaking to, young man. It belongs to me and Captain Bildad to see the 'Pequod' fitted out for the voyage, and supplied with all her needs, including crew. We are part owners and agents. But as I was going to say, if thou wantest to know what whaling is, as thou tellest ye do, I can put ye in a way of finding it out before ye bind yourself to it past backing out. Clap eye on Captain Ahab, young man, and thou wilt find that he has only one leg."

"What do you mean, sir? Was the other one lost by a whale?"

"Lost by a whale! Young man, come nearer to me: it was devoured, chewed up, crunched by the monstrousest parmacetty that ever chipped a boat!—ah, ah!"

I was a little alarmed by his energy, perhaps also a little touched at the hearty grief in his concluding exclamation, but said as calmly as I could, "What you say is no doubt true enough, sir; but how could I know there was any peculiar ferocity in that particular whale, though indeed I might have inferred as much from the simple fact of the accident."

"Look ye now, young man, thy lungs are a sort of soft, d'ye see; thou dost not talk shark a bit. *Sure* ye've been to sea before now; sure of that?"

"Sir," said I, "I thought I told you that I had been four voyages in the merchant——"

"Hard down out of that! Mind what I said about the marchant service—don't aggravate me—I won't have it. But let us understand each other. I have given thee a hint about what whaling is; do ye yet feel inclined for it?"

"I do, sir."

"Very good. Now, art thou the man to pitch a harpoon down a live whale's throat, and then jump after it? Answer, quick!"

"I am, sir, if it should be positively indispensable to do so; not to be got rid of, that is; which I don't take to be the fact."

"Good again. Now then, thou not only wantest to go a whaling, to find out by experience what whaling is, but ye also want to go in order to see the world? Was not that what ye said? I thought so. Well then, just step forward there, and take a peep over the weather bow, and then back to me and tell me what ye see there."

For a moment I stood a little puzzled by this curious request, not knowing exactly how to take it, whether humorously or in earnest. But concentrating all his crow's feet into one scowl, Captain Peleg started me on the errand.

Going forward and glancing over the weather bow, I perceived that the ship, swinging to her anchor with the flood tide, was now obliquely pointing towards the open ocean. The prospect was unlimited, but exceedingly monotonous and forbidding; not the slightest variety that I could see.

"Well, what's the report?" said Peleg when I came back; "what did ye see?"

"Not much," I replied — "nothing but water ; considerable horizon though, and there's a squall coming up, I think."

"Well, what dost thou think then of seeing the world ? Do ye wish to go round Cape Horn to see any more of it, eh ? Can't ye see the world where you stand ?"

I was a little staggered, but go a whaling I must, and I would ; and the "Pequod" was as good a ship as any — I thought the best — and all this I now repeated to Peleg. Seeing me so determined, he expressed his willingness to ship me.

"And thou mayest as well sign the papers right off," he added — "come along with ye." And so saying, he led the way below deck into the cabin.

Seated on the transom was what seemed to me a most uncommon and surprising figure. It turned out to be Captain Bildad, who along with Captain Peleg was one of the largest owners of the vessel ; the other shares, as is sometimes the case in these ports, being held by a crowd of old annuitants : widows, fatherless children, and chancery wards ; each owning about the value of a timber head, or a foot of plank, or a nail or two in the ship. People in Nantucket invest their money in whaling vessels, the same way that you do yours in approved state stocks bringing in good interest.

Now, Bildad, like Peleg, and indeed many other Nantucketers, was a Quaker, the island having been originally settled by that sect ; and to this day its inhabitants in general retain in an uncommon measure the peculiarities of the Quaker, only variously and anomalously modified by things altogether alien and heterogeneous. For some of these same Quakers are the most sanguinary of all sailors and whale hunters. They are fighting Quakers ; they are Quakers with a vengeance. . . .

Like Captain Peleg, Captain Bildad was a well-to-do, retired whaleman. But unlike Captain Peleg — who cared not a rush for what are called serious things, and indeed deemed those selfsame serious things the veriest of all trifles — Captain Bildad had not only been originally educated according to the strictest sect of Nantucket Quakerism, but all his subsequent ocean life, and the sight of many unclad, lovely island creatures, round the Horn — all that had not moved this native-born Quaker one single jot, had not so much as altered one angle of his vest. Still, for all this immutableness, was there some lack of common consistency about worthy Captain Peleg.

Though refusing, from conscientious scruples, to bear arms against land invaders, yet himself had illimitably invaded the Atlantic and Pacific ; and though a sworn foe to human bloodshed, yet had he, in his straight-bodied coat, spilled tuns upon tuns of leviathan gore. How now, in the contemplative evening of his days, the pious Bildad reconciled these things in the reminiscence, I do not know ; but it did not seem to concern him much, and very probably he had long since come to the sage and sensible conclusion that a man's religion is one thing, and this practical world quite another. This world pays dividends. Rising from a little cabin boy in short clothes of the drabdest drab, to a harpooner in a broad shad-bellied waistcoat ; from that becoming boat header, chief mate, and captain, and finally a shipowner ; Bildad, as I hinted before, had concluded his adventurous career by wholly retiring from active life at the goodly age of sixty, and dedicating his remaining days to the quiet receiving of his well-earned income.

Now Bildad, I am sorry to say, had the reputation of being an incorrigible old hunk, and in his seagoing days a bitter hard taskmaster. They told me in Nantucket, though it certainly seems a curious story, that when he sailed the old "Categut" whaleman, his crew, upon arriving home, were mostly all carried ashore to the hospital, sore exhausted and worn out. For a pious man, especially for a Quaker, he was certainly rather hard hearted, to say the least. He never used to swear, though, at his men, they said ; but somehow he got an inordinate quantity of cruel, unmitigated hard work out of them. When Bildad was a chief mate, to have his drab-colored eye intently looking at you, made you feel completely nervous, till you could clutch something—a hammer or a marline spike, and go to work like mad, at something or other, never mind what. Indolence and idleness perished from before him. His own person was the exact embodiment of his utilitarian character. On his long, gaunt body, he carried no spare flesh, no superfluous beard, his chin having a soft, economical nap to it, like the worn nap of his broad-brimmed hat.

Such, then, was the person that I saw seated on the transom when I followed Captain Peleg down into the cabin. The space between the decks was small ; and there, bolt upright, sat old Bildad, who always sat so, and never leaned, and this to save his coat tails. His broadbrim was placed beside him ; his legs were stiffly crossed ; his drab vesture was buttoned

up to his chin; and spectacles on nose, he seemed absorbed in reading from a ponderous volume.

"Bildad," cried Captain Peleg, "at it again, Bildad, eh? Ye have been studying those Scriptures, now, for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge. How far ye got, Bildad?"

As if long habituated to such profane talk from his old shipmate, Bildad, without noticing his present irreverence, quietly looked up, and seeing me, glanced again inquiringly towards Peleg.

"He says he's our man, Bildad," said Peleg, "he wants to ship."

"Dost thee?" said Bildad, in a hollow tone, and turning round to me.

"I *dost*," said I, unconsciously, he was so intense a Quaker.

"What do ye think of him, Bildad?" said Peleg.

"He'll do," said Bildad, eying me, and then went on spelling away at his book in a mumbling tone quite audible.

I thought him the queerest old Quaker I ever saw, especially as Peleg, his friend and old shipmate, seemed such a blusterer. But I said nothing, only looking round me sharply. Peleg now threw open a chest, and drawing forth the ship's articles, placed pen and ink before him, and seated himself at a little table. I began to think it was high time to settle with myself at what terms I would be willing to engage for the voyage. I was already aware that in the whaling business they paid no wages; but all hands, including the captain, received certain shares of the profits called *lays*, and that these lays were proportioned to the degree of importance pertaining to the respective duties of the ship's company. I was also aware that being a green hand at whaling, my own lay would not be very large; but considering that I was used to the sea, could steer a ship, splice a rope, and all that, I made no doubt that from all I had heard I should be offered at least the 275th lay—that is, the 275th part of the clear net proceeds of the voyage, whatever that might eventually amount to. And though the 275th lay was what they called a rather *long lay*, yet it was better than nothing; and if we had a lucky voyage, might pretty nearly pay for the clothing I would wear out on it, not to speak of my three years' beef and board, for which I would not have to pay one stiver.

It might be thought that this was a poor way to accumulate a princely fortune—and so it was, a very poor way indeed. But

I am one of those that never take on about princely fortunes, and am quite content if the world is ready to board and lodge me, while I am putting up at this grim sign of the Thunder Cloud. Upon the whole, I thought that the 275th lay would be about the fair thing, but would not have been surprised had I been offered the 200th, considering I was of a broad-shouldered make.

But one thing, nevertheless, that made me a little distrustful about receiving a generous share of the profits was this : Ashore, I had heard something of both Captain Peleg and his unaccountable old crony Bildad ; how that they being the principal proprietors of the "Pequod," therefore the other and more inconsiderable and scattered owners left nearly the whole management of the ship's affairs to these two. And I did not know but what the stingy old Bildad might have a mighty deal to say about shipping hands, especially as I now found him on board the "Pequod," quite at home there in the cabin, and reading his Bible as if at his own fireside. Now while Peleg was vainly trying to mend a pen with his jackknife, old Bildad, to my no small surprise, considering that he was such an interested party in these proceedings, Bildad never heeded us, but went on mumbling to himself out of his book. "*Lay* not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth ———"

"Well, Captain Bildad," interrupted Peleg, "what d'ye say, what lay shall we give this young man?"

"Thou knowest best," was the sepulchral reply, "the seven hundred and seventy-seventh wouldn't be too much, would it? — 'where moth and rust do corrupt, but *lay* ———'"

Lay, indeed, thought I, and such a lay ! the seven hundred and seventy-seventh ! Well, old Bildad, you are determined that I, for one, shall not *lay* up many *lays* here below, where moth and rust do corrupt. It was an exceedingly *long lay* that, indeed ; and though from the magnitude of the figure it might at first deceive a landsman, yet the slightest consideration will show that though seven hundred and seventy-seven is a pretty large number, yet, when you come to make a *teenth* of it, you will then see, I say, that the seven hundred and seventy-seventh part of a farthing is a good deal less than seven hundred and seventy-seven gold doubloons ; and so I thought at the time.

"Why, blast your eyes, Bildad," cried Peleg, "thou dost not want to swindle this young man ! he must have more than that."

"Seven hundred and seventy-seventh," again said Bildad, without lifting his eyes; and then went on mumbling — "'for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'"

"I am going to put him down for the three hundredth," said Peleg, "do you hear that, Bildad! The three hundredth lay, I say."

Bildad laid down his book, and turning solemnly towards him said, "Captain Peleg, thou hast a generous heart; but thou must consider the duty thou owest to the other owners of this ship — widows and orphans, many of them — and that if we too abundantly reward the labors of this young man, we may be taking the bread from those widows and those orphans. The seven hundred and seventy-seventh lay, Captain Peleg."

"Thou, Bildad!" roared Peleg, starting up and clattering about the cabin. "Blast ye, Captain Bildad, if I had followed thy advice in these matters, I would afore now had a conscience to lug about that would be heavy enough to founder the largest ship that ever sailed round Cape Horn."

"Captain Peleg," said Bildad, steadily, "thy conscience may be drawing ten inches of water, or ten fathoms, I can't tell; but as thou art still an impenitent man, Captain Peleg, I greatly fear lest thy conscience be but a leaky one and will in the end sink thee foundering down to the fiery pit, Captain Peleg."

"Fiery pit! fiery pit! ye insult me, man; past all natural bearing, ye insult me. It's an all-fired outrage to tell any human creature that he's bound to hell. Flukes and flames! Bildad, say that again to me, and start my soul bolts, but I'll — I'll — yes, I'll swallow a live goat with all his hair and horns on. Out of the cabin, ye canting, drab-colored son of a wooden gun — a straight wake with ye!"

As he thundered out this he made a rush at Bildad, but with a marvelous oblique, sliding celerity, Bildad for that time eluded him.

Alarmed at this terrible outburst between the two principal and responsible owners of the ship, and feeling half a mind to give up all idea of sailing in a vessel so questionably owned and temporarily commanded, I stepped aside from the door to give egress to Bildad, who I made no doubt was all eagerness to vanish from before the awakened wrath of Peleg. But to my astonishment, he sat down again on the transom very quietly, and seemed to have not the slightest intention of withdrawing. He seemed quite used to impenitent Peleg and his ways. As

for Peleg, after letting off his rage as he had, there seemed no more left in him, and he, too, sat down like a lamb, though he twitched a little as if still nervously agitated. "Whew!" he whistled at last—"the squall's gone off to leeward, I think. Bildad, thou used to be good at sharpening a lance, mend that pen, will ye. My jackknife here needs the grindstone. That's he; thank ye, Bildad. Now then, my young man, Ishmael's thy name, didn't ye say? Well then, down ye go here, Ishmael, for the three hundredth lay."

"Captain Peleg," said I, "I have a friend with me who wants to ship too—shall I bring him down to-morrow?"

"To be sure," said Peleg. "Fetch him along, and we'll look at him."

"What lay does he want?" groaned Bildad, glancing up from the book in which he had again been burying himself.

"Oh! never thee mind about that, Bildad," said Peleg. "Has he ever whaled it any?" turning to me.

"Killed more whales than I can count, Captain Peleg."

"Well, bring him along then."

And, after signing the papers, off I went, nothing doubting but that I had done a good morning's work, and that the "Pequod" was the identical ship that Yojo had provided to carry Queequeg and me around the Cape.

CAMILLE AND ARMAND.

By ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

(From "Camille.")

[ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS: A French dramatist and author; born in Paris, July 27, 1824; died November 28, 1895. He was educated at the Collège Bourbon, and published his first book, "The Sins of Youth," at seventeen. His principal novels are "La Dame aux Camélias" (known in English as "Camille") (1848), and "The Clémenceau Case" (1864). His plays include: "Camille" (1852), "Diana of the Lily" (1853), "The Other Half-World" (1855), "The Natural Son" (1857), "A Prodigal Father" (1859), "The Friend of Women" (1864), "A Woman's Torture" (1865), "Madame Aubray's Ideas" (1867), "A Wedding Call" and "The Princess Georges" (1868), "Claude's Wife" (1873), "Monsieur Alphonse" (1873), "The Danicheffs" (1876), "Joseph Balsamo" (1878), "The Princess of Bagdad" and "Franchillon" (1887).]

DUVAL—Mademoiselle Camille Gauthier?

Camille—It is I, sir. To whom have I the honor of speaking?

Duval — To Monsieur Duval.

Camille — Monsieur Duval?

Duval — Yes, Mademoiselle, Armand's father.

Camille — Monsieur Armand is not here, sir.

Duval — I know it. But I would speak with you, and I wish you to listen. You are not only compromising, but ruining, my son.

Camille — You are deceived, sir. I am here beyond the reach of scandal; and I accept nothing from your son.

Duval — Which means that he has fallen so low as to be a sharer of the gain which you accept from others.

Camille — Pardon me, sir. I am a woman, and in my own house, — two reasons that should plead in my behalf to your more generous courtesy. The tone in which you addressed me is not what I have been accustomed to, and more than I can listen to from a gentleman whom I have the honor to see for the first time. I pray you will allow me to retire.

Duval — Stay, Mademoiselle, when one finds himself face to face with you, it is hard to think those things are so. Oh, I was told that you are a dangerous woman.

Camille — Yes, sir! dangerous to myself.

Duval — It is not less true, however, that you are ruining my son.

Camille — Sir, I repeat, with all the respect I have for Armand's father, that you are wrong.

Duval — Then what is the meaning of this letter to my lawyer, which apprises me of Armand's intention to dispose of his property, the gift of a dying mother? [*Gives her a letter.*]

Camille — I assure you, sir, that if this is Armand's act, he has done so without my knowledge; for he knew well that had he offered such a gift, I should refuse it.

Duval — Indeed! you have not always spoken thus!

Camille — True, sir; but I have not always loved.

Duval — And now —

Camille — I am no longer what I was.

Duval — These are very fine words.

Camille — What can I say to convince you? I swear by the love I bear your son, the holiest thing that ever filled my heart, that I was ignorant of the transaction.

Duval — Still, you must live by some means?

Camille — You force me, sir, to be explicit. So far from resembling other associations of my life, this has made me pen-

niless. I pray you, read that paper. [*Handing a paper.*] It contains a list of all that I possess on earth. When you were announced just now, I thought you were the person to whom I had sold them.

Duval — A bill of sale of all your furniture, pictures, plate, and other things, with which to pay your creditors — the surplus to be returned to you. Have I been deceived?

Camille — You have, sir. I know that my life has been clouded. — Oh, you do not know me, sir! You can never know how purely I love your son, and how he loves me! It is his love that has saved me from myself, and made me what I am. I have been so happy for three months! And you, sir, are his father. You are good, I am sure. I know you would not harm me. Then let me entreat you will not tell him ill of me, or he will believe you, for he loves you so; and I also love and honor you, because you are *his father!*

Duval — Pardon me for the manner in which I presented myself to you. I was angry at my son, for his ingratitude to his dead mother, in disposing of her gift to him. I pray you, pardon.

Camille — Oh, sir, it is you have everything to pardon. I can only bless you for those kind words. I pray you take a chair.

Duval — In the name of these sentiments, which, you say, are so sacred to you, I am about to ask of you a sacrifice greater than any you have yet performed.

Camille — Oh, heaven!

Duval — Listen, my child, and patiently, to what I have to say.

Camille — Oh, sir, I pray you let us speak no more. I know you are going to ask something terrible of me. I have been expecting this. I was too happy. Yet over my brightest hour there has always hung a cloud. It was the shadow of your frown.

Duval — Camille, I am not going to chide, but to *supplicate*. You love my son — so do I. We are both desirous of his happiness — jealous of those who could contribute to it more than we. I speak to you as a father and ask of you the happiness of both my children.

Camille — Of both your children?

Duval — Yes, Camille, of both. I have a daughter, young, beautiful, and pure as an angel. She loves as you do. That

love has been the dream of her life. But the family of the man about to marry her has learned the relation between you and Armand, and declared the withdrawal of their consent unless he gives you up. You see, then, how much depends on you. Let me entreat you in the name of your love for her brother, to save my daughter's peace.

Camille — You are very good, sir, to deign to speak such words as these. I understand you, and you are right. I will at once leave Paris, and remain away from Armand for some time. It will be a sacrifice, I confess; but I will make it for *your* sake. Besides, his joy at my return will make amends for my absence. You will allow him to write me after your daughter is married?

Duval — Thanks, my child; but I fear you do not wholly understand me. I would ask more.

Camille — What could I do more?

Duval — A temporary absence will not suffice.

Camille — Ah, you would not have me quit Armand forever?

Duval — You must.

Camille — Never! To separate us now would be more than cruel — it would be a crime. Oh, sir! you have never loved! You know not what it is to be left without a home, a friend, a father, or a family. When Armand forgave my faults he swore to be all these. I have grafted life and hope on him till they and he are one. Oh, do not tear him from me the little while I have to live! I am not well, sir. I have been ill for months. A sudden shock would kill me. Ask anything but this. Oh, do not drive me to despair! See, I am at your feet!

Duval — Rise, Camille! I know that I demand a great sacrifice from your heart! but one that, for your own good, you are fatally forced to yield. Listen. You have known Armand three months, and you love him. Are you sure you have not deceived yourself, and that even now you do not begin to tire of your new choice, and long for other conquests?

Camille — Oh, spare me, sir! Unworthy as the offering of my love may seem, Armand's heart was the first shrine in which it ever sought a sanctuary, and there it shall remain forever!

Duval — You think so now, perhaps; but sooner or later the truth must come. Youth is prodigal — old age exacting. Do you listen?

Camille — Do I listen ? Oh, heaven !

Duval — You are willing to sacrifice everything for my son ; but should he accept this, what sacrifice could he make you in return ? Say that Armand Duval is an honest man, and would marry you, — what kind of union would that be which has neither purity nor religion to recommend it to the grace of heaven, the smile of friends, or the esteem of the world ? And what will be your fate to see the man who sacrificed position, honor, all for you, bowed down with shame of her who ought to be his pride ?

Camille — Oh, my punishment is come !

Duval — Avoid what may yet follow. Say that both of you love, as none has ever loved. The warmest sun will set at eve. And when the evening of your life steals on, Armand will seek elsewhere the charms he can no longer find in you ; and with every trace of age on *your* brow, a blush will rise on *his*, accusing him of youth, and hopes, and honor, lost for you !

Camille — My dream is past !

Duval — Dream no more, Camille ; but wake to duty to yourself, and to the man you love.

Camille — Why — why do I live ?

Duval — And should you die, would you have your husband stand upon your grave, ashamed to breathe the name of her who lies there ? No, Camille, you are too proud for that. I leave to your heart, to your reason, to your affection for my son, the sacrifice I might demand. You will be proud some day of having saved Armand from a fate he would have regretted all his life — which would have brought on him the idle jest and scorn of every honorable man. Pardon me, Camille ; but you know the world too well to doubt the truth of what I say. It is a father who implores you to save his child. Come, *prove* to me you love my son. Give me your hand. Courage, Camille, courage ! [*She slowly gives her hand.*] Bless you, bless you ! You have done your duty.

Camille — You desire, sir, that I separate from your son for his good, his honor, and his fortune. What am I to do ? Speak — I am ready.

Duval — You must tell him that you do not love him.

Camille — He will not believe me.

Duval — You must leave Paris.

Camille — He will follow me.

Duval — What *will* you do?

Camille — I must teach him to despise me.

Duval — But, *Camille*, I fear —

Camille — Ah, fear nothing! He will hate me! **I will teach him.** I know how; for I have taught myself.

Duval — Armand must not know of this.

Camille — Sir, you do not know me yet; for I swear by the love I bear your son, that he shall never know from my lips what has transpired between us.

Duval — You are a noble girl! Is there aught that I can do for you?

Camille — When the heart that now is breaking lies pulseless in the grave — when the world records my very virtues to my blame — when Armand's voice shall rise with curses on my memory — tell him — oh! tell him how I loved him! And now, I pray you will withdraw into that room. He may return each moment, and discover our purpose.

Duval — *Camille*, you have saved my life — nay, more, you have preserved my honor. Heaven bless you for the sacrifice.

[*Exit DUVAL. CAMILLE staggers to table to write.*]

Camille — Oh, I cannot! Every word I trace seems to tear from my heart a hope that never can take root again. [*After a struggle writes.*] What shall I say? [*Reads what she has written.*] “Armand, in a few hours from this, the little flowers you gave me this morning will be withered on my breast, and in their place, *Camellias*, the badge of that life in which alone I can find happiness.” Oh! heaven, forgive the injuries these words may bring to him, and the injustice they do my heart!

[*Folds the letter.*]

Enter ARMAND.

Armand — Ah, *Camille*, here I am! What are you doing there?

Camille — Armand! Nothing!

Armand — You were writing as I entered.

Camille — No! That is — yes!

Armand — What does this mean? You are pale! To whom were you writing? *Camille*, let me see that letter.

Camille — I cannot.

Armand — I thought we had done with mystery.

Camille — And with suspicion.

Armand — Pardon me, *Camille*, — I was wrong. I entered excited, and saw in you my own embarrassment. My father is arrived.

Camille — Have you seen him?

Armand — No ; but he left at my house a letter, in which he reproaches me very bitterly. He has learned that I am here, and doubtless will pay me a visit this evening. Some idle tongues have been busy in informing him of our retreat. But let him come. I wish him to see you — to talk with you. He will be sure to love you. Or should he remain stern for a while, and refuse his smiles, what of it? He can withhold his patronage from me ; but he cannot separate me from your love. I will work, toil, labor for you, and think it a privilege and a joy, if I have but your smile to repay me at its close.

Camille — How he loves me ! But you must be wise, and not anger your father unnecessarily ; for you know he has much cause to blame. He is coming, you say. Then I will retire awhile until he speaks with you — then I will return, and be with you again. I will fall at his feet, and implore him not to part us.

Armand — Camille, there is something passing in your mind that you would hide from me. It is not my words that agitate you so. You can scarcely stand. There is something wrong here. It is this letter. [*Snatches the letter from her.*]

Camille — Armand — that letter must not be read.

Armand — What does it contain?

Camille — A proof of my love for you. In the name of that love, return it to me unread, and ask to know no more.

Armand — Take it, Camille. [*Returns letter.*] I know it all. Madam Prudence told me this morning, and it was that which took me to Paris. I know the sacrifice you would make, and while you were considering my happiness, I was not unmindful of yours. I have arranged it all unknown to you. Ah, Camille, how can I ever return such devotion, truth, and love?

Camille — Well, now that you are satisfied and know all, let us part —

Armand — Part?

Camille — I mean, let me retire. Your father will be here, you remember, and I would rather he would see you alone. I will be in the garden with Nichette and Gustave. You can call me when you want me. Oh, how — how can I ever part from you? You will calm your father, if he be irritated, and win him to forgive you. Will you not? Then we will be so happy — happy as we have always been since first we met ! And you are happy — are you not? And have nothing to reproach me

for — have you? Since first I met you I welcomed in my heart of hearts your love, believing it a sign from heaven that the past had been forgiven. If I have ever caused your heart a pang, you will forgive me — will you not? And when you recall, one day, the little proofs of love I have bestowed on you, you will not despise or curse my memory! Oh, do not — do not curse me when you learn how I have loved you!

Armand — Camille, what does this mean?

Camille — Love for you!

Armand — But why these tears?

Camille — Oh, let them fall! I had forgotten. Do not heed them. I am such a silly girl! You know I often love to weep. See, I am calm now. They are all gone. Come, chase them away. [*He kisses her brow.*] See, now, they are all gone. No more tears, but smiles. You, too, are smiling. Ah! I will live on that smile until we meet again! See, I too can smile! You can read until your father comes, and think of me; for I shall never cease to think of you. Adieu [*Aside*] forever!

[*Exit.*]

Armand — It is too late. The world would be a blank without her. [*Calls*] Ninnette! [*Enter NANINE.*] A gentleman, my father, will arrive here presently. If he ask to see Madam, say that I am here awaiting him.

Nanine — I will, sir.

ARMAND'S REVENGE.

Camille — What's to be done? I must continue to deceive him. I made a sacred promise to his father. It must not be broken. Oh, heaven! give me strength to keep it. But this duel! How to prevent it! Peril honor, life, for me! Oh! No, no, no! Rather let him hate, despise me! Oh! he is here!

Enter ARMAND.

Armand — Madam, did you send for me?

Camille — I did, Armand! I would speak with you.

Armand — Speak! I listen.

Camille — I have a few words to say to you — not of the past —

Armand — Oh, no! Let that be buried in the shame that shrouds it.

Camille — Oh! do not crush me with reproach. See how I am bowed before you, pale, trembling, supplicating. Listen

to me without hate, and hear me without anger. Say that you will forget the past, and — give me your hand.

Armand [*rejecting her hand*] — Pardon me, Mademoiselle. If your business with me is at an end, I will retire.

Camille — Stay — I will not detain you long. Armand, you must leave Paris.

Armand — Leave Paris? And why, Mademoiselle?

Camille — Because the Count de Varville seeks to quarrel with you, and I wish you to avoid him. I alone am to blame, and I alone should suffer.

Armand — And it is thus you would counsel me to play the coward's part, and flee — flee from Count de Varville! What other counsel could come from such a source?

Camille — Armand, by the memory of the woman whom you once loved — in the name of the pangs it cost her to destroy your faith — and in the name of her who smiled from heaven upon the act that saved her son from shame — even in her name — your mother's name — Armand Duval, I charge you leave me! Flee — flee — anywhere from here — from me — or you will make me human!

Armand — I understand, Mademoiselle. You tremble for your lover — your wealthy Count — who holds your fortune in his hands. You shudder at the thought of the event which would rob you of his gold, or, perhaps, his title, which, no doubt, erelong you hope to wear.

Camille — I tremble for *your* life!

Armand — You tremble for my life! Oh, you jest! What is my life or death to you? Had you such a fear when you wrote that letter? [*Takes out a letter and reads.*] “*Armand forget me. The Count has offered me his protection. I accept it, for I know he loves me.*” Love you! Oh, had he loved you, you would not have been *here* to-night. These were your words. That they did not kill me was no fault of yours — and that I am not dead is because I *cannot* die until I am avenged; because I *will not* die until I see the words you have graven on my brain imprinted on the blood of him who wronged me! And should your lifestrings crack to part with him, he shall not live; for I have sworn it!

Camille — Armand, you wrong him! De Varville is innocent of all that has occurred!

Armand — He loves you, Madam! *That* is his crime — the sin that he must answer for!

Camille — Oh, could you but know his thoughts, they would tell you that I *hate* him!

Armand — Why are you *his*? Why *here* — the plaything of his vanity, the trophy of his gold?

Camille — Oh, heaven! Armand! No—no! this must not be. You may retire! I have no more to say. Do not ask me, for I cannot tell!

Armand — Then I will tell you! Because you are heartless, truthless, and make a sale of what you call love to him who bids the highest! Because when you found a man who truly loved you, who devoted every thought and act to bless and guard you, you fled from him at the very moment you were mocking him with a sacrifice you had not the courage to make. Horses, house, and jewels had to be parted with, and all for love! Oh, no! that could not be! They had to remain unsold, and so they did! They were returned, and with them, what? The bitter pangs of anguish and remorse that fill your breast, even while it heaves beneath a weight of gems! — the fixed despair on that brow on which those diamonds look down in mockery! And this is what the man you love has done for you! These are *his* triumphs — the wages of *your* shame!

Camille — Armand, you have pierced my heart — you have bowed me in the dust! Is it fit that you should die for such a wretch as you have drawn? Is it fit that you should taint your name in such a cause as hers? Remember those who love you, Armand! — your sister, father, friends, Camille! For her sake do not peril life and honor! Do not meet the Count again! Leave Paris! Forget your wrongs for *my* sake! See, at your feet I ask it in my name?

Armand — On condition that you fly from Paris with me!

Camille — Oh, you are mad!

Armand — I am indeed! I stand upon the brink of an abyss, whence I must soar or fall! You can save me. A moment since I thought I hated you. I tried to smother in my breast the truth, that it was love — *love for you*! All shall be forgotten — forgiven! We will fly from Paris and the past! We will go to the ends of the earth — away from man — where not an eye shall feast a glance upon your form, nor sound disturb your ear less gentle than the echoes that repeat our tales of love!

Camille — This cannot be!

Armand — Again !

Camille — I would give a whole eternity of life to purchase one short hour of bliss like that you have pictured now ! But it must not be ! There is a gulf between us which I dare not cross ! I have sworn to forget you — to avoid you — to tear you from my thoughts, though it should uproot my reason !

Armand — You have sworn to whom ?

Camille — To one who had the right to ask me !

Armand — To the Count de Varville, who loves you ! Now say that you love *him*, and I will part with you forever !

Camille [*faltering*] — Yes, I love the Count de Varville !

Armand [*rushes to supper-room door, and violently dashes it open*] — Enter all !

[*All the characters in the act rush in.*]

Camille — What would you do ?

Armand — You will see ! [*To guests*] You see that woman !

Olimpe — Camille ?

Armand — Yes ! Camille Gauthier ! Do you know what she has done ?

All — No !

Armand — But you shall ! She once sold her horses, carriage, diamonds — all to live with me, so much she loved me ! This was generous — was it not ? But what did I do ? You shall hear ! I accepted this sacrifice at her hands without repaying her ! But it is not too late ! I have repented — and now that I am rich, I am come to pay it back ! You all bear witness that I have paid that woman, and that I owe her nothing !

[*He throws a shower of notes and gold upon CAMILLE, who has thrown herself at his feet. DE VARVILLE advances suddenly and strikes him.*]

Varville — 'Tis false ! You owe me revenge !

[*Music* — ARMAND springs at him, but is held by GUSTAVE and GASTON — CAMILLE leaning on Madame PRUDENCE — *Tableaux.*]

THE RAINY DAY.

By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
 But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
 And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
 It rains, and the wind is never weary;
 My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
 But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
 And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
 Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
 Thy fate is the common fate of all,
 Into each life some rain must fall,
 Some days must be dark and dreary.



DREAM LIFE.

By DONALD G. MITCHELL.

[DONALD GRANT MITCHELL: An American essayist and novelist; born in Norwich, Conn., April 12, 1822. He graduated at Yale (1841); studied law; was United States consul at Venice (1853-1855); and has since lived on his estate, Edgewood, near New Haven, Conn. Under the pseudonym of "Ik Marvel" he has published "Reveries of a Bachelor" (1850), his best-known work; "Dream Life" (1851); "My Farm at Edgewood"; "Wet Days at Edgewood"; "English Lands, Letters, and Kings" (1889-1895). Died in 1908.]

BOY SENTIMENT.

WEEKS and even years of your boyhood roll on, in the which your dreams are growing wider and grander,—even as the Spring, which I have made the type of the boy age, is stretching its foliage farther and farther, and dropping longer and heavier shadows on the land.

Nelly, that sweet sister, has grown into your heart strangely; and you think that all they write in their books about love, can-

not equal your fondness for little Nelly. She is pretty, they say ; but what do you care for her prettiness ? She is so good, so kind—so watchful of all your wants, so willing to yield to your haughty claims !

But, alas, it is only when this sisterly love is lost forever,—only when the inexorable world separates a family and tosses it upon the waves of fate to wide-lying distances—perhaps to graves !—that a man feels, what a boy can never know,—the disinterested and abiding affection of a sister.

All this, that I have set down, comes back to you long afterward, when you recall, with tears of regret, your reproachful words, or some swift outbreak of passion.

Little Madge is a friend of Nelly's—a mischievous, blue-eyed hoyden. They tease you about Madge. You do not of course care one straw for her, but yet it is rather pleasant to be teased thus. Nelly never does this ; oh no, not she. I do not know but in the age of childhood, the sister is jealous of the affections of a brother, and would keep his heart wholly at home, until suddenly, and strangely, she finds her own—wandering.

But after all, Madge is pretty ; and there is something taking in her name. Old people, and very precise people, call her Margaret Boyne. But you do not ; it is only plain Madge ;—it sounds like her—very rapid and mischievous. It would be the most absurd thing in the world for you to like her, for she teases you in innumerable ways : she laughs at your big shoes ; (such a sweet little foot as she has !) and she pins strips of paper on your coat collar ; and time and again she has borne off your hat in triumph, very well knowing that you, such a quiet body, and so much afraid of her, will never venture upon any liberties with her gypsy bonnet.

You sometimes wish, in your vexation, as you see her running, that she would fall and hurt herself badly ; but the next moment, it seems a very wicked wish, and you renounce it. Once, she did come very near it. You were all playing together by the big swing—(how plainly it swings in your memory now !)—Madge had the seat, and you were famous for running under with a long push, which Madge liked better than anything else : well, you have half run over the ground, when crash comes the swing, and poor Madge with it ! You fairly scream as you catch her up. But she is not hurt—only a cry of fright, and a little sprain of that fairy ankle ; and as she

brushes away the tears, and those flaxen curls, and breaks into a merry laugh, — half at your woe-worn face, and half in vexation at herself; and leans her hand (such a hand!) upon your shoulder to limp away into the shade, you dream — your first dream of love.

But it is only a dream, not at all acknowledged by you: she is three or four years your junior, — too young altogether. It is very absurd to talk about it. There is nothing to be said of Madge — only — Madge! The name does it.

It is rather a pretty name to write. You are fond of making capital M's; and sometimes you follow it with a capital A. Then you practice a little upon a D, and perhaps back it up with a G. Of course it is the merest accident that these letters come together. It seems funny to you — very. And as a proof that they are made at random, you make a T or an R before them, and some other quite irrelevant letters after it.

Finally, as a sort of security against all suspicion, you cross it out — cross it a great many ways; — even holding it up to the light, to see that there should be no air of intention about it.

— You need have no fear, Clarence, that your hieroglyphics will be studied so closely. Accidental as they are, you are very much more interested in them than any one else!

— It is a common fallacy of this dream in most stages of life, that a vast number of persons employ their time chiefly in spying out its operations.

Yet Madge cares nothing about you, that you know of. Perhaps it is the very reason, though you do not suspect it then, why you care so much for her. At any rate, she is a friend of Nelly's; and it is your duty not to dislike her. Nelly too, sweet Nelly, gets an inkling of matters; for sisters are very shrewd in suspicions of this sort — shrewder than brothers or fathers; and like the good kind girl that she is, she wishes to humor even your weakness.

Madge drops in to tea quite often: Nelly has something *in particular* to show her, two or three times a week. Good Nelly, — perhaps she is making your troubles all the greater! You gather large bunches of grapes for Madge — because she is a friend of Nelly's — which she doesn't want at all, and very pretty bouquets, which she either drops, or pulls to pieces.

In the presence of your father one day, you drop some hint about Madge, in a very careless way — a way shrewdly calculated to lay all suspicion; — at which your father laughs. This

is odd : it makes you wonder if your father was ever in love himself.

You rather think that he has been.

Madge's father is dead and her mother is poor ; and you sometimes dream, how — whatever your father may think or feel — you will some day make a large fortune, in some very easy way, and build a snug cottage, and have one horse for your carriage, and one for your wife (not Madge, of course — that is absurd), and a turtle-shell cat for your wife's mother, and a pretty gate to the front yard, and plenty of shrubbery, and how your wife will come dancing down the path to meet you, — as the Wife does in Mr. Irving's "Sketch Book," — and how she will have a harp inside, and will wear white dresses, with a blue sash.

— Poor Clarence, it never once occurs to you, that even Madge may grow fat, and wear check aprons, and snuffy-brown dresses of woolen stuff, and twist her hair in yellow papers ! Oh no, boyhood has no such dreams as that !

I shall leave you here in the middle of your first foray into the world of sentiment, with those wicked blue eyes chasing rainbows over your heart, and those little feet walking every day into your affections. I shall leave you before the affair has ripened into any overtures and while there is only a sixpence split in halves, and tied about your neck, and Maggie's neck, to bind your destinies together.

If I even hinted at any probability of your marrying her, or of your not marrying her, you would be very likely to dispute me. One knows his own feelings, or thinks he does, so much better than any one can tell him !

A FRIEND MADE AND FRIEND LOST.

To visit, is a great thing in the boy calendar : — not to visit this or that neighbor, — to drink tea, or eat strawberries, or play at draughts ; — but, to go away on a visit in a coach, with a trunk, and a greatcoat, and an umbrella : — this is large !

It makes no difference, that they wish to be rid of your noise, now that Charlie is sick of a fever : — the reason is not at all in the way of your pride of visiting. You are to have a long ride in a coach, and eat a dinner at a tavern, and to see a new town almost as large as the one you live in, and you are

to make new acquaintances. In short, you are to see the world : — a very proud thing it is, to see the world !

As you journey on, after bidding your friends adieu, and as you see fences and houses to which you have not been used, you think them very odd indeed : but it occurs to you, that the geographies speak of very various national characteristics, and you are greatly gratified with this opportunity of verifying your study. You see new crops too, perhaps a broad-leaved tobacco field, which reminds you pleasantly of the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, spoken of by Peter Parley, and others.

As for the houses and barns in the new town, they quite startle you with their strangeness ; you observe that some of the latter instead of having one stable door, have five or six, a fact which puzzles you very much indeed. You observe farther, that the houses many of them have balustrades upon the top, which seems to you a very wonderful adaptation to the wants of boys who wish to fly kites or to play upon the roof. You notice with special favor one very low roof, which you might climb upon by a mere plank, and you think the boys whose father lives in that house are very fortunate boys.

Your old aunt, whom you visit, you think wears a very queer cap, being altogether different from that of the old nurse, or of Mrs. Boyne, — Madge's mother. As for the house she lives in, it is quite wonderful. There are such an immense number of closets, and closets within closets, reminding you of the mysteries of Rinaldo Rinaldini. Beside which, there are immensely curious bits of old furniture — so black and heavy, and with such curious carving ! — and you think of the old wainscot in the Children of the Abbey. You think you will never tire of rambling about in its odd corners, and of what glorious stories you will have to tell of it, when you go back to Nelly and Charlie.

As for acquaintances, you fall in the very first day with a tall boy next door, called Nat, which seems an extraordinary name. Besides, he has traveled ; and as he sits with you on the summer nights under the linden trees, he tells you gorgeous stories of the things he has seen. He has made the voyage to London ; and he talks about the ship (a real ship) and star-board and larboard, and the spanker, in a way quite surprising ; and he takes the stern oar in the little skiff, when you row off in the cove abreast of the town, in a most seamanlike way.

He bewilders you too, with his talk about the great bridges of London — London Bridge specially, where they sell kids for a penny ; which story your new acquaintance, unfortunately, does not confirm. You have read of these bridges, and seen pictures of them in the Wonders of the World ; but then Nat has seen them with his own eyes : he has literally walked over London Bridge, on his own feet ! You look at his very shoes in wonderment and are surprised you do not find some startling difference between those shoes and your shoes. But there is none — only yours are a trifle stouter in the welt. You think Nat one of the fortunate boys of this world — born, as your old nurse used to say — with a gold spoon in his mouth.

Beside Nat, there is a girl lives over the opposite side of the way, named Jenny, with an eye as black as a coal ; and a half a year older than you, but about your height — whom you fancy amazingly.

She has any quantity of toys, that she lets you play with, as if they were your own. And she has an odd, old uncle, who sometimes makes you stand up together, and then marries you after his fashion, — much to the amusement of a grown-up housemaid, whenever she gets a peep at the performance. And it makes you somewhat proud to hear her called your wife ; and you wonder to yourself, dreamily, if it won't be true some day or other.

— Fie, Clarence, where is your split sixpence, and your blue ribbon !

Jenny is romantic, and talks of Thaddeus of Warsaw in a very touching manner, and promises to lend you the book. She folds billets in a lover's fashion, and practices love knots upon her bonnet strings. She looks out of the corners of her eyes very often and sighs. She is frequently by herself, and pulls flowers to pieces. She has great pity for middle-aged bachelors, and thinks them all disappointed men.

After a time she writes notes to you, begging you would answer them at the earliest possible moment, and signs herself — “your attached Jenny.” She takes the marriage farce of her uncle in a cold way — as trifling with a very serious subject, and looks tenderly at you. She is very much shocked when her uncle offers to kiss her ; and when he proposes it to you, she is equally indignant, but — with a great change of color.

Nat says one day, in a confidential conversation, that it

won't do to marry a woman six months older than yourself ; and this coming from Nat, who has been to London, rather staggers you. You sometimes think that you would like to marry Madge and Jenny both, if the thing were possible ; for Nat says they sometimes do so the other side of the ocean, though he has never seen it himself.

— Ah, Clarence, you will have no such weakness as you grow older : you will find that Providence has charitably so tempered our affections, that every man of only ordinary nerve will be amply satisfied with a single wife !

All this time, — for you are making your visit a very long one, so that autumn has come, and the nights are growing cool, and Jenny and yourself are transferring your little coquetties to the chimney corner ; — poor Charlie lies sick, at home. Boyhood, thank Heaven, does not suffer severely from sympathy when the object is remote. And those letters from the mother, telling you that Charlie cannot play, — cannot talk even as he used to do ; — and that perhaps his “ Heavenly Father will take him away, to be with him in the better world,” disturb you for a time only. Sometimes, however, they come back to your thought on a wakeful night, and you dream about his suffering, and think — why it is not you, but Charlie, who is sick ? The thought puzzles you ; and well it may, for in it lies the whole mystery of our fate.

Those letters grow more and more discouraging and the kind admonitions of your mother grow more earnest, as if (though the thought does not come to you until years afterward) she was preparing herself to fasten upon you that surplus of affection which she fears may soon be withdrawn forever from the sick child.

It is on a frosty, bleak evening, when you are playing with Nat, that the letter reaches you which says Charlie is growing worse, and that you must come to your home. It makes a dreamy night for you — fancying how Charlie will look, and if sickness has altered him much, and if he will not be well by Christmas. From this, you fall away in your reverie, to the odd old house, and its secret cupboards, and your aunt's queer caps : then come up those black eyes of your “ attached Jenny,” and you think it a pity that she is six months older than you ; and again — as you recall one of her sighs — you think — that six months are not much after all !

You bid her good-by, with a little sentiment swelling in

your throat, and are mortally afraid Nat will see your lip tremble. Of course you promise to write, and squeeze her hand with an honesty you do not think of doubting — for weeks.

It is a dull, cold ride, that day, for you. The winds sweep over the withered cornfields, with a harsh, chilly whistle; and the surfaces of the little pools by the roadside are tossed up into cold blue wrinkles of water. Here and there a flock of quail, with their feathers ruffled in the autumn gusts, tread through the hard, dry stubble of an oat field; or startled by the snap of the driver's whip, they stare a moment at the coach, then whirl away down the cold current of the wind. The blue jays scream from the roadside oaks, and the last of the blue and purple asters shiver along the wall. And as the sun sinks, reddening all the western clouds, to the color of the frosted maples, — light lines of the Aurora gush up from the northern hills, and trail their splintered fingers far over the autumn sky.

It is quite dark when you reach home, but you see the bright reflection of a fire within, and presently at the open door Nelly clapping her hands for welcome. But there are sad faces when you enter. Your mother folds you to her heart; but at your first noisy outbursts of joy, puts her finger on her lip, and whispers poor Charlie's name. The Doctor you see too, slipping softly out of the bedroom door with glasses in his hand; and — you hardly know how — your spirits grow sad, and your heart gravitates to the heavy air of all about you.

You cannot see Charlie, Nelly says; — and you cannot, in the quiet parlor, tell Nelly a single one of the many things which you had hoped to tell her. She says — “Charlie has grown so thin and so pale, you would never know him.” You listen to her, but you cannot talk: she asks you what you have seen, and you begin, for a moment joyously; but when they open the door of the sick room, and you hear a faint sigh, you cannot go on. You sit still, with your hand in Nelly's, and look thoughtfully into the blaze.

You drop to sleep after that day's fatigue with singular and perplexed fancies haunting you; and when you wake up with a shudder in the middle of the night, you have a fancy that Charlie is really dead: you dream of seeing him pale and thin, as Nelly described him, and with the starched graveclothes on him. You toss over in your bed, and grow hot and feverish. You cannot sleep; and you get up stealthily, and creep downstairs; a light is burning in the hall: the bedroom door stands

half open, and you listen — fancying you hear a whisper. You steal on through the hall, and edge around the side of the door. A little lamp is flickering on the hearth, and the gaunt shadow of the bedstead lies dark upon the ceiling. Your mother is in her chair, with her head upon her hand — though it is long after midnight. The Doctor is standing with his back toward you, and with Charlie's little wrist in his fingers; and you hear hard breathing, and now and then a low sigh from your mother's chair.

An occasional gleam of firelight makes the gaunt shadows stagger on the wall, like something spectral. You look wildly at them, and at the bed where your own brother — your laughing, gay-hearted brother, is lying. You long to see him, and sidle up softly a step or two: but your mother's ear has caught the sound, and she beckons you to her, and folds you again in her embrace. You whisper to her what you wish. She rises, and takes you by the hand, to lead you to the bedside.

The Doctor looks very solemnly, as we approach. He takes out his watch. He is not counting Charlie's pulse, for he has dropped his hand; and it lies carelessly, but oh, how thin, over the edge of the bed.

He shakes his head mournfully at your mother; and she springs forward, dropping your hand, and lays her fingers upon the forehead of the boy, and passes her hand over his mouth.

"Is he asleep, Doctor?" she says, in a tone you do not know.

"Be calm, madam." The Doctor is very calm.

"I am calm," says your mother; but you do not think it, for you see her tremble very plainly.

"Dear madam, he will never waken in this world!"

There is no cry, — only a bowing down of your mother's head upon the body of poor, dead Charlie! — and only when you see her form shake and quiver with the deep, smothered sobs, your crying bursts forth loud and strong.

The Doctor lifts you in his arms, that you may see — that pale head, — those blue eyes all sunken, — that flaxen hair gone, — those white lips pinched and hard! — Never, never, will the boy forget his first terrible sight of Death.

In your silent chamber, after the storm of sobs has wearied you, the boy dreams are strange and earnest. They take hold on that awful Visitant, — that strange slipping away from life, of which we know so little, and yet know, alas, so much!

Charlie that was your brother, is now only a name : perhaps he is an angel : perhaps (for the old nurse has said it, when he was ugly—and now, you hate her for it) he is with Satan.

But you are sure this cannot be : you are sure that God who made him suffer, would not now quicken and multiply his suffering. It agrees with your religion to think so ; and just now, you want your religion to help you all it can.

You toss in your bed, thinking over and over of that strange thing—Death :—and that perhaps it may overtake you, before you are a man ; and you sob out those prayers (you scarce know why) which ask God to keep life in you. You think the involuntary fear that makes your little prayer full of sobs, is holy feeling :—and so it is a holy feeling—the same feeling which makes a stricken child yearn for the embrace and the protection of a Parent. But you will find there are those canting ones, trying to persuade you at a later day, that it is a mere animal fear, and not to be cherished.

You feel an access of goodness growing out of your boyish grief : you feel right-minded : it seems as if your little brother in going to Heaven, had opened a pathway thither, down which goodness comes streaming over your soul.

You think how good a life you will lead ; and you map out great purposes, spreading themselves over the school weeks of your remaining boyhood ; and you love your friends, or seem to, far more dearly than you ever loved them before ; and you forgive the boy who provoked you to that sad fall from the oaks, and you forgive him all his wearisome teasings. But you cannot forgive yourself for some harsh words that you have once spoken to Charlie : still less can you forgive yourself for having once struck him, in passion, with your fist. You cannot forget his sobs then :—if he were only alive one little instant, to let you say,—“Charlie, will you forgive me?”

Yourself, you cannot forgive ; and sobbing over it, and murmuring “Dear—dear Charlie!”—you drop into a troubled sleep.

MANLY HOPE.

You are at home again ;—not your own home, that is gone ; but at the home of Nelly, and of Frank. The city heats of summer drive you to the country. You ramble, with a little kindling of old desires and memories, over the hill-sides that once bounded your boyish vision. Here, you netted

the wild rabbits, as they came out at dusk, to feed ; there, upon that tall chestnut, you cruelly maimed your first captive squirrel. The old maples are even now scarred with the rude outs you gave them, in sappy March.

You sit down upon some height, overlooking the valley where you were born ; you trace the faint, silvery line of river ; you detect by the leaning elm, your old bathing place upon the Saturdays of Summer. Your eye dwells upon some patches of pasture wood, which were famous for their nuts. Your rambling and saddened vision roams over the houses ; it traces the familiar chimney stacks ; it searches out the low-lying cottages ; it dwells upon the gray roof, sleeping yonder under the sycamores.

Tears swell in your eye as you gaze ; you cannot tell whence, or why they come. Yet they are tears eloquent of feeling. They speak of brother children — of boyish glee, — of the flush of young health, — of a mother's devotion, — of the home affections, — of the vanities of life, — of the wasting years, of the Death that must shroud what friends remain, as it has shrouded what friends have gone, — and of that GREAT HOPE, beaming on your seared manhood dimly, from the upper world.

Your wealth suffices for all the luxuries of life : there is no fear of coming want ; health beats strong in your veins ; you have learned to hold a place in the world, with a man's strength and a man's confidence. And yet in the view of those sweet scenes which belonged to early days, when neither strength, confidence, nor wealth were yours, days never to come again, — a shade of melancholy broods upon your spirit, and covers with its veil all that fierce pride which your worldly wisdom has wrought.

You visit again, with Frank, the country homestead of his grandfather ; he is dead ; but the old lady still lives ; and blind Fanny, now drawing towards womanhood, wears yet through her darkened life, the same air of placid content and of sweet trustfulness in Heaven. The boys whom you astounded with your stories of books are gone, building up now with steady industry the queen cities of our new Western land. The old clergyman is gone from the desk, and from under his sounding-board ; he sleeps beneath a brown stone slab in the churchyard. The stout deacon is dead ; his wig and his wickedness rest together. The tall chorister sings yet : but they have now a bass viol — handled by a new schoolmaster, in place of

his tuning fork ; and the years have sown feeble quavers in his voice.

Once more you meet at the home of Nelly, — the blue-eyed Madge. The sixpence is all forgotten ; you cannot tell where your half of it is gone. Yet she is beautiful — just budding into the full ripeness of womanhood. Her eyes have a quiet, still joy, and hope beaming in them, like angel's looks. Her motions have a native grace and freedom that no culture can bestow. Her words have a gentle earnestness and honesty that could never nurture guile.

You had thought, after your gay experiences of the world, to meet her with a kind condescension, as an old friend of Nelly's. But there is that in her eye which forbids all thought of condescension. There is that in her air which tells of a high womanly dignity, which can only be met on equal ground. Your pride is piqued. She has known — she must know your history ; but it does not tame her. There is no marked and submissive appreciation of your gifts, as a man of the world.

She meets your happiest compliments with a very easy indifference ; she receives your elegant civilities with a very assured brow. She neither courts your society nor avoids it. She does not seek to provoke any special attention. And only when your old self glows in some casual kindness to Nelly, does her look beam with a flush of sympathy.

This look touches you. It makes you ponder on the noble heart that lives in Madge. It makes you wish it were yours. But that is gone. The fervor and the honesty of a glowing youth is swallowed up in the flash and splendor of the world. A half-regret chases over you at nightfall, when solitude pierces you with the swift dart of gone-by memories. But at morning, the regret dies in the glitter of ambitious purposes.

The summer months linger ; and still you linger with them. Madge is often with Nelly ; and Madge is never less than Madge. You venture to point your attentions with a little more fervor ; but she meets the fervor with no glow. She knows too well the habit of your life.

Strange feelings come over you ; feelings like half-forgotten memories — musical — dreamy — doubtful. You have seen a hundred faces more brilliant than that of Madge ; you have pressed a hundred jeweled hands that have returned a half-pressure to yours. You do not exactly admire ; — to love, you have forgotten ; — you only — linger !

It is a soft autumn evening, and the harvest moon is red and round over the eastern skirt of woods. You are attending Madge to that little cottage home, where lives that gentle and doting mother, who in the midst of comparative poverty cherishes that refined delicacy which never comes to a child but by inheritance.

Madge has been passing the day with Nelly. Something — it may be the soft autumn air wafting toward you the freshness of young days — moves you to speak, as you have not ventured to speak, — as your vanity has not allowed you to speak before.

"You remember, Madge (you have guarded this sole token of boyish intimacy), our split sixpence?"

"Perfectly!" it is a short word to speak, and there is no tremor in her tone — not the slightest.

"You have it yet?"

"I dare say I have it somewhere:" no tremor now: she is very composed.

"That was a happy time:" very great emphasis on the word "happy."

"Very happy:" — no emphasis anywhere.

"I sometimes wish I might live it over again."

"Yes?" — inquiringly.

"There are after all no pleasures in the world like those."

"No?" — inquiringly again.

You thought you had learned to have language at command: you never thought, after so many years' schooling of the world, that your pliant tongue would play you truant. Yet now, — you are silent.

The moon steals silvery into the light flakes of cloud, and the air is soft as May. The cottage is in sight. Again you risk utterance: —

"You must live very happily here."

"I have very kind friends:" — the "very" is emphasized.

"I am sure Nelly loves you very much."

"Oh, I believe it!" — with great earnestness.

You are at the cottage door: —

"Good night, Maggie," — very feelingly.

"Good night, Clarence," — very kindly; and she draws her hand coyly, and half tremulously, from your somewhat fevered grasp.

You stroll away dreamily, — watching the moon, — running

over your fragmentary life; — half moody, — half pleased, — half hopeful.

You come back stealthily, and with a heart throbbing with a certain wild sense of shame to watch the light gleaming in the cottage. You linger in the shadows of the trees, until you catch a glimpse of her figure gliding past the window. You bear the image home with you. You are silent on your return. You retire early; — but you do not sleep early.

— If you were only as you were: — if it were not too late! If Madge could only love you, as you know she will and must love one manly heart, there would be a world of joy opening before you.

You draw out Nelly to speak of Madge: Nelly is very prudent. “Madge is a dear girl,” — she says. Does Nelly even distrust you? It is a sad thing to be too much a man of the world.

You go back again to noisy, ambitious life: you try to drown old memories in its blaze and its vanities. Your lot seems cast beyond all change; and you task yourself with its noisy fulfillment. But amid the silence, and the toil of your office hours, a strange desire broods over your spirit; — a desire for more of manliness, — that manliness which feels itself a protector of loving and trustful innocence.

You look around upon the faces in which you have smiled unmeaning smiles: — there is nothing there to feed your dawning desires. You meet with those ready to court you by flattering your vanity — by retailing the praises of what you may do well, — by odious familiarity, — by brazen proffer of friendship; but you see in it only the emptiness, and the vanity, which you have studied to enjoy.

Sickness comes over you, and binds you for weary days and nights; — in which life hovers doubtfully, and the lips babble secrets that you cherish. It is astonishing how disease clips a man from the artificialities of the world. Lying lonely upon his bed, moaning, writhing, suffering, his soul joins on to the universe of souls by only natural bonds. The factitious ties of wealth, of place, of reputation, vanish from his bleared eyes; and the earnest heart, deep under all, craves only — heartiness.

The old yearning of the office silence comes back: — not with the proud wish only — of being a protector, but — of being protected. And whatever may be the trust in that beneficent Power, who “chasteneth whom He loveth,” — there is

yet an earnest, human leaning toward some one, whose love—most, and whose duty—least, would call her to your side;—whose soft hands would cool the fever of yours—whose step would wake a throb of joy,—whose voice would tie you to life, and whose presence would make the worst of Death—an Adieu!

As you gain strength once more, you go back to Nelly's home. Her kindness does not falter; every care and attention belong to you there. Again your eye rests upon that figure of Madge, and upon her face, wearing an even gentler expression, as she sees you sitting pale and feeble by the old hearthstone. She brings flowers—for Nelly: you beg Nelly to place them upon the little table at your side. It is as yet the only taste of the country that you can enjoy. You love those flowers.

After a time you grow strong, and walk in the fields. You linger until nightfall. You pass by the cottage where Madge lives. It is your pleasantest walk. The trees are greenest in that direction; the shadows are softest; the flowers are thickest.

It is strange—this feeling in you. It is not the feeling you had for Laura Dalton. It does not even remind of that. That was an impulse; but this is growth. That was strong; but this is—strength. You catch sight of her little notes to Nelly; you read them over and over; you treasure them; you learn them by heart. There is something in the very writing that touches you.

You bid her adieu with tones of kindness that tremble;—and that meet a half-trembling tone in reply. She is very good.

—If it were not too late!

MANLY LOVE.

And shall pride yield at length?

—Pride!—and what has love to do with pride? Let us see how it is.

Madge is poor; she is humble. You are rich; you are a man of the world; you are met respectfully by the veterans of fashion; you have gained perhaps a kind of brilliancy of position.

Would it then be a condescension to love Madge? Dare you ask yourself such a question? Do you not know,—in spite of your worldliness,—that the man or the woman who *condescends* to love, never loves in earnest?

But again, Madge is possessed of a purity, a delicacy, and a dignity that lift her far above you, — that make you feel your weakness, and your unworthiness ; and it is the deep and the mortifying sense of this unworthiness that makes you bolster yourself upon your pride. You *know* that you do yourself honor in loving such grace and goodness ; — you know that you would be honored tenfold more than you deserve, in being loved — by so much grace and goodness.

It scarce seems to you possible ; it is a joy too great to be hoped for : and in the doubt of its attainment, your old worldly vanity comes in, and tells you to — beware, and to live on, in the splendor of your dissipation, and in the lusts of your selfish habit. Yet still, underneath all, there is a deep, low, heart voice, — quickened from above, — which assures you that you are capable of better things ; — that you are not wholly lost ; that a mine of unstarted tenderness still lies smoldering in your soul.

And with this sense quickening your better nature, you venture the wealth of your whole heart life upon the hope that now blazes on your path.

— You are seated at your desk, working with such zeal of labor as your ambitious projects never could command. It is a letter to Margaret Boyne that so tasks your love, and makes the veins upon your forehead swell with the earnestness of the employ.

— DEAR MADGE, — May I not call you thus, if only in memory of our childish affections ; — and might I dare to hope that a riper affection which your character has awakened, may permit me to call you thus, always ?

If I have not ventured to speak, dear Madge, will you not believe that the consciousness of my own ill desert has tied my tongue ; — will you not, at least, give me credit for a little remaining modesty of heart ? You know my life, and you know my character — what a sad jumble of errors and of misfortunes have belonged to each. You know the careless and the vain purposes which have made me recreant to the better nature, which belonged to that sunny childhood, when we lived and grew up — together. And will you not believe me when I say, that your grace of character, and kindness of heart, have drawn me back from the follies in which I lived ; and quickened new desires, which I thought to be wholly dead ? Can I indeed hope that you will overlook all that has gained your secret reproaches ; and confide in a heart, which is made conscious of better things, by the love — you have inspired ?

Ah, Madge, it is not with a vain show of words, or with any counterfeit of feeling, that I write now;—you know it is not;—you know that my heart is leaning toward you, with the freshness of its noblest instincts;—you know that—I love you!

Can I, dare I hope, that it is not spoken in vain? I had thought in my pride, never to make such avowal,—never again to sue for affection; but your gentleness, your modesty, your virtues of life and heart, have conquered me. I am sure you will treat me with the generosity of a victor.

You know my weaknesses;—I would not conceal from you a single one,—even to win you. I can offer nothing to you which will bear comparison in value with what is yours to bestow. I can only offer this feeble hand of mine—to guard you; and this poor heart—to love you!

Am I rash? Am I extravagant, in word, or in hope? Forgive it, then, dear Madge, for the sake of our old childish affection; and believe me, when I say, that what is here written,—is written honestly, and tearfully.

Adieu.

It is with no fervor of boyish passion that you fold this letter: it is with the trembling hand of eager and earnest manhood. They tell you that man is not capable of love;—so, the September sun is not capable of warmth. It may not indeed be so fierce as that of July; but it is steadier. It does not force great flaunting leaves into breadth and succulence; but it matures whole harvests of plenty.

There is a deep and earnest soul pervading the reply of Madge that makes it sacred, it is full of delicacy and full of hope. Yet it is not final. Her heart lies intrenched within the ramparts of Duty and of Devotion. It is a citadel of strength, in the middle of the city of her affections. To win the way to it, there must be not only earnestness of love, but earnestness of life.

Weeks roll by; and other letters pass and are answered,—a glow of warmth beaming on either side.

You are again at the home of Nelly; she is very joyous; she is the confidante of Madge. Nelly feels, that with all your errors, you have enough inner goodness of heart to make Madge happy; and she feels doubly—that Madge has such excess of goodness as will cover your heart with joy. Yet she tells you very little. She will give you no full assurance of the love of Madge; she leaves that for yourself to win.

She will even tease you in her pleasant way until hope

almost changes to despair; and your brow grows pale with the dread — that even now, your unworthiness may condemn you.

It is summer weather; and you have been walking over the hills of home with Madge and Nelly. Nelly has found some excuse to leave you, — glancing at you most teasingly as she hurries away.

You are left sitting with Madge, upon a bank tufted with blue violets. You have been talking of the days of childhood, and some word has called up the old chain of boyish feeling, and joined it to your new hope.

What you would say crowds too fast for utterance, and you abandon it. But you take from your pocket that little, broken bit of sixpence, — which you have found after long search, — and without a word, but with a look that tells your inmost thought, you lay it in the half-opened hand of Madge.

She looks at you, with a slight suffusion of color, — seems to hesitate a moment, — raises her other hand and draws from her bosom, by a bit of blue ribbon, a little locket. She touches a spring, and there falls beside your relique, — another, that had once belonged to it.

Hope glows now like the sun.

— “And you have worn this, Maggie?”

— “Always!”

“Dear Madge!”

“Dear Clarence!”

— And you pass your arm now, unchecked, around that yielding, graceful figure; and fold her to your bosom, with the swift and blessed assurance that your fullest and noblest dream of love is won.



TO IANTHE.

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,
By every word and smile deceived.
Another man would hope no more;
Nor hope I what I hoped before:
But let not this last wish be vain;
Deceive, deceive me once again!

MOTHER AND SON.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

(From "Evan Harrington.")

[GEORGE MEREDITH, British novelist and poet, born at Portsmouth, February 12, 1828, died at Box Hill, Surrey, May 18, 1909. He belonged as a young man to the radical philosophic group that included Frederic Harrison, John Morley, and Charles Kingsley. He went to Italy as war correspondent during the Austro-Italian War of 1868, for a short time edited the *Fortnightly Review*, and for many years acted as publisher's adviser to Messrs. Chapman and Hall. His genius was early recognized by such contemporaries as George Eliot, Rossetti, and Swinburne, but he remained unpopular to the general reader until his closing years, when an almost unreasoning cult grew up for "The Sage of Box Hill." Among his poetical works are: "Modern Love and Poems of the English Roadside" (1862); "Ballads and Poems" (1871); "Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth" (1883); "A Reading of Life" (1901); and "Last Poems" (1910). Among his great novels are: "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Evan Harrington," "Harry Richmond," "The Egoist," "Diana of the Crossways," "The Amazing Marriage." This extract is from "Evan Harrington," copyright, 1896, by George Meredith; published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.]

RARE as epic song is the man who is thorough in what he does. And happily so; for in life he subjugates us, and he makes us bondsmen to his ashes. It was in the order of things that the great Mel should be borne to his final resting place by a troop of creditors. You have seen (since the occasion demands a pompous simile) clouds that all day cling about the sun, and, in seeking to obscure him, are compelled to blaze in his livery: at fall of night they break from him illumined, hang mournfully above him, and wear his natural glories long after he is gone. Thus, then, these worthy fellows, faithful to him to the dust, fulfilled Mel's triumphant passage amongst them, and closed his career.

To regale them when they returned, Mrs. Mel, whose mind was not intent on greatness, was occupied in spreading meat and wine. Mrs. Fiske assisted her, as well as she could, seeing that one hand was entirely engaged by her handkerchief. She had already stumbled, and dropped a glass, which had brought on her sharp condemnation from her aunt, who bade her sit down, or go up-stairs to have her cry out, and then return to be serviceable.

"Oh! I can't help it!" sobbed Mrs. Fiske. "That he should be carried away, and none of his children to see him

the last time! I can understand Louisa — and Harriet, too, perhaps! But why could not Caroline? And that they should be too fine ladies to let their brother come and bury his father. Oh! it does seem —”

Mrs. Fiske fell into a chair, and surrendered to grief.

“Where is the cold tongue?” said Mrs. Mel to Sally, the maid, in a brief under-voice.

“Please mum, Jacks —!”

“He must be whipped. You are a careless slut.”

“Please, I can’t think of everybody and everything, and poor master —”

Sally plumped on a seat, and took sanctuary under her apron. Mrs. Mel glanced at the pair, continuing her labour.

“Oh, aunt, aunt!” cried Mrs. Fiske, “why *didn’t* you put it off for another day, to give Evan a chance?”

“Master’d have kept another *two* days, he would!” whimpered Sally.

“Oh, aunt! to think!” cried Mrs. Fiske.

“And his coffin not bearin’ of his spurs!” whimpered Sally.

Mrs. Mel interrupted them by commanding Sally to go to the drawing-room, and ask a lady there, of the name of Mrs. Wishaw, whether she would like to have some lunch sent up to her. Mrs. Fiske was requested to put towels in Evan’s bedroom.

“Yes, aunt, if you’re not infatuated!” said Mrs. Fiske, as she prepared to obey; while Sally, seeing that her public exhibition of sorrow and sympathy could be indulged but an instant longer, unwound herself for a violent paroxysm, blurt-ing between stops:

“If he’d ony’ve gone to his last bed comfortable! . . . If he’d ony’ve been that decent as not for to go to his last bed with his clothes on! . . . If he’d ony’ve had a comfortable sheet! . . . It makes a woman feel cold to think of him full dressed there, as if he was goin’ to be a soldier on the Day o’ Judgement!”

To let people speak was a maxim of Mrs. Mel’s, and a wise one for any form of society when emotions are very much on the surface. She continued her arrangements quietly, and, having counted the number of plates and glasses, and told off the guests on her fingers, she sat down to await them.

The first who entered the room was her son.

“You have come,” said Mrs. Mel, flushing slightly, but otherwise outwardly calm.

"You didn't suppose I should stay away from you, mother?"

Evan kissed her cheek.

"I knew you would not."

Mrs. Mel examined him with those eyes of hers that compassed objects in a single glance. She drew her finger on each side of her upper lip, and half smiled, saying:

"That won't do here."

"What?" asked Evan, and proceeded immediately to make inquiries about her health, which she satisfied with a nod.

"You saw him lowered, Van?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then go and wash yourself, for you are dirty, and then come and take your place at the head of the table."

"Must I sit here, mother?"

"Without a doubt you must. You know your room. Quick!"

In this manner their first interview passed.

Mrs. Fiske rushed in to exclaim:

"So, you were right, aunt — he has come. I met him on the stairs. Oh! how like dear uncle Mel he looks, in the militia, with that moustache. I just remember him as a child; and, oh, *what* a gentleman he is!"

At the end of the sentence Mrs. Mel's face suddenly darkened: she said, in a deep voice:

"Don't dare to talk that nonsense before him, Ann."

Mrs. Fiske looked astonished.

"What have I done, aunt?"

"*He* shan't be ruined by a parcel of fools," said Mrs. Mel. "There, go! Women have no place here."

"How the wretches can force themselves to touch a morsel, after this morning!" Mrs. Fiske exclaimed, glancing at the table.

"Men must eat," said Mrs. Mel.

The mourners were heard gathering outside the door. Mrs. Fiske escaped into the kitchen. Mrs. Mel admitted them into the parlour, bowing much above the level of many of the heads that passed her.

Assembled were Messrs. Barnes, Kilne, and Grossby, whom we know; Mr. Doubleday, the ironmonger; Mr. Joyce, the grocer; Mr. Perkins, commonly called Lawyer Perkins; Mr. Welbeck, the pier-master of Lynport; Bartholomew Fiske; Mr. Coxwell, a Fallowfield maltster, brewer, and farmer; creditors of various dimensions, all of them. Mr. Goren coming last, behind his spectacles.

"My son will be with you directly, to preside," said Mrs. Mel. "Accept my thanks for the respect you have shown my husband. I wish you good morning."

"Morning, ma'am," answered several voices, and Mrs. Mel retired.

The mourners then set to work to relieve their hats of the appendages of crape. An undertaker's man took possession of the long black cloaks. The gloves were generally pocketed.

"That's my second black pair this year," said Joyce. "They'll last a time to come. I don't need to buy gloves while neighbours pop off."

"Undertakers' gloves seem to me as if they're made for mutton fists," remarked Welbeck; upon which Kilne nudged Barnes, the butcher, with a sharp "Aha!" and Barnes observed:

"Oh! I never wear 'em — they does for my boys on Sundays. I smoke a pipe at home."

The Fallowfield farmer held his length of crape aloft and inquired: "What shall I do with this?"

"Oh, you keep it," said one or two.

Coxwell rubbed his chin. "Don't like to rob the widder."

"What's left goes to the undertaker?" asked Grossby.

"To be sure," said Barnes; and Kilne added: "It's a job": Lawyer Perkins ejaculating confidently, "Perquisites of office, gentlemen; perquisites of office!" which settled the dispute and appeased every conscience.

A survey of the table ensued. The mourners felt hunger, or else thirst; but had not, it appeared, amalgamated the two appetites as yet. Thirst was the predominant declaration; and Grossby, after an examination of the decanters, unctuously deduced the fact, which he announced, that port and sherry were present.

"Try the port," said Kilne.

"Good?" Barnes inquired.

A very intelligent "I ought to know," with a reserve of regret at the extension of his intimacy with the particular vintage under that roof, was winked by Kilne.

Lawyer Perkins touched the arm of a mourner about to be experimental on Kilne's port:

"I think we had better wait till young Mr. Harrington takes the table, don't you see?"

"Yes,— ah!" croaked Goren. "The head of the family, as the saying goes!"

"I suppose we shan't go into business to-day?" Joyce carelessly observed.

Lawyer Perkins answered:

"No. You can't expect it. Mr. Harrington has led me to anticipate that he will appoint a day. Don't you see?"

"Oh! I see," returned Joyce. "I ain't in such a hurry. What's he doing?"

Doubleday, whose propensities were waggish, suggested "shaving," but half ashamed of it, since the joke missed, fell to as if he were soaping his face, and had some trouble to contract his jaw.

The delay in Evan's attendance on the guests of the house was caused by the fact that Mrs. Mel had lain in wait for him descending, to warn him that he must treat them with no supercilious civility, and to tell him partly the reason why. On hearing the potential relations in which they stood toward the estate of his father, Evan hastily and with the assurance of a son of fortune, said they should be paid.

"That's what they would like to hear," said Mrs. Mel. "You may just mention it when they're going to leave. Say you will fix a day to meet them."

"Every farthing!" pursued Evan, on whom the tidings were beginning to operate. "What! debts? my poor father!"

"And a thumping sum, Van. You will open your eyes wider."

"But it shall be paid, mother,—it shall be paid. Debts? I hate them. I'd slave night and day to pay them."

Mrs. Mel spoke in a more positive tense: "And so will I, Van. Now, go."

It mattered little to her what sort of effect on his demeanour her revelation produced, so long as the resolve she sought to bring him to was nailed in his mind; and she was a woman to knock and knock again, till it was firmly fixed there. With a strong purpose, and no plans, there were few who could resist what, in her circle, she willed; not even a youth who could gaily have marched to the scaffold rather than stand behind a counter. A purpose wedded to plans may easily suffer shipwreck; but an unfettered purpose that moulds circumstances as they arise, masters us, and is terrible. Character melts to it, like metal in the steady furnace. The projector of plots is but a miserable gambler and votary of chances. Of a far higher quality is the will that can subdue itself to wait, and lay no petty traps for opportunity. Poets may fable of such a

will, that it makes the very heavens conform to it; or I may add, what is almost equal thereto, one who would be a gentleman, to consent to be a tailor. The only person who ever held in his course against Mrs. Mel, was Mel,—her husband; but, with him, she was under the physical fascination of her youth, and it never left her. In her heart she barely blamed him. What *he* did, she took among other inevitable matters.

The door closed upon Evan, and waiting at the foot of the stairs a minute to hear how he was received, Mrs. Mel went to the kitchen and called the name of Dandy, which brought out an ill-built, low-browed, small man, in a baggy suit of black, who hopped up to her with a surly salute. Dandy was a bird Mrs. Mel had herself brought down, and she had for him something of a sportsman's regard for his victim. Dandy was the cleaner of boots and runner of errands in the household of Melchisedec, having originally entered it on a dark night by the cellar. Mrs. Mel, on that occasion, was sleeping in her dressing-gown, to be ready to give the gallant night-hawk, her husband, the service he might require on his return to the nest. Hearing a suspicious noise below, she rose, and deliberately loaded a pair of horse-pistols, weapons Mel had worn in his holsters in the heroic days gone; and with these she stepped down-stairs straight to the cellar, carrying a lantern at her girdle. She could not only load, but present and fire. Dandy was foremost in stating that she called him forth steadily, three times, before the pistol was discharged. He admitted that he was frightened, and incapable of speech, at the apparition of the tall, terrific woman. After the third time of asking he had the ball lodged in his leg and fell. Mrs. Mel was in the habit of hearing heavier weights than Dandy. She made no ado about lugging him to a chamber, where, with her own hands (for this woman had some slight knowledge of surgery, and was great in herbs and drugs) she dressed his wound, and put him to bed; crying contempt (ever present in Dandy's memory) at such a poor creature undertaking the work of a housebreaker. Taught that he really was a poor creature for the work, Dandy, his nursing over, begged to be allowed to stop and wait on Mrs. Mel; and she who had, like many strong natures, a share of pity for the objects she despised, did not cast him out. A jerk in his gait, owing to the bit of lead Mrs. Mel had dropped into him, and a little, perhaps, to her self-satisfied essay in surgical science on his person, earned him the name he went by.

When her neighbours remonstrated with her for housing a

reprobate, Mrs. Mel would say: "Dandy is well-fed and well-physicked: there's no harm in Dandy"; by which she may have meant that the food won his gratitude, and the physic reduced his humours. She had observed human nature. At any rate, Dandy was her creature; and the great Mel himself rallied her about her squire.

"When were you drunk last?" was Mrs. Mel's address to Dandy, as he stood waiting for orders.

He replied to it in an altogether injured way:

"There, now; you've been and called me away from my dinner to ask me that. Why, when I had the last chance, to be sure."

"And you were at dinner in your new black suit?"

"Well," growled Dandy, "I borrowed Sally's apron. Seems I can't please ye."

Mrs. Mel neither enjoined nor cared for outward forms of respect, where she was sure of complete subserviency. If Dandy went beyond the limits, she gave him an extra dose. Up to the limits he might talk as he pleased, in accordance with Mrs. Mel's maxim, that it was a necessary relief to all talking creatures.

"Now, take off your apron," she said, "and wash your hands, dirty pig, and go and wait at table in there"; she pointed to the parlour-door. "Come straight to me when everybody has left."

"Well, there I am with the bottles again," returned Dandy. "It's your fault this time, mind! I'll come as straight as I can."

Dandy turned away to perform her bidding, and Mrs. Mel ascended to the drawing-room to sit with Mrs. Wishaw, who was, as she told all who chose to hear, an old flame of Mel's, and was besides, what Mrs. Mel thought more of, the wife of Mel's principal creditor, a wholesale dealer in cloth, resident in London.

The conviviality of the mourners did not disturb the house. Still, men who are not accustomed to see the colour of wine every day, will sit and enjoy it, even upon solemn occasions, and the longer they sit the more they forget the matter that has brought them together. Pleading their wives and shops, however, they released Evan from his miserable office late in the afternoon. His mother came down to him, and saying, "I see how you did the journey — you walked it," told him to follow her.

"Yes, mother," Evan yawned, "I walked part of the way. I met a fellow in a gig about ten miles out of Fallowfield, and he gave me a lift to Flatsham. I just reached Lymport in time, thank Heaven! I wouldn't have missed that! By the way, I've satisfied these men."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Mel.

"They wanted — one or two of them — what a penance it is to have to sit among those people an hour! — they wanted to ask me about the business, but I silenced them. I told them to meet me here this day week."

Mrs. Mel again said "Oh!" and, pushing into one of the upper rooms, "Here's your bedroom, Van, just as you left it."

"Ah, so it is," muttered Evan, eyeing a print. "The Douglas and the Percy: 'he took the dead man by the hand.' What an age it seems since I last saw that. There's Sir Hugh Montgomery on horseback — he hasn't moved. Don't you remember my father calling it the Battle of Tit-for-Tat? Gallant Percy! I know he wished he had lived in those days of knights and battles."

"It does not much signify whom one has to make clothes for," observed Mrs. Mel. Her son happily did not mark her.

"I think we neither of us were made for the days of pence and pounds," he continued. "Now, mother, sit down, and talk to me about him. Did he mention me? Did he give me his blessing? I hope he did not suffer. I'd have given anything to press his hand," and looking wistfully at the Percy lifting the hand of Douglas dead, Evan's eyes filled with big tears.

"He suffered very little," returned Mrs. Mel, "and his last words were about you."

"What were they?" Evan burst out.

"I will tell you another time. Now undress, and go to bed. When I talk to you, Van, I want a cool head to listen. You do nothing but yawn yard-measures."

The mouth of the weary youth instinctively snapped short the abhorred emblem.

"Here, I will help you, Van."

In spite of his remonstrances and petitions for talk, she took off his coat and waistcoat, contemptuously criticising the cloth of foreign tailors and their absurd cut.

"Have you heard from Louisa?" asked Evan.

"Yes, yes — about your sisters by-and-by. Now, be good, and go to bed."

She still treated him like a boy, whom she was going to force to the resolution of a man.

Dandy's sleeping-room was on the same floor as Evan's. Thither, when she had quitted her son, she directed her steps. She had heard Dandy tumble up-stairs the moment his duties were over, and knew what to expect when the bottles had been in his way; for drink made Dandy savage, and a terror to himself. It was her command to him that, when he happened to come across liquor, he should immediately seek his bedroom and bolt the door, and Dandy had got the habit of obeying her. On this occasion he was vindictive against her, seeing that she had delivered him over to his enemy with malice prepense. A good deal of knocking, and summoning of Dandy by name, was required before she was admitted, and the sight of her did not delight him, as he testified.

"I'm drunk!" he bawled. "Will that do for ye?"

Mrs. Mel stood with her two hands crossed above her apron-string, noting his sullen lurking eye with the calm of a tamer of beasts.

"You go out of the room; I'm drunk!" Dandy repeated, and pitched forward on the bed-post, in the middle of an oath.

She understood that it was pure kindness on Dandy's part to bid her go and be out of his reach; and therefore, on his becoming so abusive as to be menacing, she, without a shade of anger, and in the most unruffled manner, administered to him the remedy she had reserved, in the shape of a smart box on the ear, which sent him flat to the floor. He rose, after two or three efforts, quite subdued.

"Now, Dandy, sit on the edge of the bed."

Dandy sat on the extreme edge, and Mrs. Mel pursued: "Now, Dandy, tell me what your master said at the table."

"Talked at 'em like a lord, he did," said Dandy, stupidly consoling the boxed ear.

"What were his words?"

Dandy's peculiarity was, that he never remembered anything save when drunk, and Mrs. Mel's dose had rather sobered him. By degrees, scratching at his head haltingly, he gave the context.

"Gentlemen, I hear for the first time, you've claims against my poor father. Nobody shall ever say he died, and any man was the worse for it. I'll meet you next week, and I'll bind myself by law. Here's Lawyer Perkins. No; Mr.

Perkins. I'll pay off every penny. Gentlemen, look upon me as your debtor, and not my father."

Delivering this with tolerable steadiness, Dandy asked, "Will that do?"

"That will do," said Mrs. Mel. "I'll send you up some tea presently. Lie down, Dandy."

The house was dark and silent when Evan, refreshed by his rest, descended to seek his mother. She was sitting alone in the parlour. With a tenderness which Mrs. Mel permitted rather than encouraged, Evan put his arm round her neck, and kissed her many times. One of the symptoms of heavy sorrow, a longing for the signs of love, made Evan fondle his mother, and bend over her yearningly. Mrs. Mel said once: "Dear Van; my boy!" and quietly sat through his caresses.

"Sitting up for me, mother?" he whispered.

"Yes, Van; we may as well have our talk out."

"Ah!" he took a chair close by her side, "tell me my father's last words."

"He said he hoped you would never be a tailor."

Evan's forehead wrinkled up. "There's not much fear of that, then!"

His mother turned her face on him, and examined him with a rigorous placidity; all her features seeming to bear down on him. Evan did not like the look.

"You object to trade, Van?"

Yes, decidedly, mother — hate it; but that's not what I want to talk to you about. Didn't my father speak of me much?"

"He desired that you should wear his militia sword, if you got a commission."

"I have rather given up hope of the Army," said Evan.

Mrs. Mel requested him to tell her what a colonel's full pay amounted to; and again, the number of years it required, on a rough calculation, to attain that grade. In reply to his statement she observed: "A tailor might realise twice the sum in a quarter of the time."

"What if he does — double, or treble?" cried Evan, impetuously; and to avoid the theme, and cast off the bad impression it produced on him, he rubbed his hands, and said: "I want to talk to you about my prospects, mother."

"What are they?" Mrs. Mel inquired.

The severity of her mien and sceptical coldness of her speech caused him to inspect them suddenly, as if she had lent

him her eyes. He put them by, till the gold should recover its natural shine, saying: "By the way, mother, I've written the half of a History of Portugal."

"Have you?" said Mrs. Mel. "For Louisa?"

"No, mother, of course not: to sell it. Albuquerque! what a spendid fellow he was!"

Informing him that he knew she abominated foreign names, she said: "And your prospects are, writing Histories of Portugal?"

"No, mother. I was going to tell you, I expect a Government appointment. Mr. Jocelyn likes my work — I think he likes me. You know, I was his private secretary for ten months."

"You write a good hand," his mother interposed.

"And I'm certain I was born for diplomacy."

"For an easy chair, and an ink-dish before you, and lacqueys behind. What's to be your income, Van?"

Evan carelessly remarked that he must wait and see.

"A very proper thing to do," said Mrs. Mel; for now that she had fixed him to some explanation of his prospects, she could condescend in her stiff way to banter.

Slightly touched by it, Evan pursued, half laughing, as men do who wish to propitiate common sense on behalf of what seems tolerably absurd: "It's not the immediate income, you know, mother: one thinks of one's future. In the diplomatic service, as Louisa says, you come to be known to Ministers — gradually, I mean. That is, they hear of you; and if you show you have some capacity — Louisa wants me to throw it up in time, and stand for Parliament. Andrew, she thinks, would be glad to help me to his seat. Once in Parliament, and known to Ministers, you — your career is open to you."

In justice to Mr. Evan Harrington, it must be said, he built up this extraordinary card-castle to dazzle his mother's mind: he had lost his right grasp of her character for the moment, because of an undefined suspicion of something she intended, and which sent him himself to take refuge in those flimsy structures; while the very altitude he reached beguiled his imagination, and made him hope to impress hers.

Mrs. Mel dealt it one fillip. "And in the meantime how are you to live, and pay the creditors?"

Though Evan answered cheerfully, "Oh, they will wait, and I can live on anything," he was nevertheless floundering on the ground amid the ruins of the superb edifice; and his

mother, upright and rigid, continuing, "You can live on anything, and they will wait, and call your father a rogue," he started, grievously bitten by one of the serpents of earth.

"Good heaven, mother! what are you saying?"

"That they will call your father a rogue, and will have a right to," said the relentless woman.

"Not while I live!" Evan exclaimed.

"You may stop one mouth with your fist, but you won't stop a dozen, Van."

Evan jumped up and walked the room.

"What am I to do?" he cried. "I will pay everything. I will bind myself to pay every farthing. What more can I possibly do?"

"Make the money," said Mrs. Mel's deep voice.

Evan faced her: "My dear mother, you are very unjust and inconsiderate. I have been working and doing my best. I promise — what do the debts amount to?"

"Something like 5000*l.* in all, Van."

"Very well." Youth is not alarmed by the sound of big sums. "Very well — I will pay it."

Evan looked as proud as if he had just clapped down the full amount on the table.

"Out of the History of Portugal, half written, and the prospect of a Government appointment?"

Mrs. Mel raised her eyelids to him.

"In time — in time, mother!"

"Mention your proposal to the creditors when you meet them this day week," she said.

Neither of them spoke for several minutes. Then Evan came close to her, saying:

"What is it you want of me, mother?"

"I want nothing, Van — I can support myself."

"But what would you have me do, mother?"

"Be honest; do your duty, and don't be a fool about it."

"I will try," he rejoined. "You tell me to make the money. Where and how can I make it? I am perfectly willing to work."

"In this house," said Mrs. Mel; and, as this was pretty clear speaking, she stood up to lend her figure to it.

"Here?" faltered Evan. "What! be a —"

"Tailor!" The word did not sting her tongue.

"I? Oh, that's quite impossible!" said Evan. And visions of leprosy, and Rose shrinking her skirts from contact with him, shadowed out and away in his mind.

"Understand your choice!" Mrs. Mel imperiously spoke. "What are brains given you for? To be played the fool with by idiots and women? You have 5000*l.* to pay to save your father from being called a rogue. You can only make the money in one way, which is open to you. This business might produce a thousand pounds a-year and more. In seven or eight years you may clear your father's name, and live better all the time than many of your bankrupt gentlemen. You have told the creditors you will pay them. Do you think they're gaping fools, to be satisfied by a History of Portugal? If you refuse to take the business at once, they will sell me up, and quite right too. Understand your choice. There's Mr. Goren has promised to have you in London a couple of months, and teach you what he can. He is a kind friend. Would any of your gentlemen acquaintances do the like for you? Understand your choice. You will be a beggar — the son of a rogue — or an honest man who has cleared his father's name!"

During this strenuously uttered allocution, Mrs. Mel, though her chest heaved but faintly against her crossed hands, showed by the dilatation of her eyes, and the light in them, that she felt her words. There is that in the aspect of a fine frame breathing hard facts, which, to a youth who has been tumbled headlong from his card-castles and airy fabrics, is masterful, and like the pressure of a Fate. Evan drooped his head.

"Now," said Mrs. Mel, "you shall have some supper."

Evan told her he could not eat.

"I insist upon your eating," said Mrs. Mel; "empty stomachs are foul counsellors."

"Mother! do you want to drive me mad?" cried Evan.

She looked at him to see whether the string she held him by would bear the slight additional strain: decided not to press a small point.

"Then go to bed and sleep on it," she said — sure of him — and gave her cheek for his kiss, for she never performed the operation, but kept her mouth, as she remarked, for food and speech, and not for blobbering mummeries.

Evan returned to his solitary room. He sat on the bed and tried to think, oppressed by horrible sensations of self-contempt, that caused whatever he touched to sicken him.

There were the Douglas and the Percy on the wall. It was a happy and a glorious time, was it not, when men lent each other blows that killed outright; when to be brave and cherish noble feelings brought honour; when strength of arm and

steadiness of heart won fortune; when the fair stars of earth — sweet women — wakened and warmed the love of squires of low degree. This legacy of the dead man's hand! Evan would have paid it with his blood; but to be in bondage all his days to it; through it to lose all that was dear to him; to wear the length of a loathed existence! — we should pardon a young man's wretchedness at the prospect, for it was in a time before our joyful era of universal equality. Yet he never cast a shade of blame upon his father.

The hours moved on, and he found himself staring at his small candle, which struggled more and more faintly with the morning light, like his own flickering ambition against the facts of life.

NIGEL'S DOOM.

By GRACE AGUILAR.

(From "The Days of Bruce.")

[GRACE AGUILAR, an English novelist, was born at Hackney, in June, 1816; died at Frankfort, September 16, 1847. Her parents were Jews, and she became deeply interested in the history of that nation. Before reaching her twelfth year she wrote a drama, "Gustava Vasa," and two years later she began a series of poems, published in book form in 1835 under the title "Magic Wreath." Her books, which relate chiefly to Jewish subjects, include: "The Spirit of Judaism" (1841), "The Jewish Faith, its Spiritual Consolation, Moral Guidance, and Immortal Hope" (1845), "The Women of Israel" (1845), "Home Influence" (1847), "A Mother's Recompense" (1850), "The Vale of Cedars" (1850), "Woman's Friendship" (1851), "The Days of Bruce" (1852), and "Home Scenes and Heart Studies" (1853).]

PERPLEXED with many sad thoughts, Nigel Bruce was one day slowly traversing a long gallery leading to some uninhabited chambers in the west wing of the building; it was of different architecture, and ruder, heavier aspect, than the remainder of the castle. Tradition said that those rooms had been the original building inhabited by an ancestor of the line of Bruce, and the remainder had been gradually added to them; that some dark deed of blood had been there committed, and consequently they were generally kept locked, none of the vassals in the castle choosing to run the risk of meeting the spirits which they declared abode there. We have before said that Nigel was not superstitious, though his mind being of a cast which, adopting and embodying the ideal, he was likely

to be supposed such. The particulars of the tradition he had never heard, and consequently it was always with a smile of disbelief he listened to the oft-repeated injunction not to walk at dusk in the western turret. This warning came across him now, but his mind was far otherwise engrossed, too much so indeed for him even to give more than a casual glance to the rude portraits which hung on either side the gallery.

He mistrusted the Earl of Ross, and there came a fear upon his noble spirit that, in permitting the departure of the queen and her attendants, he might be liable to the censure of his sovereign, that he was failing in his trust; yet how was he to act, how put a restraint upon his charge? Had he indeed believed that the defense of the castle would be successful, that he should be enabled to force the besiegers to raise the siege, he might perhaps have felt justified in restraining the queen — but he did not feel this. He had observed there were many discontented and seditious spirits in the castle, not indeed in the three hundred of his immediate followers; but what were they compared to the immense force now pouring over the country, and whose goal he knew was Kildrummie? The increase of inmates also, from the number of small villages which had emptied their inhabitants into his walls till he was compelled to prevent further ingress, must inevitably diminish his stores, and when once blockaded, to replenish them would be impossible. No personal fears, no weakness of purpose, entered the high soul of Nigel Bruce amid these painful cogitations. He well knew no shade of dishonor *could* fall on him; he thought not one moment of his own fate, although if the castle were taken he knew death awaited him, either by the besieger's sword or the hangman's cord, for he would make no condition; he thought only that this was well-nigh the last castle in his brother's keeping, which, if lost, would in the present depressed state of his affairs be indeed a fatal blow, and a still greater triumph to England.

These thoughts naturally engrossed his mind to the exclusion of all imaginative whisperings, and therefore was it that he drew back the bolt of a door which closed the passage, without any of those peculiar feelings that at a less anxious time might have possessed him; for souls less gifted than that of Nigel Bruce can seldom enter a spot hallowed by tradition without the electric thrill which so strangely unites the present with the past.

It was a chamber of moderate dimensions to which the oaken door admitted him, hung with coarse and faded tapestry, which, disturbed by the wind, disclosed an opening into another passage, through which he pursued his way. In the apartment on which the dark and narrow passage ended, however, his steps were irresistibly arrested. It was paneled with black oak, of which the floor also was composed, giving the whole an aspect calculated to infect the most thoughtless spirit with gloom. Two high and very narrow windows, the small panes of which were quite incrustated with dust, were the only conductors of light, with the exception of a loophole — for it could scarcely be dignified by the name of casement — on the western side. Through this loophole the red light of a declining winter sun sent its rays, which were caught and stayed on what seemed at the distance an antique picture frame. Wondering to perceive a picture out of its place in the gallery, Nigel hastily advanced towards it, pausing, however, on his way to examine, with some surprise, one of the planks in the floor, which, instead of the beautiful black polish which age had rather heightened than marred in the rest, was rough and white, with all the appearance of having been hewn and scraped by some sharp instrument.

It is curious to mark how trifling a thing will sometimes connect, arrange, and render clear as day to the mind all that has before been vague, imperfect, and indistinct. It is like the touch of lightning on an electric chain, link after link starts up till we see the illumined whole. We have said Nigel had never heard the particulars of the tradition; but he looked on that misshapen plank, and in an instant a tale of blood and terror weaved itself in his mind; in that room the deed, whatever it was, had been done, and from that plank the sanguine evidence of murder had been with difficulty erased. A cold shuddering passed over him, and he turned instinctively away, and strode hastily to examine the frame which had attracted him. It did contain a picture, — we should rather say a portrait, — for it comprised but one figure, the half-length of a youthful warrior, clad in steel, save the beautifully formed head, which was covered only by his own luxuriant raven curls. In a better light it could not have been placed, particularly in the evening; the rays, condensed and softened, seemed to gather up their power into one focus, and throw such an almost supernatural glow on the half-face, give such an extraordinary appearance

of life to the whole figure, that a casual visitant to that chamber might well fancy it was no picture, but reality on which he gazed. But no such emotion was at work in the bosom of Nigel Bruce, though his first glance upon that face occasioned an almost convulsive start, and then a gaze of such intense, such almost fearful interest, that he stood as if fascinated by some overpowering spell. His features, worked with internal emotions, flushed and paled alternately. It was no weak-minded terror which bound him there, no mood in which a step or sound could chill and startle, for so wrapt was he in his own strange dreams that he heard not a slow and measured step approach him; he did not even start when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and the melodious voice of the seer caused him to turn slowly around.

"The warnings thou hast heard have no power on thee, young lord," he said, slightly smiling, "or I should not see thee here at this hour alone. Yet thou wert strangely wrapt."

"Knowest thou aught of *him*, good father?" answered Nigel, in a voice that to his own ears sounded hoarse and unnatural, and turning his glance once again to the portrait. "My thoughts are busy with that face and yon tale-telling plank; there are wild, feverish, incongruous dreams within me, and I would have them solved. Thou of all others art best fitted to the task, for amid the records of the past, where thou hast loved to linger, thou hast surely found the tradition of this tower. I shame not to confess there is in my heart a deep yearning to learn the truth. Wherefore, when thy harp and song have so pleasantly whiled the evening hours, did not this tale find voice, good father?"

"Alas! my son, 'tis too fraught with horror, too sad for gentle ears. A few stern, rugged words will best repeat it. I love not to linger on the theme; listen then now, and it shall be told thee.

"In the reign of Malcolm the Second, the districts now called Aberdeen and Forfar were possessed, and had been so, so tradition saith, since Kenneth MacAlpine, by the Lords of Brus or Bris, a family originally from the North. They were largely and nobly connected, particularly with Norway and Gaul. It is generally supposed the first possessions in Scotland held in fief by the line of Bruce can be traced back only to the time of David I., in the person of Robert de Bruce, an Anglo-Norman baron, whose father came over to England with

the Conqueror. The cause of this supposition my tale will presently explain.

"Haco Brus or Bris was the Lord of Aberdeen in the reign of Malcolm the Second. He spent many years abroad, indeed, was supposed to have married and settled there, when, to the surprise of his vassals, he suddenly returned unmarried, and soon after uniting himself with a beautiful and accomplished girl, nearly related to the blood royal of Scotland, settled quietly in this tower, which was the stronghold of his possessions. Years passed; the only child of the baron, a son, born in the first year of his marriage, grew up in strength and beauty, the idol not only of his mother, but of his father, a man stern and cold in seeming, even morose, but with passions fearful alike in their influence and extent. Your eye glances to that pictured face: he was not the baron's son of whom I speak. The affections, nay, the very passions of the baron were centered in this boy. It is supposed pride and ambition were their origin, for he looked, through his near connection with the sovereign, for further aggrandizement for himself. There were some who declared ambition was not the master passion, that a deeper, sterner, fiercer emotion dwelt within. Whether they spoke thus from the sequel, I know not, but that sequel proved their truth.

"There was a gathering of all the knightly and noble in King Malcolm's court, not perchance for trials at arms resembling the tourneys of the present day, but very similar in their motive and bearing, though ruder and more dangerous. The wreath of glory and victory was ever given by the gentle hand of beauty. Bright eyes and lovely forms presided at the sports even as now, and the king and his highest nobles joined in the revels.

"The wife of the Baron of Brus and his son, now a fine boy of thirteen, were of course amongst the royal guests. Though matron grace and dignified demeanor had taken the place of the blushing charms of early girlhood, the Lady Helen Brus was still very beautiful, and as the niece of the king and wife of such a distinguished baron, commanded and received universal homage. Among the combatants was a youthful knight, of an exterior and bearing so much more polished and graceful than the sons of the soil or their more northern visitors, that he was instantly recognized as coming from Gaul, then as now the most polished kingdom of the south. Delighted with his bravery,

his modesty, and most chivalric bearing, the king treated him with most distinguished honor, invited him to his palace, spoke with him as friend with friend on the kingdoms of Normandy and France, to the former of which he was subject. There was a mystery, too, about the young knight, which heightened the interest he excited; he bore no device on his shield, no cognizance whatever to mark his name and birth; and his countenance, beautiful as it was, often when in repose expressed sadness and care unusual to his years, for he was still very young, though in reply to the king's solicitations that he would choose one of Scotland's fairest maidens (her dower should be princely) and make the Scottish court his home, he had smilingly avowed that he was already a husband and father.

"The notice of the king, of course, inspired the nobles with similar feelings of hospitality. Attention and kindness were lavished on the stranger from all, and nothing was talked of but the nameless knight. The Lord of Brus, who had been absent on a mission to a distant court during the continuance of the martial games, was on his return presented by the king himself to the young warrior. It is said that both were so much moved by this meeting, that all present were mystified still more. The baron, with that deep subtlety for which he was remarkable, recovered himself the first, and accounted for his emotion to the satisfaction of his hearers, though not apparently to that of the stranger, who, though his cheek was blanched, still kept his bright searching eyes upon him, till the baron's quailed 'neath his gaze. The hundred tongues of rumor chose to speak of relationship, that there was a likeness between them, yet I know not how that could be. There is no impress of the fiendish passion at work in the baron's soul on those bright, beautiful features."

"Ha! Is it of him you speak?" involuntarily escaped from Nigel, as the old man for a moment paused; "of him? Methought yon portrait was of an ancestor of Bruce, or wherefore is it here?"

"Be patient, good my son. My narrative wanders, for my lips shrink from its tale. That the baron and the knight met, not in warlike joust but in peaceful converse, and at the request of the latter, is known, but of what passed in that interview even tradition is silent—it can only be imagined by the sequel; they appeared, however, less reserved than at first. The baron treated him with the same distinction as his fellow-nobles, and

the stranger's manner towards him was even more respectful than the mere difference of age appeared to demand. Important business with the Lord of Brus was alleged as the cause of his accepting that nobleman's invitation to the tower of Kildrummie, in preference to others earlier given and more eagerly enforced. They departed together, the knight accompanied but by two of his followers, and the baron leaving the greater number of his in attendance on his wife and child, whom, for some frivolous reason, he left with the court. It was a strange thing for him to do, men said, as he had never before been known to lose sight of his boy even for a day. For some days all seemed peace and hospitality within the tower. The stranger was too noble himself, and too kindly disposed towards all his fellow-creatures, to suspect aught of treachery, or he might have remarked the retainers of the baron were changed; that ruder forms and darker visages than at first were gathering around him. How the baron might have intended to make use of them — almost all robbers and murderers by trade — cannot be known, though it may be suspected. In this room the last interview between them took place, and here, on this silent witness of the deed, the hand of the father was bathed in the blood of the son!"

"God in heaven!" burst from Nigel's parched lips, as he sprang up. "The son — how could that be? how known?"

"Fearfully, most fearfully!" shudderingly answered the old man; "through the dying ravings of the maniac Lord of Brus himself. Had not heaven, in its all-seeing justice, thus revealed it, the crime would ever have remained concealed. His bandit hirelings were at hand to remove and bury, many fathoms deep in moat and earth, all traces of the deed. One of the unfortunate knight's followers was supposed to have shared the fate of his master, and to the other, who escaped almost miraculously, you owe the preservation of your royal line."

"But there was one witness of the deed neither time nor the most cunning art could efface. The blood lay in a pool on the oaken floor, and the voice of tradition whispers that day after day it was supernaturally renewed; that vain were the efforts to absorb it, it ever seemed moist and red; and that to remove the plank and re-floor the apartment was attempted again and again in vain. However this may be, it is evident that *erasing it* was attended with extreme difficulty; that the

blood had penetrated well-nigh through the immense thickness of the wood."

Nigel stooped down over the crumbling fragment; years, aye, centuries had rolled away, yet there it still stood, arrested it seemed even in its decay, not permitted to crumble into dust, but to remain an everlasting monument of crime and its retribution. After a brief pause Nigel resumed his seat, and pushing the hair from his brow, which was damp with some untold emotion, signed to the old man to proceed.

"That the stranger warrior returned not to Malcolm's court, and had failed in his promises to various friends, was a matter of disappointment, and, for a time, of conjecture to the king and his court. That his followers, in obedience, it was said, to their master's signet, set off instantly to join him either in England or Normandy, for both of which places they had received directions, satisfied the greater number. If others suspected foul play, it was speedily hushed up; for the baron was too powerful, too closely related to the throne, and justice then too weak in Scotland to permit accusation or hope for conviction. Time passed, and the only change observable in the baron was that he became more gloomy, more abstracted, wrapt up, as it were, in one dark remembrance, one all-engrossing thought. Towards his wife he was changed — harsh, cold, bitterly sarcastic, as if her caresses had turned to gall. Her gentle spirit sank beneath the withering blight, and he was heard to laugh, the mocking laugh of a fiend, as he followed her to the grave; her child, indeed, he still idolized, but it was a fearful affection, and a just heaven permitted not its continuance. The child, to whom many had looked as likely to ascend the Scottish throne, from the failure of all direct heirs, the beautiful and innocent child of a most guilty father, faded like a lovely flower before him, so softly, so gradually, that there came no suspicion of death till the cold hand was on his heart, and he lay lifeless before him who had plunged his soul in deadliest crime through that child to aggrandize himself. Then was it that remorse, torturing before, took the form of partial madness, and there was not one who had power to restrain, or guide, or soothe.

"Then it was the fearful tale was told, freezing the blood, not so much with the wild madness of the tone, but that the words were too collected, too stamped with truth, to admit of aught like doubt. The couch of the baron was, at his own

command, placed here, where we now stand, covering the spot where his firstborn fell, and that portrait, obtained from Normandy, hung where it now is, ever in his sight. The dark tale which those wild ravings revealed was simply this:—

“He had married, as was suspected, during his wanderings, but soon tired of the yoke, more particularly as his wife possessed a spirit proud and haughty as his own; and all efforts to mold her to his will being useless, he plunged anew into his reckless career. He had never loved his wife, marrying her simply because it suited his convenience, and brought him increase of wealth and station; and her ill-disguised abhorrence of many of his actions, her beautiful adherence to virtue, however tempted, occasioned all former feelings to concentrate in hatred the most deadly. More than one attempt to rid himself of her by poison she had discovered and frustrated, and at last removed herself and her child, under a feigned name, to Normandy, and ably eluded all pursuit and inquiry.

“The baron’s search continued some time, in the hope of silencing her forever, as he feared she might prove a dangerous enemy; but failing in his wishes, he traveled some time over different countries, returned at length to Scotland, and acted as we have seen. The young knight had been informed of his birthright by his mother, at her death, which took place two years before he made his appearance in Scotland; that she had concealed from him the fearful character of his father, being unable so completely to divest herself of all feeling towards the father of her child, as to make him an object of aversion to his son. She had long told him his real name, and urged him to demand from his father an acknowledgment of his being heir to the proud barony of the Bruce. His likeness to herself was so strong, that she knew it must carry conviction to his father; but to make his identity still more certain, she furnished him with certain jewels and papers, none but herself could produce. She had done this in the presence of two faithful witnesses, the father and brother of her son’s betrothed bride, high lords of Normandy, the former of which made it a condition annexed to his consent to the marriage, that as soon as possible afterwards he should urge and claim his rights. Sir Walter, of course, willingly complied; they were married by the name of Brus, and their child so baptized. A war, which retained Sir Walter in arms with his sovereign, prevented his seeing Scotland till his boy was a year old, and then for his sake,

far more than for his own, the young father determined on asserting his birthright,—his child should not be nameless, as he had been; but to spare his unknown parent all public mortification, he joined the martial games without any cognizance or bearing on his shield.

“Terrible were the ravings in which the baron alluded to the interview he had had with his murdered child; the angelic mildness and generosity of the youthful warrior; that, amid all his firmness never to depart from his claim—as it was not alone himself but his child he would irreparably injure—he never wavered in his respectful deference to his parent. He quitted the court in the belief that the baron sought Kildrummie to collect the necessary papers for substantiating his claim; but ere he died, it appeared his eyes were opened. The fierce passions of the baron had been too long restrained in the last interview; they burst even his politic control, and he had flung the papers received from the hand of his too confiding son on the blazing hearth, and with dreadful oaths swore that if he would not instantly retract his claim, and bind himself by the most sacred promise never to breathe the foul tale again, death should be its silent keeper. He would not bring his own head low, and avow that he had dishonored a scion of the blood royal.

“Appalled far more at the dark, fiendish passions he beheld than the threat held out to himself, Sir Walter stood silent awhile, and then mildly demanded to be heard; that if so much public mortification to his parent would attend the pursuance of his claims at the present time, he would consent to forego them, on condition of his father’s solemnly promising on his deathbed to reveal the truth, and do him tardy justice then, but forego them altogether he would not, were his life the forfeit. The calm firmness of his tone, it is supposed, lashed his father into greater madness, and thus the dark deed was done.

“That the baron several times endeavored to possess himself of the infant child of Sir Walter also came to light in his dying moments; that he had determined to exterminate root and branch, fearful he should still possess some clew to his birth, he had frantically avowed, but in his last hour he would have given all his amassed treasure, his greatness, his power, but for one little moment of assurance that his grandson lived. He left him all his possessions, his lordship, his name, but as there were none came forth to claim, they of necessity passed to the crown.”

"But the child, the son of Sir Walter, — if from him our line descends, he must have lived to manhood, — why did he not demand his rights?"

"He lived, aye, and had a goodly progeny; but the fearful tale of his father's fate related to him again and again by the faithful Edric, who had fled from his master's murdered corse to watch over the safety of that master's child, and warn all who had the charge of him of the fiend in human shape who would probably seek the boy's life as he had his father's, caused him to shun the idea of his Scottish possessions with a loathing horror which he could not conquer; they were associated with the loss of both his parents, for his father's murder killed his devoted mother. He was contented to feel himself Norman in possessions as well as in name. He received lands and honors from the Dukes of Normandy, and at the advanced age of seventy and five, accompanied Duke William to England. The third generation from him obtained anew Scottish possessions, and gradually Kildrummie and its feudal tenures returned to its original lords; but the tower had been altered and enlarged, and except the tradition of these chambers, the fearful fate of the second of the line has faded from the minds of his descendants, unless casually or supernaturally recalled."

"Ha! supernaturally, sayest thou?" interrupted Nigel, in a tone so peculiar it almost startled his companion. "Are there those who assert they have seen his semblance — good, gifted, beautiful as thou hast described him? why not at once deem him the guardian spirit of our house?"

"And there are those who deem him so, young lord," answered the seer. "It is said that until the Lords of Bruce again obtained possession of these lands, in the visions of the night the form of the murdered warrior, clad as in yon portrait, save with the addition of a scarf across his breast bearing the crest and cognizance of the Bruce, appeared once in his lifetime to each lineal descendant. Such visitations are said to have ceased, and he is now only seen by those destined like himself to an early and bloody death, cut off in the prime of manhood, nobleness, and joy."

"And where — sleeping or waking?" demanded the young nobleman, in a low, deep tone, laying his hand on the minstrel's arm, and looking fixedly on his now strangely agitated face.

"Sleeping or waking? it hath been both," he answered, and his voice faltered. "If it be in the front of the war, amid the

press, the crush, the glory of the battle, he hath come, circled with bright forms and brighter dreams, to the sleeping warrior on the eve of his last fight; if"—and his voice grew lower and huskier yet—"if by the red hand of the foe, by the captive's chain and headsman's ax, as the noble Wallace, there have been those who say—I vouch not for its truth—he hath been seen in the vigils of the night on the eve of knighthood, when the young, aspiring warrior hath watched and prayed beside his arms. Boy! boy! why dost thou look upon me thus!"

"Because thine eye hath read my doom," he said, in a firm, sweet tone; "and if there be aught of truth in thy tale, thou knowest, feelest, I have seen him. God of mercy, the captive's chain, the headsman's ax! Yet 'tis Thy will, and for my country—let it come."



ELIZA'S ESCAPE.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

(From "Uncle Tom's Cabin.")

[MRS. HARRIET ELIZABETH BEECHER STOWE, the noted American author, was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812, the daughter of Lyman Beecher and sister of Henry Ward Beecher. She was educated at Hartford, Conn.; taught there and in Cincinnati; and in 1836 was married to Professor Calvin E. Stowe, with whom she removed to Brunswick, Me., upon his appointment to a professorship in Bowdoin College; and wrote there "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which was published serially in the *National Era*, an antislavery paper of Washington, D.C. It has been translated into all the leading languages of the world. Mrs. Stowe died at Hartford, July 1, 1896. Her other works include: "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Agnes of Sorrento," and "Oldtown Folks."]

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's sufferings and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the

side of her young husband, — everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither she could go from a home like that?

But stronger than all was maternal love, wrought into a paroxysm of frenzy by the near approach of a fearful danger. Her boy was old enough to have walked by her side, and, in an indifferent case, she would only have led him by the hand; but now the bare thought of putting him out of her arms made her shudder, and she strained him to her bosom with a convulsive grasp, as she went rapidly forward.

The frosty ground creaked beneath her feet, and she trembled at the sound: every quaking leaf and fluttering shadow sent the blood backward to her heart, and quickened her footsteps. She wondered within herself at the strength that seemed to come upon her; for she felt the weight of her boy as if it had been a feather, and every flutter of fear seemed to increase the supernatural power that bore her on, while from her pale lips burst forth, in frequent ejaculations, the prayer to a Friend above, — “Lord, help! Lord, save me!”

If it were *your* Harry, mother, or *your* Willie, that were going to be torn from you by a brutal trader, to-morrow morning, — if you had seen the man, and heard that the papers were signed and delivered, and you had only from twelve o’clock till morning to make good your escape, — how fast could *you* walk? How many miles could you make in those few brief hours, with the darling at your bosom, — the little sleepy head on your shoulder, — the small, soft arms trustingly holding on to your neck? For the child slept. At first, the novelty and alarm kept him waking; but his mother so hurriedly repressed every breath or sound, and so assured him that if he were only still she would certainly save him, that he clung quietly round her neck, only asking, as he found himself sinking to sleep, —

“Mother, I don’t need to keep awake, do I?”

“No, my darling; sleep, if you want to.”

“But, mother, if I do get asleep, you won’t let him get me?”

“No! so may God help me!” said his mother, with a paler cheek and a brighter light in her large, dark eyes.

“You’re *sure*, an’t you, mother?”

“Yes, *sure*!” said the mother, in a voice that startled herself; for it seemed to her to come from a spirit within, that was no part of her; and the boy dropped his little weary head on

her shoulder, and was soon asleep. How the touch of those warm arms, and gentle breathings that came in her neck, seemed to add fire and spirit to her movements! It seemed to her as if strength poured into her in electric streams, from every gentle touch and movement of the sleeping, confiding child. Sublime is the dominion of the mind over the body, that, for a time, can make flesh and nerve impregnable, and string the sinews like steel so that the weak become so mighty.

The boundaries of the farm, the grove, the wood lot, passed by her dizzily, as she walked on; and still she went, leaving one familiar object after another, slacking not, pausing not, till reddening daylight found her many a long mile from all traces of any familiar objects upon the open highway.

She had often been, with her mistress, to visit some connections, in the little village of T——, not far from the Ohio River, and knew the road well. To go thither, to escape across the Ohio River, were the first hurried outlines of her plan of escape; beyond that, she could only hope in God.

When horses and vehicles began to move along the highway, with that alert perception peculiar to a state of excitement, and which seems to be a sort of inspiration, she became aware that her headlong pace and distracted air might bring on her remark and suspicion. She therefore put the boy on the ground, and, adjusting her dress and bonnet, she walked on at as rapid a pace as she thought consistent with the preservation of appearances. In her little bundle she had provided a store of cakes and apples, which she used as expedients for quickening the speed of the child, rolling the apple some yards before them, when the boy would run with all his might after it; and this ruse, often repeated, carried them over many a half mile.

After a while, they came to a thick patch of woodland, through which murmured a clear brook. As the child complained of hunger and thirst she climbed over the fence with him; and, sitting down behind a large rock which concealed them from the road, she gave him a breakfast out of her little package. The boy wondered and grieved that she could not eat; and when, putting his arms round her neck, he tried to wedge some of his cake into her mouth, it seemed to her that the rising in her throat would choke her.

“No, no, Harry darling! mother can’t eat till you are safe!

"We must go on, — on, — till we come to the river!" And she hurried again into the road, and again constrained herself to walk regularly and composedly forward.

She was many miles past any neighborhood where she was personally known. If she should chance to meet any who knew her, she reflected that the well-known kindness of the family would be of itself a blind to suspicion, as making it an unlikely supposition that she could be a fugitive. As she was also so white as not to be known as of colored lineage, without a critical survey, and her child was white also, it was much easier for her to pass on unsuspected.

On this presumption, she stopped at noon at a neat farmhouse, to rest herself, and buy some dinner for her child and self; for, as the danger decreased with the distance, the supernatural tension of the nervous system lessened, and she found herself both weary and hungry.

The good woman, kindly and gossiping, seemed rather pleased than otherwise with having somebody come in to talk with; and accepted, without examination, Eliza's statement, that she "was going on a little piece, to spend a week with her friends," — all which she hoped in her heart might prove strictly true.

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio River, weary and footsore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore, on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft, filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferryboat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal,

stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running."

Eliza's look of dismay and disappointment struck the woman, and she said inquiringly:—

"Maybe you're wanting to get over?—anybody sick? Ye seem mighty anxious."

"I've got a child that's very dangerous," said Eliza. "I never heard of it till last night, and I've walked quite a piece to-day, in hopes to get to the ferry."

"Well, now, that's onlucky," said the woman, whose motherly sympathies were much aroused; "I'm re'lly consarned for ye. Solomon!" she called, from the window, towards a small back building. A man, in a leather apron and very dirty hands, appeared at the door.

"I say, Sol," said the woman, "is that ar man going to tote them bar'ls over to-night?"

"He said he should try, if 'twas anyway prudent," said the man.

"There's a man a piece down here, that's going over with some truck this evening, if he durs' to; he'll be in here to supper to-night, so you'd better set down and wait. That's a sweet little fellow," added the woman, offering him a cake.

But the child, wholly exhausted, cried with weariness.

"Poor fellow! he isn't used to walking, and I have hurried him on so," said Eliza.

"Well, take him into this room," said the woman, opening into a small bedroom, where stood a comfortable bed. Eliza laid the weary boy upon it, and held his hand in hers till he was fast asleep. For her there was no rest. As a fire in her bones, the thought of the pursuer urged her on; and she gazed with longing eyes on the sullen, surging waters that lay between her and liberty.

Here we must take our leave of her for the present to follow the course of her pursuers.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often

been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. One luckless wight contrived to upset the gravy; and then gravy had to be got up *de novo*, with due care and formality,—Aunt Chloe watching and stirring with dogged precision, answering shortly, to all suggestions of haste, that she “warn’t a going to have raw gravy on the table, to help nobody’s catchings.” One tumbled down with the water, and had to go to the spring for more; and another precipitated the butter into the path of events; and there was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that “Mas’r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn’t sit in his cheer noways, but was walkin’ and stalkin’ to the winders and through the porch.”

“Sarves him right!” said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. “He’ll get was nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don’t mend his ways. *His* master’ll be sending for him, and then see how he’ll look!”

“He’ll go to torment, and no mistake,” said little Jake.

“He desarves it!” said Aunt Chloe, grimly; “he’s broke a many, many, many hearts,—I tell ye all!” she said, stopping with a fork uplifted in her hands; “it’s like what Mas’r George reads in Revelations,—souls a callin’ under the altar! and a callin’ on the Lord for vengeance on sich!—and by and by the Lord he’ll hear ’em,—so he will!”

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her and to listen to her remarks.

“Sich’ll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won’t ther?” said Andy.

“I’d be glad to see it, I’ll be boun’,” said little Jake.

“Chil’en!” said a voice that made them all start. It was

Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeared you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on 'em?" said Aunt Chloe. "Don't dey tear der suckin' baby right off his mother's breast and sell him, and der little children as is crying and holding on by her clothes, — don't dey pull 'em off and sells 'em? Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em? — and all the while does they feel one bit, — don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy! Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom.

"Pray for 'em!" said Aunt Chloe; "Lor, it's too tough; I can't pray for 'em."

"It's natur, Chloe, and natur's strong," said Tom, "but the Lord's grace is stronger; besides, you oughter think what an awful state a poor crittur's soul's in that'll do them ar things, — you oughter thank God that you an't *like* him, Chloe. I'm sure I'd rather be sold, ten thousand times over, than to have all that ar poor crittur's got to answer for."

"So'd I, a heap," said Jake. "Lor, *shouldn't* we cotch it, Andy?"

Andy shrugged his shoulders, and gave an acquiescent whistle.

"I'm glad Mas'r didn't go off this morning, as he looked to," said Tom; "that ar hurt me more than sellin', it did. Mebbe it might have been natural for him, but 'twould have come despit hard on me, as has known him from a baby; but I've seen Mas'r, and I begin to feel sort o' reconciled to the Lord's will now. Mas'r couldn't help hisself; he did right, but I'm feared things will be kinder goin' to rack, when I'm gone. Mas'r can't be spected to be a pryin' round everywhar, as I've done, a keepin' up all the ends. The boys all means well, but they's powerful car'less. That ar troubles me."

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you. He's going to-day to look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over yer master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he'd hear to me he wouldn't trust any on ye, — slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom, — and he stood very straight, — "I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can anyway bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of whom you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wus for wear, and trade him back."

"I'll trade with you then, and make it for your advantage," said Mrs. Shelby.

"Of course," said the trader, "all's equal with me; li'ves trade 'em up as down, so I does a good business. All I want is a livin', you know, ma'am; that's all any on us wants, I s'pose."

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby both felt annoyed and degraded by the familiar impudence of the trader, and yet both saw the absolute necessity of putting a constraint on their feelings. The more hopelessly sordid and insensible he appeared, the greater became Mrs. Shelby's dread of his succeeding in recapturing Eliza and her child, and of course the greater her motive for detaining him by every female artifice. She therefore gra-

ciously smiled, assented, chatted familiarly, and did all she could to make time pass imperceptibly.

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there, new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno, — he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or uther."

"Poh!" said Haley, — and he said something else, too, with regard to the said dogs, at which Sam muttered, —

"I don't see no use cussin' on 'em, noway."

"But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept up a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round consid'able sharp. I spects they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most anything, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward him.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up, now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

"I shall take the straight road to the river," said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. "I know the way of all of 'em, — they makes tracks for the underground."

"Sartin," said Sam, "dat's the idee. Mas'r Haley hits de

thing right in de middle. Now, der's two roads to de river, — de dirt road and der pike, — which Mas'r mean to take ? ”

Andy looked up innocently at Sam, surprised at hearing this new geographical fact, but instantly confirmed what he said by a vehement reiteration.

“ ‘Cause,” said Sam, “ I’d rather be ‘clined to ‘magine that Lizy’d take de dirt road, bein’ it’s de least traveled.”

Haley, notwithstanding that he was a very old bird, and naturally inclined to be suspicious of chaff, was rather brought up by this view of the case.

“ If yer warn’t both on yer such cussed liars, now ! ” he said contemplatively, as he pondered a moment.

The pensive, reflective tone in which this was spoken appeared to amuse Andy prodigiously, and he drew a little behind, and shook so as apparently to run a great risk of falling off his horse, while Sam’s face was immovably composed into the most doleful gravity.

“ Course,” said Sam, “ Mas’r can do as he’d ruther ; go de straight road, if Mas’r thinks best, — it’s all one to us. Now, when I study ‘pon it, I think the straight road de best, *de-
ridedly*.”

“ She would naturally go a lonesome way,” said Haley, thinking aloud, and not minding Sam’s remark.

“ Dar an’t no sayin’,” said Sam ; “ gals is pecul’ar ; they never does nothin’ ye thinks they will ; mose gen’lly the contrar. Gals is nat’lly made contrary ; and so, if you thinks they’ve gone one road, it is sartin you’d better go t’other, and then you’ll be sure to find ‘em. Now, my private ‘pinion is, Lizy took der dirt road ; so I think we’d better take de straight one.”

This profound generic view of the female sex did not seem to dispose Haley particularly to the straight road ; and he announced decidedly that he should go the other, and asked Sam when they should come to it.

“ A little piece ahead,” said Sam, giving a wink to Andy with the eye which was on Andy’s side of the head ; and he added gravely, “ but I’ve studded on de matter, and I’m quite clar we ought not to go dat ar way. I nebber been over it noway. It’s despit lonesome, and we might lose our way, — whar we’d come to, de Lord only knows.”

“ Nevertheless,” said Haley, “ I shall go that way.”

“ Now I think on’t, I think I hearn ‘em tell that dat ar road

was all fenced up and down by der creek, and thar, an't it, Andy?"

Andy wasn't certain; he'd only "hearn tell" about that road, but never been over it. In short, he was strictly non-committal.

Haley, accustomed to strike the balance of probabilities, between lies of greater or lesser magnitude, thought that it lay in favor of the dirt road, aforesaid. The mention of the thing he thought he perceived was involuntary on Sam's part at first, and his confused attempts to dissuade him he set down to a desperate lying on second thoughts, as being unwilling to implicate Eliza.

When, therefore, Sam indicated the road, Haley plunged briskly into it, followed by Sam and Andy.

Now, the road, in fact, was an old one, that had formerly been a thoroughfare to the river, but abandoned for many years after the laying of the new pike. It was open for about an hour's ride, and after that it was cut across by various farms and fences. Sam knew this fact perfectly well, — indeed, the road had been so long closed up that Andy had never heard of it. He therefore rode along with an air of dutiful submission, only groaning and vociferating occasionally that 'twas "despit rough, and bad for Jerry's foot."

"Now, I jest give yer warning," said Haley, "I know yer; yer won't get me to turn off this yer road, with all yer fussin', — so you shet up!"

"Mas'r will go his own way!" said Sam, with rueful submission, at the same time winking most portentously to Andy, whose delight was now very near the explosive point.

Sam was in wonderful spirits, — professed to keep a very brisk lookout, — at one time exclaiming that he saw "a gal's bonnet" on the top of some distant eminence, or calling to Andy "if thar wasn't Lizy down in the hollow;" always making these exclamations in some rough or craggy part of the road, where the sudden quickening of speed was a special inconvenience to all parties concerned, and thus keeping Haley in a state of constant commotion.

After riding about an hour in this way, the whole party made a precipitate and tumultuous descent into a barnyard belonging to a large farming establishment. Not a soul was in sight, all the hands being employed in the fields; but, as the barn stood conspicuously and plainly square across the road, it

was evident that their journey in that direction had reached a decided finale.

"Warn't dat ar what I telled Mas'r?" said Sam, with an air of injured innocence. "How does strange gentlemen spect to know more about a country dan de natives born and raised?"

"You rascal!" said Haley, "you knew all about this."

"Didn't I tell yer I *know'd*, and yer wouldn't believe me? I telled Mas'r 'twas all shet up, and fenced up, and I didn't spect we could get through, — Andy heard me."

It was all too true to be disputed, and the unlucky man had to pocket his wrath with the best grace he was able, and all three faced to the right about, and took up their line of march for the highway.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap, — impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she stayed there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake; — stumbling, —

leaping, — slipping, — springing upwards again! Her shoes are gone, — her stockings cut from her feet, — while blood marked every step; but she saw nothing, felt nothing, till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

“Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!” said the man, with an oath.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

“Oh, Mr. Symmes! — save me, — do save me, — do hide me!” said Eliza.

“Why, what’s this?” said the man. “Why, if ’tan’t Shelby’s gal!”

“My child! — this boy! — he’d sold him! There is his Mas’r,” said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. “Oh, Mr. Symmes, you’ve got a little boy!”

“So I have,” said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. “Besides, you’re a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it!”

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused. “I’d be glad to do something for ye,” said he; “but then there’s nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*,” said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. “Go *thar*; they’re kind folks. *Thar’s* no kind o’ danger but they’ll help you, — they’re up to all that sort o’ thing.”

“The Lord bless you!” said Eliza, earnestly.

“No ’casion, no ’casion in the world,” said the man. “What I’ve done’s of no ’count.”

“And oh, surely, sir, you won’t tell any one!”

“Go to thunder, gal! What do you take a feller for? In course not,” said the man. “Come, now, go along like a likely, sensible gal, as you are. You’ve arnt your liberty, and you shall have it, for all me.”

The woman folded her child to her bosom, and walked firmly and swiftly away. The man stood and looked after her.

“Shelby, now, mebbe won’t think this yer the most neighborly thing in the world; but what’s a feller to do? If he catches one of my gals in the same fix, he’s welcome to pay back. Somehow I never could see no kind o’ crittur a strivin’ and pantin’, and trying to clar theirselves, with the dogs arter

'em, and go agin 'em. Besides, I don't see no kind o' 'casion for me to be hunter and catcher fer other folks, neither!"

So spoke this poor heathenish Kentuckian, who had not been instructed in his constitutional relations, and consequently was betrayed into acting in a sort of Christianized manner, which, if he had been better situated and more enlightened, he would not have been left to do.



GEORGE BORROW AND THE PUBLISHER.

(From "Lavengro.")

[GEORGE BORROW, philologist, bohemian, and romancer, was born at East Dereham, Norfolk, England, in 1803, and was educated chiefly in Edinburgh, Scotland. He published "Faustus" (translated from German, 1825), "Romantic Ballads" (translated from Danish, 1826), "Targum" (1835), "The Zincali; or, an Account of the Gypsies in Spain" (1841), "The Bible in Spain" (1843), "Lavengro" (1851), "The Romany Rye" (1857), "The Sleeping Bird" (translated from Cambrian-British, 1860), "Wild Wales" (1862), and "Romano Lavo-Lil" (1874). He died at Oulton, Norfolk, England, July 30, 1881. Most of his works are ostensible relations of personal experience, but hardly offer materials for a credible biography.]

THERE were two individuals in the room in which I now found myself; it was a small study, surrounded with bookcases, the window looking out upon the square. Of these individuals he who appeared to be the principal stood with his back to the fireplace. He was a tall stout man, about sixty, dressed in a loose morning gown. The expression of his countenance would have been bluff but for a certain sinister glance, and his complexion might have been called rubicund but for a considerable tinge of bilious yellow. He eyed me askance as I entered. The other, a pale, shriveled-looking person, sat at a table apparently engaged with an account book; he took no manner of notice of me, never once lifting his eyes from the page before him.

"Well, sir, what is your pleasure?" said the big man, in a rough tone, as I stood there, looking at him wistfully — as well I might — for upon that man, at the time of which I am speaking, my principal, I may say my only, hopes rested.

"Sir," said I, "my name is so-and-so, and I am the bearer of a letter to you from Mr. so-and-so, an old friend and correspondent of yours."

The countenance of the big man instantly lost the suspicious and lowering expression which it had hitherto exhibited ; he strode forward, and, seizing me by the hand, gave me a violent squeeze.

"My dear sir," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you in London. I have been long anxious for the pleasure — we are old friends, though we have never before met. Taggart," said he to the man who sat at the desk, "this is our excellent correspondent, the friend and pupil of our other excellent correspondent."

The pale, shriveled-looking man slowly and deliberately raised his head from the account book, and surveyed me for a moment or two ; not the slightest emotion was observable in his countenance. It appeared to me, however, that I could detect a droll twinkle in his eye : his curiosity, if he had any, was soon gratified ; he made me a kind of bow, pulled out a snuffbox, took a pinch of snuff, and again bent his head over the page.

"And now, my dear sir," said the big man, "pray sit down, and tell me the cause of your visit. I hope you intend to remain here a day or two."

"More than that," said I ; "I am come to take up my abode in London."

"Glad to hear it ; and what have you been about of late ? got anything which will suit me ? Sir, I admire your style of writing, and your manner of thinking ; and I am much obliged to my good friend and correspondent for sending me some of your productions. I inserted them all, and wished there had been more of them — quite original, sir, quite : took with the public, especially the essay about the non-existence of anything. I don't exactly agree with you though ; I have my own peculiar ideas about matter — as you know, of course, from the book I have published. Nevertheless, a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy — no such thing as matter — impossible that there should be — *ex nihilo* — what is the Greek ? I have forgot — very pretty indeed ; very original."

"I am afraid, sir, it was very wrong to write such trash, and yet more to allow it to be published."

"Trash ! not at all ; a very pretty piece of speculative philosophy ; of course you were wrong in saying there is no world. The world must exist, to have the shape of a pear ; and that the world is shaped like a pear, and not like an apple, as the fools of Oxford say, I have satisfactorily proved in my book.

Now, if there were no world, what would become of my system? But what do you propose to do in London?"

"Here is the letter, sir," said I, "of our good friend, which I have not yet given to you; I believe it will explain to you the circumstances under which I come."

He took the letter, and perused it with attention. "Hem!" said he, with a somewhat altered manner, "my friend tells me that you are come up to London with the view of turning your literary talents to account, and desires me to assist you in my capacity of publisher in bringing forth two or three works which you have prepared. My good friend is perhaps not aware that for some time past I have given up publishing — was obliged to do so — had many severe losses — do nothing at present in that line, save sending out the Magazine once a month; and, between ourselves, am thinking of disposing of that — wish to retire — high time at my age — so you see ——"

"I am very sorry, sir, to hear that you cannot assist me" (and I remember that I felt very nervous); "I had hoped ——"

"A losing trade, I assure you, sir; literature is a drug. Taggart, what o'clock is it?"

"Well, sir!" said I, rising, "as you cannot assist me, I will now take my leave; I thank you sincerely for your kind reception, and will trouble you no longer."

"Oh, don't go. I wish to have some further conversation with you; and perhaps I may hit upon some plan to benefit you. I honor merit, and always make a point to encourage it when I can; but — Taggart, go to the bank, and tell them to dishonor the bill twelve months after date for thirty pounds which becomes due to-morrow. I am dissatisfied with that fellow who wrote the fairy tales, and intend to give him all the trouble in my power. Make haste."

Taggart did not appear to be in any particular haste. First of all, he took a pinch of snuff, then, rising from his chair, slowly and deliberately drew his wig, for he wore a wig of a brown color, rather more over his forehead than it had previously been, buttoned his coat, and, taking his hat, and an umbrella which stood in a corner, made me a low bow, and quitted the room.

"Well, sir, where were we? Oh, I remember, we were talking about merit. Sir, I always wish to encourage merit, especially when it comes so highly recommended as in the present instance. Sir, my good friend and correspondent speaks

of you in the highest terms. Sir, I honor my good friend, and have the highest respect for his opinion in all matters connected with literature — rather eccentric though. Sir, my good friend has done my periodical more good and more harm than all the rest of my correspondents. Sir, I shall never forget the sensation caused by the appearance of his article about a certain personage whom he proved — and I think satisfactorily — to have been a legionary soldier — rather startling, was it not? The S—— of the world a common soldier, in a marching regiment — original, but startling; sir, I honor my good friend."

"So you have renounced publishing, sir," said I, "with the exception of the Magazine?"

"Why, yes; except now and then, under the rose; the old coachman, you know, likes to hear the whip. Indeed, at the present moment, I am thinking of starting a Review on an entirely new and original principle; and it just struck me that you might be of high utility in the undertaking — what do you think of the matter?"

"I should be happy, sir, to render you any assistance, but I am afraid the employment you propose requires other qualifications than I possess; however, I can make the essay. My chief intention in coming to London was to lay before the world what I had prepared; and I had hoped by your assistance ——"

"Ah! I see, ambition! Ambition is a very pretty thing; but, sir, we must walk before we run, according to the old saying — what is that you have got under your arm?"

"One of the works to which I was alluding; the one, indeed, which I am most anxious to lay before the world, as I hope to derive from it both profit and reputation."

"Indeed! what do you call it?"

"Ancient songs of Denmark, heroic and romantic, translated by myself; with notes philological, critical, and historical."

"Then, sir, I assure you that your time and labor have been entirely flung away; nobody would read your ballads, if you were to give them to the world to-morrow."

"I am sure, sir, that you would say otherwise if you would permit me to read one to you;" and, without waiting for the answer of the big man, nor indeed so much as looking at him, to see whether he was inclined or not to hear me, I undid my

manuscript, and, with a voice trembling with eagerness, I read to the following effect :—

“Buckshank bold and Elfinstone,
And more than I can mention here,
They caused to be built so stout a ship,
And unto Iceland they would steer.

“They launched the ship upon the main,
Which bellowed like a wrathful bear;
Down to the bottom the vessel sank,
A laidly Troid has dragged it there.

“Down to the bottom sank young Roland,
And round about he groped awhile;
Until he found the path which led
Unto the bower of Ellenlyle.”

“Stop!” said the publisher; “very pretty indeed, and very original; beats Scott hollow, and Percy too: but, sir, the day for these things is gone by; nobody at present cares for Percy, nor for Scott either, save as a novelist; sorry to discourage merit, sir, but what can I do! What else have you got?”

“The songs of Ab Gwilym, the Welsh bard, also translated by myself, with notes critical, philological, and historical.”

“Pass on—what else?”

“Nothing else,” said I, folding up my manuscript with a sigh, “unless it be a romance in the German style; on which, I confess, I set very little value.”

“Wild?”

“Yes, sir, very wild.”

“Like the Miller of the Black Valley?”

“Yes, sir, very much like the Miller of the Black Valley.”

“Well, that’s better,” said the publisher; “and yet, I don’t know, I question whether any one at present cares for the miller himself. No, sir, the time for those things is also gone by; German, at present, is a drug; and, between ourselves, nobody has contributed to make it so more than my good friend and correspondent;—but, sir, I see you are a young gentleman of infinite merit, and I always wish to encourage merit. Don’t you think you could write a series of evangelical tales?”

“Evangelical tales, sir?”

“Yes, sir, evangelical novels.”

“Something in the style of Herder?”

"Herder is a drug, sir; nobody cares for Herder — thanks to my good friend. Sir, I have in yon drawer a hundred pages about Herder, which I dare not insert in my periodical; it would sink it, sir. No, sir, something in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter.'"

"I never heard of the work till the present moment."

"Then, sir, procure it by all means. Sir, I could afford as much as ten pounds for a well-written tale in the style of the 'Dairyman's Daughter'; that is the kind of literature, sir, that sells at the present day! It is not the Miller of the Black Valley — no, sir, nor Herder either, that will suit the present taste; the evangelical body is becoming very strong, sir; the canting scoundrels ——"

"But, sir, surely you would not pander to a scoundrelly taste?"

"Then, sir, I must give up business altogether. Sir, I have a great respect for the goddess Reason — an infinite respect, sir; indeed, in my time, I have made a great many sacrifices for her; but, sir, I cannot altogether ruin myself for the goddess Reason. Sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as is well known; but I must also be a friend to my own family. It is with the view of providing for a son of mine that I am about to start the Review of which I was speaking. He has taken into his head to marry, sir, and I must do something for him, for he can do but little for himself. Well, sir, I am a friend to Liberty, as I said before, and likewise a friend to Reason; but I tell you frankly that the Review which I intend to get up under the rose, and present him with when it is established, will be conducted on Oxford principles."

"Orthodox principles, I suppose you mean, sir?"

"I do, sir; I am no linguist, but I believe the words are synonymous."

Much more conversation passed between us, and it was agreed that I should become a contributor to the Oxford Review. I stipulated, however, that, as I knew little of politics, and cared less, no other articles should be required from me than such as were connected with belles-lettres and philology; to this the big man readily assented. "Nothing will be required from you," said he, "but what you mention; and now and then, perhaps, a paper on metaphysics. You understand German, and perhaps it would be desirable that you should review Kant; and in a review of Kant, sir, you could introduce

to advantage your peculiar notions about *ex nihilo*." He then reverted to the subject of the "Dairyman's Daughter," which I promised to take into consideration. As I was going away, he invited me to dine with him on the ensuing Sunday.

"That's a strange man!" said I to myself, after I had left the house; "he is evidently very clever; but I cannot say that I like him much, with his Oxford Reviews and Dairyman's Daughters. But what can I do? I am almost without a friend in the world. I wish I could find some one who would publish my ballads, or my songs of Ab Gwilym. In spite of what the big man says, I am convinced that, once published, they would bring me much fame and profit. But how is this?—what a beautiful sun!—the porter was right in saying that the day would clear up—I will now go to my dingy lodging, lock up my manuscripts, and then take a stroll about the big city." . . .

On the Sunday I was punctual to my appointment to dine with the publisher. As I hurried along the square in which his house stood, my thoughts were fixed so intently on the great man that I passed by him without seeing him. He had observed me, however, and joined me just as I was about to knock at the door. "Let us take a turn in the square," said he, "we shall not dine for half an hour."

"Well," said he, as we were walking in the square, "what have you been doing since I last saw you?"

"I have been looking about London," said I, "and I have bought the 'Dairyman's Daughter'; here it is."

"Pray put it up," said the publisher; "I don't want to look at such trash. Well, do you think you could write anything like it?"

"I do not," said I.

"How is that?" said the publisher, looking at me.

"Because," said I, "the man who wrote it seems to be perfectly well acquainted with his subject; and, moreover, to write from the heart."

"By the subject you mean ——"

"Religion."

"And ain't you acquainted with religion?"

"Very little."

"I am sorry for that," said the publisher, seriously, "for he who sets up for an author ought to be acquainted not only with

religion, but religions, and indeed with all subjects, like my good friend in the country. It is well that I have changed my mind about the 'Dairyman's Daughter,' or I really don't know whom I could apply to on the subject at the present moment, unless to himself; and after all I question whether his style is exactly suited for an evangelical novel."

"Then you do not wish for an imitation of the 'Dairyman's Daughter'?"

"I do not, sir; I have changed my mind, as I told you before; I wish to employ you in another line, but will communicate to you my intentions after dinner."

At dinner, beside the publisher and myself, were present his wife and son with his newly married bride; the wife appeared a quiet respectable woman, and the young people looked very happy and good-natured; not so the publisher, who occasionally eyed both with contempt and dislike. Connected with this dinner there was one thing remarkable: the publisher took no animal food, but contented himself with feeding voraciously on rice and vegetables prepared in various ways.

"You eat no animal food, sir?" said I.

"I do not, sir," said he; "I have forsworn it upwards of twenty years. In one respect, sir, I am a Brahmin. I abhor taking away life—the brutes have as much right to live as ourselves."

"But," said I, "if the brutes were not killed, there would be such a superabundance of them that the land would be overrun with them."

"I do not think so, sir; few are killed in India, and yet there is plenty of room."

"But," said I, "Nature intended that they should be destroyed, and the brutes themselves prey upon one another, and it is well for themselves and the world that they do so. What would be the state of things if every insect, bird, and worm were left to perish of old age?"

"We will change the subject," said the publisher; "I have never been a friend of unprofitable discussions."

I looked at the publisher with some surprise; I had not been accustomed to be spoken to so magisterially; his countenance was dressed in a portentous frown, and his eye looked more sinister than ever; at that moment he put me in mind of some of those despots of whom I had read in the history of Morocco, whose word was law. He merely wants power,

thought I to myself, to be a regular Muley Mehemet ; and then I sighed, for I remembered how very much I was in the power of that man.

The dinner over, the publisher nodded to his wife, who departed, followed by her daughter-in-law. The son looked as if he would willingly have attended them ; he, however, remained seated ; and, a small decanter of wine being placed on the table, the publisher filled two glasses, one of which he handed to myself, and the other to his son, saying, "Suppose you two drink to the success of the Review. I would join you," said he, addressing himself to me, "but I drink no wine ; if I am a Brahmin with respect to meat, I am a Mahometan with respect to wine."

So the son and I drank success to the Review, and then the young man asked me various questions ; for example—How I liked London ?—Whether I did not think it a very fine place ?—Whether I was at the play the night before ?—and whether I was in the park that afternoon ? He seemed preparing to ask me some more questions ; but, receiving a furious look from his father, he became silent, filled himself a glass of wine, drank it off, looked at the table for about a minute, then got up, pushed back his chair, made me a bow, and left the room.

"Is that young gentleman, sir," said I, "well versed in the principles of criticism?"

"He is not, sir," said the publisher ; "and, if I place him at the head of the Review ostensibly, I do it merely in the hope of procuring him a maintenance ; of the principle of a thing he knows nothing, except that the principle of bread is wheat, and that the principle of that wine is grape. Will you take another glass?"

I looked at the decanter ; but, not feeling altogether so sure as the publisher's son with respect to the principle of what it contained, I declined taking any more.

"No, sir," said the publisher, adjusting himself in his chair, "he knows nothing about criticism, and will have nothing more to do with the reviews than carrying about the books to those who have to review them ; the real conductor of the Review will be a widely different person, to whom I will, when convenient, introduce you. And now we will talk of the matter which we touched upon before dinner : I told you then that I had changed my mind with respect to you ; I have been con-

sidering the state of the market, sir, the book market, and I have come to the conclusion that, though you might be profitably employed upon evangelical novels, you could earn more money for me, sir, and consequently for yourself, by a compilation of Newgate lives and trials."

"Newgate lives and trials!"

"Yes, sir," said the publisher, "Newgate lives and trials; and now, sir, I will briefly state to you the services which I expect you to perform, and the terms which I am willing to grant. I expect you, sir, to compile six volumes of Newgate lives and trials, each volume to contain by no manner of means less than one thousand pages; the remuneration which you will receive when the work is completed will be fifty pounds, which is likewise intended to cover any expenses you may incur in procuring books, papers, and manuscripts necessary for the compilation. Such will be one of your employments, sir, — such the terms. In the second place, you will be expected to make yourself useful in the Review — generally useful, sir — doing whatever is required of you; for it is not customary, at least with me, to permit writers, especially young writers, to choose their subjects. In these two departments, sir, namely compilation and reviewing, I had yesterday, after due consideration, determined upon employing you. I had intended to employ you no farther, sir — at least for the present; but, sir, this morning I received a letter from my valued friend in the country, in which he speaks in terms of strong admiration (I don't overstate) of your German acquirements. Sir, he says that it would be a thousand pities if your knowledge of the German language should be lost to the world, or even permitted to sleep, and he entreats me to think of some plan by which it may be turned to account. Sir, I am at all times willing, if possible, to oblige my worthy friend, and likewise to encourage merit and talent; I have, therefore, determined to employ you in German."

"Sir," said I, rubbing my hands, "you are very kind, and so is our mutual friend; I shall be happy to make myself useful in German; and if you think a good translation from Goethe — his 'Sorrows' for example, or more particularly his 'Faust' —"

"Sir," said the publisher, "Goethe is a drug; his 'Sorrows' are a drug, so is his 'Faustus,' more especially the last, since that fool — rendered him into English. No, sir, I do not want you to translate Goethe or anything belonging to him;

nor do I want you to translate anything from the German: what I want you to do is to translate into German. I am willing to encourage merit, sir; and as my good friend in his last letter has spoken very highly of your German acquirements, I have determined that you shall translate my book of philosophy into German."

"Your book of philosophy into German, sir?"

"Yes, sir; my book of philosophy into German. I am not a drug, sir, in Germany as Goethe is here, no more is my book. I intend to print the translation at Leipsic, sir; and if it turns out a profitable speculation, as I make no doubt it will, provided the translation be well executed, I will make you some remuneration. Sir, your remuneration will be determined by the success of your translation."

"But, sir——"

"Sir," said the publisher, interrupting me, "you have heard my intentions; I consider that you ought to feel yourself highly gratified by my intentions towards you; it is not frequently that I deal with a writer, especially a young writer, as I have done with you. And now, sir, permit me to inform you that I wish to be alone. This is Sunday afternoon, sir; I never go to church, but I am in the habit of spending part of every Sunday afternoon alone——profitably I hope, sir——in musing on the magnificence of nature and the moral dignity of man."



THE FRIEND OF FRIENDS.

By RICHARD HENGIST HORNE.

Who is the Friend of Friends? — Not one who smiles

While you are prosperous, purse-full, in fair fame;

Flattering, "Come, be my household's altar flame,"

When knowing you can bask on sunny isles:

Not one who sayeth "That brain's a mighty mold,"

With base-coined hints about alloys in gold:

Nor he who frankly tells you all your faults,

But drops all merit into vampire vaults;

No: the true friend stands close 'mid circling storms,

When you are poor — lost — wrestling through a cloud;

With whom your ship rides high in freezing calms,

Its banner, ghostly pale, to him still proud;

Whose heart's blest Arab-spice dead hope embalms,

The same though you sate throned, or waiting for your shroud.

WILD MOTHERHOOD.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

[CHARLES GEORGE DOUGLAS ROBERTS is a member of Canada's most distinguished literary family. Besides himself, two brothers and a sister have done excellent work, both in prose and verse, and Bliss Carman, the poet, is a cousin. C. G. D. Roberts was born at Douglas, New Brunswick, in 1860, but spent his youth in Fredericton where his father was Canon of Christ Church Cathedral. After taking his degree at the University of New Brunswick, the young man was for a short time editor of "The Week," Toronto. Then for several years he was professor in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia. After a short experience as associate editor of "The Illustrated American," he freed himself from all editorial or academic associations and gave his time to writing independently. His stories, "A Sister to Evangeline," "The Forge in the Forest," and "By the Marshes of Minas," are set in the familiar background of the Maritime Provinces with their natural charms and historic picturesqueness. Among his earlier books is a popular History of Canada. His poetry gives evidence of keen observation and love of natural beauties. But he is most widely known through his books about wild life, in which he speaks with the authority of an intimate and sympathetic observer. Some of them are, "Heart of the Ancient Wood," "Kindred of the Wild," "The Watchers of the Trail," "Hoof and Claw," and "Red Fox." Dr. Roberts served with distinction in Europe during the World War. The following story is taken, by permission, from "Kindred of the Wild," copyright, 1902, by L. C. Page & Co., Inc.]

I.

THE deep snow in the moose-yard was trodden down to the moss, and darkly soiled with many days of occupancy. The young spruce and birch trees which lined the trodden paths were cropped of all but their toughest and coarsest branches; and the wall of loftier growth which fenced the yard was stripped of its tenderer twigs to the utmost height of the tall bull's neck. The available provender was all but gone, and the herd was in that restlessness which precedes a move to new pastures.

The herd of moose was a small one—three gaunt, rusty-brown, slouching cows, two ungainly calves of a lighter hue, and one huge, high-shouldered bull, whose sweep of palmated antlers bristled like a forest. Compared with the towering bulk of his forequarters, the massive depth of his rough-maned neck, the weight of the formidable antlers, the length and thickness of his clumsy, hooked muzzle with its prehensile upper lip, his lean and frayed hindquarters looked grotesquely diminutive. Surprised by three days of blinding snowfall, the great bull-moose had been forced to establish the yard for his herd in an unfavour-

able neighbourhood; and now he found himself confronted by the necessity of a long march through snow of such softness and depth as would make swift movement impossible and fetter him in the face of his enemies. In deep snow the moose can neither flee nor fight, at both of which he is adept under fair conditions; and deep snow, as he knew, is the opportunity of the wolf and the hunter. But in this case the herd had no choice. It was simply take the risk or starve.

That same night, when the moon was rising round and white behind the fir-tops, the tall bull breasted and trod down the snowy barriers, and led his herd off northward between the hemlock trunks and the jutting granite boulders. He moved slowly, his immense muzzle stretched straight out before him, the bony array of his antlers laid back level to avoid the hindrance of clinging boughs. Here and there a hollow under the level surface would set him plunging and wallowing for a moment, but in the main his giant strength enabled him to forge his way ahead with a steady majesty of might. Behind him, in dutiful line, came the three cows; and behind these, again, the calves followed at ease in a clear trail, their muzzles not outstretched like that of the leader, but drooping almost to the snow, their high shoulders working awkwardly at every stride. In utter silence, like dark, monstrous spectres, the line of strange shapes moved on; and down the bewildering, ever-rearranging forest corridors the ominous fingers of long moonlight felt curiously after them. When they had journeyed for some hours the herd came out upon a high and somewhat bare plateau, dotted sparsely with clumps of aspen, stunted yellow birch, and spruce. From this table-land the streaming northwest winds had swept the snow almost clean, carrying it off to fill the neighbouring valleys. The big bull, who knew where he was going and had no will to linger on the way, halted only for a few minutes' browsing, and then started forward on a long, swinging trot. At every stride his loose-hung, wide-cleft, spreading hoofs came sharply together with a flat, clacking noise. The rest of the line swept dutifully into place, and the herd was off.

But not all the herd. One of the calves, tempted a little aside by a thicket of special juiciness and savour, took alarm, and thought he was going to be left behind. He sprang forward, a powerful but clumsy stride, careless of his footing. A treacherous screen of snow-crusted scrub gave way, and he slid sprawling to the bottom of a little narrow gully or crevice, a natural pitfall. His mother, looking solicitously backward, saw him

disappear. With a heave of her shoulders, a sweep of her long, hornless head, an anxious flick of her little naked tail, she swung out of the line and trotted swiftly to the rescue.

There was nothing she could do. The crevice was some ten or twelve feet long and five or six in width, with sides almost perpendicular. The calf could just reach its bushy edges with his upstretched muzzle, but he could get no foothold by which to clamber out. On every side he essayed it, falling back with a hoarse bleat from each frightened effort; while the mother, with head down and piteous eyes staring upon him, ran round and round the rim of the trap. At last, when he stopped and stood with palpitating sides and wide nostrils of terror, she, too, halted. Dropping awkwardly upon her knees in the snowy bushes, with loud, blowing breaths, she reached down her head to nose and comfort him with her sensitive muzzle. The calf leaned up as close as possible to her caresses. Under their tenderness the tremblings of his gaunt, pathetic knees presently ceased. And in this position the two remained almost motionless for an hour, under the white, unfriendly moon. The herd had gone on without them.

II.

In the wolf's cave in the great blue and white wall of plaster-rock, miles back beside the rushing of the river, there was famine. The she-wolf, heavy and near her time, lay agonising in the darkest corner of the cave, licking in grim silence the raw stump of her right foreleg. Caught in a steel trap, she had gnawed off her own paw as the price of freedom. She could not hunt; and the hunting was bad that winter in the forests by the blue and white wall. The wapiti deer had migrated to safer ranges, and her gray mate, hunting alone, was hard put to it to keep starvation from the cave.

The gray wolf trotted briskly down the broken face of the plaster-rock, in the full glare of the moon, and stood for a moment to sniff the air that came blowing lightly but keenly over the stiff tops of the forest. The wind was clean. It gave him no tidings of a quarry. Descending hurriedly the last fifty yards of the slope, he plunged into the darkness of the fir woods. Soft as was the snow in those quiet recesses, it was yet sufficiently packed to support him as he trotted, noiseless and alert, on the broad-spreading pads of his paws. Furtive and fierce, he slipped through the shadow like a ghost. Across the open glades he fled more swiftly, a bright and sinister shape, his

head swinging a little from side to side, every sense upon the watch. His direction was pretty steadily to the west of north.

He had traveled long, till the direction of the moon-shadows had taken a different angle to his path, when suddenly there came a scent upon the wind. He stopped, one foot up, arrested in his stride. The gray, cloudy brush of his tail stiffened out. His nostrils, held high to catch every waft of the new scent, dilated; and the edges of his upper lip came down over the white fangs, from which they had been snarlingly withdrawn. His pause was but for a breath or two. Yes, there was no mistaking it. The scent was moose—very far off, but moose, without question. He darted forward at a gallop, but with his muzzle still held high, following that scent up the wind.

Presently he struck the trail of the herd. An instant's scrutiny told his trained sense that there were calves and young cows, one or another of which he might hope to stampee by his cunning. The same instant's scrutiny revealed to him that the herd had passed nearly an hour ahead of him. Up went the gray cloud of his tail and down went his nose; and then he straightened himself to his top speed, compared to which the pace wherewith he had followed the scent up the wind was a mere casual sauntering.

When he emerged upon the open plateau and reached the spot where the herd had scattered to browse, he slackened his pace and went warily, peering from side to side. The cow-moose, lying down in the bushes to fondle her imprisoned young, was hidden from his sight for the moment; and so it chanced that before he discovered her he came between her and the wind. That scent,—it was the taint of death to her. It went through her frame like an electric shock. With a snort of fear and fury she heaved to her feet and stood, wide-eyed and with lowered brow, facing the menace.

The wolf heard that snorting challenge, and saw the awkward bulk of her shoulders as she rose above the scrub. His jaws wrinkled back tightly, baring the full length of his keen white fangs, and a greenish phosphorescent film seemed to pass suddenly across his narrowed eyeballs. But he did not spring at once to the attack. He was surprised. Moreover, he inferred the calf, from the presence of the cow apart from the rest of the herd. And a full-grown cow-moose, with the mother fury in her heart, he knew to be a dangerous adversary. Though she was hornless, he knew the force of her battering front, the swift, sharp stroke of her hoof, the dauntless intrepidity of her cour-

age. Further, though his own courage and the avid urge of his hunger might have led him under other circumstances to attack forthwith, to-night he knew that he must take no chances. The cave in the blue and white rocks was depending on his success. His mate, wounded and heavy with young—if he let himself get disabled in this hunting she must perish miserably. With prudent tactics, therefore, he circled at a safe distance around the hidden pit; and around its rim circled the wary mother, presenting to him ceaselessly the defiance of her huge and sullen front. By this means he easily concluded that the calf was a prisoner in the pit. This being the case, he knew that with patience and his experienced craft the game was safely his. He drew off some half-dozen paces, and sat upon his haunches contemplatively to weigh the situation. Everything had turned out most fortunately for his hunting, and food would no longer be scarce in the cave of the painted rocks.

III.

That same night, in a cabin of unutterable loneliness some miles to the west of the trail from the moose-yard, a sallow-faced, lean backwoodsman was awakened by the moonlight streaming into his face through the small square window. He glanced at the embers on the open hearth, and knew that for the white maple logs to have so burned down he must have been sleeping a good six hours. And he had turned in soon after the early winter sunset. Rising on his elbow, he threw down the gaudy patchwork quilt of red, yellow, blue, and mottled squares, which draped the bunk in its corner against the rough log walls. He looked long at the thin face of his wife, whose pale brown hair lay over the bare arm crooked beneath her cheek. Her lips looked pathetically white in the decolourising rays which streamed through the window. His mouth, stubbled with a week's growth of dark beard, twitched curiously as he looked. Then he got up, very noiselessly. Stepping across the bare, hard room, whose austerity the moon made more austere, he gazed into a trundle-bed where a yellow-haired, round-faced boy slept, with the chubby sprawling legs and arms of perfect security. The lad's face looked pale to his troubled eyes.

"It's fresh meat they want, the both of 'em," he muttered to himself. "They can't live and thrive on pork an' molasses, nohow!"

His big fingers, clumsily gentle, played for a moment with the child's yellow curls. Then he pulled a thick, gray homespun

hunting-shirt over his head, hitched his heavy trousers up under his belt, clothed his feet in three pairs of home-knit socks and heavy cowhide moccasins, took down his rifle, cartridge-pouch, and snowshoes from their nails on the moss-chinked wall, cast one tender look on the sleepers' faces, and slipped out of the cabin door as silently as a shadow.

"I'll have fresh meat for them before next sundown," he vowed to himself.

Outside, amid the chips of his chopping, with a rough well-sweep on one hand and a rougher barn on the other, he knelt to put on his snowshoes. The cabin stood, a desolate, silver-gray dot in the waste of snow, naked to the steely skies of winter. With the curious improvidence of the backwoodsman, he had cut down every tree in the neighbourhood of the cabin, and the thick woods which might so well have sheltered him stood acres distant on every side. When he had settled the thongs of his snowshoes over his moccasins quite to his satisfaction, he straightened himself with a deep breath, pulled his cap well down over his ears, slung his rifle over his shoulder, and started out with the white moon in his face.

In the ancient forest, among the silent wilderness folk, things happen with the slow inexorableness of time. For days, for weeks, nothing may befall. Hour may tread noiselessly on hour, apparently working no change; yet all the time the forces are assembling, and at last doom strikes. The violence is swift, and soon done. And then the great, still world looks inscrutable, unhurried, changeless as before.

So, after long tranquillity, the forces of fate were assembling about that high plateau in the wilderness. The backwoodsman could no longer endure to see the woman and boy pining for the tonic, vitalising juices of fresh meat. He was not a professional hunter. Absorbed in the clearing and securing of a farm in the free forest, he cared not to kill for the killing's sake. For his own part, he was well content with his salt pork, beans and molasses, and corn-meal mush; but when occasion called, he could handle a rifle as backwoodsmen should. On this night, he was all hunter, and his quiet, wide-open eye, alert for every woodland sign, had a fire in it that would have looked strange to the wife and child.

His long strides carried him swiftly through the glimmering glades. Journeying to the north of east, as the gray wolf had to the north of west, he too, before long, struck the trail of the moose, but at a point far beyond that at which the wolf had

come upon it. So trampled and confused a trail it was, however, that for a time he took no note of the light wolf track among the heavy footprints of the moose. Suddenly it caught his eye—one print on a smooth spread of snow, emphasised in a pour of unobstructed radiance. He stopped, scrutinised the trail minutely to assure himself he had but a single wolf to deal with, then resumed his march with new zest and springier pace. Hunting was not without its relish for him when it admitted some savour of the combat.

The cabin stood in the valley lands just back of the high plateau, and so it chanced that the backwoodsman had not far to travel that night. When the trail broke into the open, he stopped, and reconnoitred cautiously through a screen of hemlock boughs. He saw the big gray wolf sitting straight up on his haunches, his tongue hanging out, contemplating securely his intended prey. He saw the dark shape of the cow-moose, obstinately confronting her foe, her hindquarters backed close up to the edge of the gully. He caught the fierce and anxious gleam of her eyes, as she rolled them backward for an instant's reassuring glance at her young one. And, though he could not see the calf in its prisoning pit, he understood the whole situation.

Well, there was a bounty on wolf-snouts, and this fellow's pelt was worth considering. As for the moose, he knew that not a broadside of cannon would scare her away from that hole in the rocks so long as the calf was in it. He took careful aim from his covert. At the report the wolf shot into the air, straightened out, and fell upon the snow, kicking dumbly, a bullet through his neck. As the light faded from his fierce eyes, with it faded out a vision of the cave in the painted rocks. In half a minute he lay still; and the cow-moose, startled by his convulsive leaps more than by the rifle-shot, blew and snorted, eyeing him with new suspicion. Her spacious flank was toward the hunter. He, with cool but hasty fingers, slipped a fresh cartridge into the breech, and aimed with care at a spot low down behind the fore-shoulder.

Again rang out the thin, vicious report, slapping the great silences in the face. The woodsman's aim was true. With a cough the moose fell forward on her knees. Then, with a mighty, shuddering effort, she got up, turned about, and fell again with her head over the edge of the crevice. Her awkward muzzle touched and twitched against the neck of the frightened calf, and with a heavy sigh she lay still.

The settler stepped out from his hiding-place, and ex-

amined with deep satisfaction the results of his night's hunting. Already he saw the colour coming back into the pale cheeks of the woman and the child. The wolf's pelt and snout, too, he thought to himself, would get them both some little things they'd like, from the cross-roads store, next time he went in for corn-meal. Then, there was the calf—no meat like moose-veal, after all. He drew his knife from its sheath. But, no; he hated butchering. He slipped the knife back, reloaded his rifle, stepped to the side of the pit, and stood looking down at the baby captive, where it leaned nosing in piteous bewilderment at the head of its dead mother.

Again the woodsman changed his mind. He bit off a chew of black tobacco, and for some moments stood deliberating, stubbly chin in hand. "I'll save him for the boy to play with and bring up," he at last decided.



POEMS OF CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

[For biographical sketch, see page 210. Selections made by permission from "Poems," by Charles G. D. Roberts, copyright, 1903, by L. C. Page Co., Inc.]

CANADA.

O CHILD of Nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame,—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? Seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the Maple Wreath;

Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O Falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm!
Quebec, thy storied citadel
Attests in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell!

O Thou that bor'st the battle's brunt
At Queenston, and at Lundy's Lane,—
On whose scant ranks but iron front
The battle broke in vain!—

Whose was the danger, whose the day,
From whose triumphant throats the cheers,
At Chrysler's Farm, at Chateauguay,
Storming like clarion-bursts our ears?

On soft Pacific slopes,—beside
Strange floods that northward rave and fall,—
Where chafes Acadia's chainless tide—
Thy sons await thy call.

They wait; but some in exile, some
With strangers housed, in stranger lands,—
And some Canadian lips are dumb
Beneath Egyptian sands.

O mystic Nile! Thy secret yields
Before us; thy most ancient dreams
Are mixed with far Canadian fields
And murmur of Canadian streams.

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

THE FIRST PLOUGHING.

CALLS the crow from the pine-tree top
When the April air is still.
He calls to the farmer hitching his team
In the farmyard under the hill.
"Come up," he cries, "come out and come up,
For the high field's ripe to till.
Don't wait for word from the dandelion
Or leave from the daffodil."

Cheeps the flycatcher—"Here old earth
Warms up in the April sun;
And the first ephemera, wings yet wet,
From the mould creep one by one.
Under the fence where the flies frequent
Is the earliest gossamer spun.
Come up from the damp of the valley lands,
For here the winter's done."

Whistles the high-hole out of the grove
His summoning loud and clear:
"Chilly it may be down your way
But the high south field has cheer.
On the sunward side of the chestnut stump
The woodgrubs wake and appear.
Come out to your ploughing, come up to your ploughing,
The time for ploughing is here."

Then dips the coulter and drives the share,
And the furrows faintly steam.
The crow drifts furtively down from the pine
To follow the clanking team.
The flycatcher tumbles, the high-hole darts
In the young noon's yellow gleam;
And wholesome sweet the smell of the sod
Upturned from its winter's dream.

POEMS BY BLISS CARMAN.

[(WILLIAM) BLISS CARMAN, perhaps Canada's most famous poet, was born at Fredericton, New Brunswick, in 1861, of United Empire Loyalist stock, and was educated at the Universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh and Harvard. After some hesitation in choosing a profession, in 1892, he devoted himself to literature, dividing his time between Canada and the United States. He published several volumes of verse in collaboration with Richard Hovey, and has several more to his individual credit, as well as four volumes of critical essays. In the melody of his verse he has few equals among modern poets. These selections are made by permission from "April Airs," copyright, 1916, by Small, Maynard and Company, Inc.]

GARDEN SHADOWS.

WHEN the dawn winds whisper
To the standing corn,
And the rose of morning
From the dark is born,
All my shadowy garden
Seems to grow aware
Of a fragrant presence,
Half expected there.

In the golden shimmer
Of the burning noon,
When the birds are silent
And the poppies swoon,
Once more I behold her
Smile and turn her face,
With its infinite regard,
Its immortal grace.

When the twilight silvers
Every nodding flower,
And the new moon hallows
The first evening hour,
Is it not her footfall
Down the Garden walks,
Where the drowsy blossoms
Slumber on their stalks?

In the starry quiet,
When the soul is free,
And a vernal message
Stirs the lilac tree,
Surely I have felt her
Pass and brush my cheek,
With the eloquence of love
That does not need to speak!

A MOUNTAIN GATEWAY.

I KNOW a vale where I would go one day,
When June comes back and all the world once more
Is glad with summer. Deep in shade it lies
A mighty cleft between the bosoming hills,
A cool dim gateway to the mountains' heart.

On either side the wooded slopes come down,
Hemlock and beech and chestnut. Here and there
Through the deep forest laurel spreads and gleams,
Pink-white as Daphne in her loveliness.
Among the sunlit shadows I can see
That still perfection from the world withdrawn,
As if the wood-gods had arrested there
Immortal beauty in her breathless flight.

The road winds in from the broad river-lands,
Luring the happy traveller turn by turn
Up to the lofty mountains of the sky.
And as he marches with uplifted face,
Far overhead against the arching blue
Gray ledges overhang from dizzy heights,
Scarred by a thousand winters and untamed.

And where the road runs in the valley's foot,
Through the dark woods a mountain stream comes down,
Singing and dancing all its youth away
Among the boulders and the shallow runs,
Where sunbeams pierce and mossy tree trunks hang
Drenched all day long with murmuring sound and spray.

There light of heart and footfree, I would go
Up to my home among the lasting hills.
Nearing the day's end, I would leave the road,
Turn to the left and take the steeper trail
That climbs among the hemlocks, and at last
In my own cabin doorway sit me down,
Companioned in that leafy solitude
By the wood ghosts of twilight and of peace,
While evening passes to absolve the day
And leave the tranquil mountains to the stars.

And in that sweet seclusion I should hear,
Among the cool-leafed beeches in the dusk,
The calm-voiced thrushes at their twilight hymn.
So undistraught, so rapturous, so pure,
They well might be, in wisdom and in joy,
The seraphs singing at the birth of time
The unworn ritual of eternal things.

HOW TOM SAWYER WHITEWASHED THE FENCE.

BY MARK TWAIN.

[SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (1835-1910), American novelist and humorist, better known as "Mark Twain," was born in Florida, Mo., received a common school education, and became first a journeyman printer, and later a pilot on the Mississippi River. His pseudonym comes from the call of the leadsmen announcing the depth of the river in fathoms. He drifted to the Far West and there among the rough surroundings of the frontier mining camps found his first literary inspiration. His first book, called, from the name of the first story, "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," showed his peculiar talent. This was followed by "Innocents Abroad," an account of a trip abroad made up from letters written to a newspaper. Removing to Buffalo, New York, he edited a newspaper, for a time, after which he removed to Hartford and devoted himself to authorship, producing many books, as "Roughing It," reminiscences of his Western life, "The Gilded Age," a satire on the period, and best known of all, "Tom Sawyer," a study of the irresponsible American boy which has never been surpassed. This was followed later by a companion volume, "Huckleberry Finn." Other books followed in rapid succession, of which, perhaps, "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc" represents the highest craftsmanship, though some critics rank his Mississippi stories first. While "Mark Twain's" fame was gained principally as a humorist, he was much more. In reality he was a serious thinker on many subjects and was a master of both pathos and mordant satire. No other American writer has gained such world-wide popularity. His works were collected in twenty-five volumes in 1910. This extract from "Tom Sawyer" is published with the express permission of the Estate of Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain Company and Harper & Brothers, publishers.]

SATURDAY morning was come, and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face and a spring in every step. The locust-trees were in bloom and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air. Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the sidewalk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and all gladness left him and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of board fence nine feet high. Life to him seemed hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing, he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank; repeated the operation; did it again; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing *Buffalo Gals*. Bringing

water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes, before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. And he remembered that although the pump was only a hundred and fifty yards off, Jim never got back with a bucket of water under an hour—and even then somebody generally had to go after him.

But Tom's energy did not last. He began to think of the fun he had planned for this day, and his sorrows multiplied. Soon the free boys would come tripping along on all sorts of delicious expeditions, and they would make a world of fun of him for having to work—the very thought of it burnt him like fire. He got out his worldly wealth and examined it—bits of toys, marbles, and trash—enough to buy an exchange of *work*, maybe, but not half enough to buy so much as half an hour of pure freedom. So he returned his straitened means to his pocket, and gave up the idea of trying to buy the boys. At this dark and hopeless moment an inspiration burst upon him! Nothing less than a great, magnificent inspiration.

He took up his brush and went tranquilly to work. Ben Rogers hove in sight presently—the very boy, of all boys, whose ridicule he had been dreading. Ben's gait was the hop-skip-and-jump—proof enough that his heart was light and his anticipations high. He was eating an apple, and giving a long, melodious whoop, at intervals, followed by a deep-toned ding-dong-dong, ding-dong-dong, for he was personating a steamboat. As he drew near, he slackened speed, took the middle of the street, leaned far over to starboard and rounded to ponderously and with laborious pomp and circumstance—for he was personating the *Big Missouri*, and considered himself to be drawing nine feet of water. He was boat and captain and engine-bells combined, so he had to imagine himself standing on his own hurricane-deck giving the orders and executing them.

Tom went on whitewashing—paid no attention to the steamboat. Ben stared a moment and then said:

“Hi-yi! You're up a stump, ain't you!”

No answer. Tom surveyed his last touch with the eye of an artist, then he gave his brush another gentle sweep and surveyed the result, as before. Ben ranged up alongside of him. Tom's

mouth watered for the apple, but he stuck to his work. Ben said:

"Hello, old chap, you got to work, hey?"

Tom wheeled suddenly and said:

"Why, it's you, Ben! I warn't noticing."

"Say—I'm going in a-swimming, I am. Don't you wish you could? But of course you'd druther *work*—wouldn't you? Course you would!"

Tom contemplated the boy a bit, and said:

"What do you call work?"

"Why, ain't *that* work?"

Tom resumed his whitewashing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you like it?"

The brush continued to move.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to whitewash a fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new light. Ben stopped nibbling his apple. Tom swept his brush daintily back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a touch here and there—criticised the effect again—Ben watching every move and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let *me* whitewash a little."

Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind.

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the street, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and *she* wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can do it the way it's got to be done."

"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let *you*, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my apple."

"Well, here—No, Ben, now don't. I'm afeard—"

"I'll give you *all* of it!"

Tom gave up the brush with reluctance in his face, but alacrity in his heart. And while the late steamer *Big Missouri* worked and sweated in the sun, the retired artist sat on a barrel in the shade close by, dangled his legs, munched his apple, and planned the slaughter of more innocents. There was no lack of material; boys happened along every little while; they came to jeer, but remained to whitewash. By the time Ben was fagged out, Tom had traded the next chance to Billy Fisher for a kite, in good repair; and when *he* played out, Johnny Miller bought in for a dead rat and a string to swing it with—and so on, and so on, hour after hour. And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Tom was literally rolling in wealth. He had besides the things before mentioned, twelve marbles, part of a jew's-harp, a piece of blue bottle-glass to look through, a spool cannon, a key that wouldn't unlock anything, a fragment of chalk, a glass stopper of a decanter, a tin soldier, a couple of tadpoles, six fire-crackers, a kitten with only one eye, a brass door-knob, a dog-collar—but no dog—the handle of a knife, four pieces of orange-peel, and a dilapidated old window sash.

He had had a nice, good, idle time all the while—plenty of company—and the fence had three coats of whitewash on it! If he hadn't run out of whitewash he would have bankrupted every boy in the village.

POEMS OF WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

[WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND (1854-1907) was born in Ireland, but spent the greater part of his life in Canada, where he became a physician. Through professional experience and fondness for sport he became thoroughly acquainted with the various racial elements of the Province of Quebec. His fame rests on his poems of the habitants, as the French-Canadian farmers and woodsmen are called, whom he viewed with tender sympathy. While they speak French among themselves, many know more or less English, which they pronounce according to rules of their own and often interlard with French words. Dr. Drummond's complete poems, with an introduction by Louis Fréchette, were published in 1912. These two poems are taken by special permission from "The Habitant," copyright, 1897, by G. P. Putnam's Sons.]

OLE TAM ON BORD-A PLOUFFE.

I LAK on summer ev'ning, we'en nice cool win' is blowin'
An' up above ma head, I hear de pigeon on de roof,

To bring ma chair an' sit dere, an' watch de current flowin'
Of ole Rivière des Prairies as she pass de Bord-a Plouffe.

But it seem dead place for sure now, on shore down by de lan'in'—
No more de voyageurs is sing lak dey was sing alway—
De tree dey're commence growin' w'ere shaintee once is stan'in',
An' no one scare de swallow w'en she fly across de bay.

I don't lak see de reever she's never doin' not'in'
But passin' empty ev'ry day on Bout de l'île below—
Ma old shaloup dat's lyin' wit' all its timber rottin'
An' tam so change on Bord-a Plouffe since forty year ago!

De ice dat freeze on winter, might jus' as well be stay dere,
For w'en de spring she's comin' de only t'ing I see
Is two, t'ree piquique feller, hees girl was row away dere,
Don't got no use for water now, on Rivière des Prairies.

'Twas diff'rent on den summer you couldn't see de reever,
Wit' saw-log an' squar' timber raf', mos' all de season t'roo—
Two honder man an' more too—all busy lak de beaver,
An' me! I'm wan de pilot for ronne 'em down de "Soo."

Don't 'member lak I use to, for now I'm gettin' ole, me—
But still I can't forget Bill Wade, an' Guillaume Lagassé,
Joe Monferrand, Bazile Montour—wit' plaintee I can't tole, me,
An' king of all de Bord-a Plouffe, M'sieu' Venance Lemay.

Lak small boy on hees lesson, I learn de way to han'le
Mos' beeges' raf' is never float upon de Ottawaw,
Ma fader show me dat too, for well he know de channel,
From Dutchman Rapide up above to Bout de l'île en bas.

He's smart man too, ma fader, only t'ing he got de bow-leg
Ridin' log w'en leetle feller, mebbe dat's de reason w'y,
All de sam', if he's in hurry, den Bagosh! he's got heem no leg
But wing an' fedder lak oiseau, was fly upon de sky!

O dat was tam w're happy, an' man dey're always singin',
For if it's hard work on de raf', w'y dere's your monee sure!
An' ev'ry summer evenin', ole Bord-a Plouffe she's ringin'
Wit' "En Roulant ma Boulè" an' "J'aimerai toujours."

Dere dey're comin' on de wagon! fine young feller ev'ry wan too,
Dress im up de ole tam fashion, dat I lak for see encore,
Yellin' hooraw! t'roo de village, all de horse upon de ronne too,
Ah poor Bord-a Plouffe! she never have dem tam again no more!

Very offen w'en I'm sleepin', I was feel as if I'm goin'
 Down de ole Rivière des Prairies on de raf' de sam as den—
 An' ma dream is only lef' me, w'en de rooster commence crowin'
 But it can't do me no harm, 'cos it mak me young again.

An' upon de morning early, w'en de reever fog is clearin'
 An' sun is makin' up hees min' for drive away de dew,
 W'en young bird want hees breakfas', I wak' an' t'ink I'm hearin'
 Somebody shout "Hooraw, Bateese, de raf' she's wait for you."

Dat's voice of Guillaume Lagassé was call me on de morning
 Jus' outside on de winder w'ere you look across de bay,
 But he's drown upon de Longue "Soo," wit' never word of warning
 An' green grass cover over poor Guillaume Lagassé.

I s'pose dat's meanin' somet'ing—mebbe I'm not long for stay here,
 Seein' all dem strange t'ings happen—dead frien' comin' roun'
 me so—

But I'm sure I die more happy, if I got jus' wan more day here,
 Lak we have upon de ole tam Bord-a Plouffe of long ago!

DE BELL OF ST. MICHEL.

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell of Saint Michel,
 For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat very well.
 No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out de soun',
 It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool summer breeze
 Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play among de trees.
 Dey're makin' hay, I know misc'f, can smell de pleasant smell.
 O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint Michel!

It's fonna t'ing for me, I'm sure, dat's travel ev'ryw'ere,
 How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin' dere;
 I can't s'plain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's naturel,
 But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'
 De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'-piper's nes'
 An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg trout,
 Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonder if she still
 Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder side de hill,
 But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway hangin's roun'
 Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding dong, it's back, encore again
 An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la claire fontaine,"
 I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter I can tell,
 For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint Michel.

It's very strange about dat bell go ding dong all de w'ile,
 For when I'm small garcon at school, can't hear it half a mile;
 But seems more farder I get off from Church of Saint Michel,
 De more I see de ole village an' louder soun' de bell.

O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel roun'
 Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg Yankee town.
 I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint Michel,
 An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat bell.

IN APRIL.

BY EMANUEL GEIBEL.

[1815-1884.]

O HUMID eve of April,
 How dear to me you are;
 The sky is all cloud-curtained,
 With here and there a star.

Like breath of love so balmy
 The air blows warm and wet;
 From out the valley rises
 Faint scent of violet.

I fain a song would utter
 That like this eve shall be;
 And cannot find so dreamy,
 So soft a melody.

SONG.

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

[For biographical sketch, see XII, 235; XXIV, 400.]

OH! that we two were Maying
 Down the stream of the soft spring breeze;
 Like children with violets playing
 In the shade of the whispering trees.

Oh! that we two sat dreaming
 On the sward of some sheep-trimm'd down,
 Watching the white mist steaming
 Over river and mead and town.

Oh! that we two lay sleeping
 In our nest in the churchyard sod,
 With our limbs at rest on the quiet earth's breast,
 And our souls at home with God.

A PARABLE.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL: An American poet, critic, and scholar; born in Cambridge, Mass., February 22, 1819; died there August 12, 1891. He graduated at Harvard (1838), and was admitted to the bar (1841), but soon abandoned the legal profession for literature. In 1855 he succeeded Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard; was editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1862), and of the *North American Review* (1863-1872) with C. E. Norton; United States minister to Spain (1877-1880), and to Great Britain (1880-1885). His chief poetical works are: "A Year's Life" (1841), "The Vision of Sir Launfal," "The Biglow Papers," "Commemoration Ode," "Under the Willows," "The Cathedral," "Heartsease and Rue." In prose he published: "Conversations on Some of the Old Poets," "Fireside Travels," "Among my Books," "My Study Windows," "Democracy," and "Political Essays."]

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
 When he gained the holy hill;
 "God has left the earth," he murmured,
 "Here his presence lingers still.

"God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more?
Have I not as truly served thee,
As thy chosen ones of yore?

"Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo! a humble heart is mine;
By thy mercy I beseech thee,
Grant thy servant but a sign!"

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer;
No loud burst of thunder followed,
Not a murmur stirred the air:—

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

"God! I thank thee," said the Prophet:
"Hard of heart and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

"Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in eld sublime;
Humbleness, and love, and patience,
Still give empire over time.

"Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me
And set free my spirit's wings.

"But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o'er men should give me sway,
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

"Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart;—

"In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me."



THE LAMPLIGHTER.

By MARIA S. CUMMINS.

[MARIA SUSANNA CUMMINS: An American novelist; born at Salem, Mass., April 9, 1827; died at Dorchester, Mass., October 1, 1866. She is chiefly remembered as the author of the once popular novel "The Lamplighter" (1853), of which seventy thousand copies were sold in the first year of publication. Later works are "Mabel Vaughan" and "Haunted Hearts."]

I.

It was growing dark in the city. Out in the open country it would be light for half an hour or more; but within the close streets where my story leads me it was already dusk. Upon the wooden doorstep of a low-roofed, dark, and unwholesome-looking house, sat a little girl, who was gazing up the street with much earnestness. The house door, which was open behind her, was close to the sidewalk; and the step on which she sat was so low that her little unshod feet rested on the cold bricks. It was a chilly evening in November, and a light fall of snow, which had made everything look bright and clean in the pleasant open squares, near which the fine houses of the city were built, had only served to render the narrow streets and dark lanes dirtier and more cheerless than ever; for, mixed with the mud and filth which abound in those neighborhoods where the poor are crowded together, the beautiful snow had lost all its purity.

A great many people were passing to and fro, bent on their various errands of duty or of pleasure; but no one noticed the little girl, for there was no one in the world who cared for her. She was scantily clad, in garments of the poorest description. Her hair was long and very thick; uncombed and unbecoming, if anything could be said to be unbecoming to a set of features which, to a casual observer, had not a single attraction,—being thin and sharp, while her complexion was sallow, and her whole appearance unhealthy.

She had, to be sure, fine dark eyes ; but so unnaturally large did they seem, in contrast to her thin puny face, that they only increased the peculiarity of it, without enhancing its beauty. Had any one felt any interest in her (which nobody did), had she had a mother (which, alas ! she had not), those friendly and partial eyes would perhaps have found something in her to praise. As it was, however, the poor little thing was told, a dozen times a day, that she was the worst-looking child in the world : and, what was more, the worst-behaved. No one loved her, and she loved no one ; no one treated her kindly ; no one tried to make her happy, or cared whether she were so. She was but eight years old, and all alone in the world.

There was one thing, and one only, which she found pleasure in. She loved to watch for the coming of the old man who lit the street lamp in front of the house where she lived ; to see the bright torch he carried flicker in the wind ; and then, when he ran up his ladder, lit the lamp so quickly and easily, and made the whole place seem cheerful, one gleam of joy was shed on a little desolate heart, to which gladness was a stranger ; and, though he had never seemed to see, and certainly had never spoken to her, she almost felt, as she watched for the old lamplighter, as if he were a friend.

"Gerty," exclaimed a harsh voice within, "have you been for the milk ?"

The child made no answer, but, gliding off the doorstep, ran quickly round the corner of the house and hid a little out of sight.

"What's become of that child?" said the woman from whom the voice proceeded, and who now showed herself at the door.

A boy who was passing, and had seen Gerty run,—a boy who had caught the tone of the whole neighborhood, and looked upon her as a sort of imp, or spirit of evil,—laughed aloud, pointed to the corner which concealed her, and, walking off with his head over his shoulder, to see what would happen next, exclaimed to himself, as he went, "She'll catch it ! Nan Grant'll fix her !"

In a moment more, Gerty was dragged from her hiding place, and, with one blow for her ugliness and another for her impudence (for she was making up faces at Nan Grant with all her might), she was dispatched down a neighboring alley with a kettle for the milk.

She ran fast, for she feared the lamplighter would come and go in her absence, and was rejoiced, on her return, to catch sight of him, as she drew near the house, just going up his ladder. She stationed herself at the foot of it, and was so engaged in watching the bright flame, that she did not observe when the man began to descend; and, as she was directly in his way, he hit against her, as he sprang to the ground, and she fell upon the pavement. "Hello, my little one!" exclaimed he, "how's this?" as he stopped to lift her up.

She was upon her feet in an instant; for she was used to hard knocks, and did not much mind a few bruises. But the milk! — it was all spilt.

"Well! now, I declare!" said the man, "that's too bad! — what'll mammy say?" and, for the first time looking full in Gerty's face, he interrupted himself with, "My! what an odd-faced child! — looks like a witch!" Then, seeing that she looked apprehensively at the spilt milk, and gave a sudden glance up at the house, he added kindly, "She won't be hard on such a mite of a thing as you are, will she? Cheer up, my ducky! never mind if she does scold you a little. I'll bring you something, to-morrow, that I think you'll like, maybe; you're such a lonesome sort of a looking thing. And, mind, if the old woman makes a row, tell her I did it. — But didn't I hurt you? What was you doing with my ladder?"

"I was seeing you light the lamp," said Gerty, "and I an't hurt a bit; but I wish I hadn't spilt the milk."

At this moment Nan Grant came to the door, saw what had happened, and commenced pulling the child into the house, amid blows, threats, and profane and brutal language. The lamplighter tried to appease her; but she shut the door in his face. Gerty was scolded, beaten, deprived of the crust which she usually got for her supper, and shut up in her dark attic for the night. Poor little child! Her mother had died in Nan Grant's house five years before; and she had been tolerated there since, not so much because when Ben Grant went to sea he bade his wife be sure and keep the child until his return (for he had been gone so long that no one thought he would ever come back), but because Nan had reasons of her own for doing so; and, though she considered Gerty a dead weight upon her hands, she did not care to excite inquiries by trying to dispose of her elsewhere.

When Gerty first found herself locked up for the night in

the dark garret (Gerty hated and feared the dark), she stood for a minute perfectly still; then suddenly began to stamp and scream, tried to beat open the door, and shouted, "I hate you, Nan Grant! Old Nan Grant, I hate you!" But nobody came near her; and, after a while, she grew more quiet, went and threw herself down on her miserable bed, covered her face with her little thin hands, and sobbed and cried as if her heart would break. She wept until she was utterly exhausted; and then gradually, with only now and then a low sob and catching of the breath, she grew quite still. By and by she took away her hands from her face, clasped them together in a convulsive manner, and looked up at a little glazed window by the side of the bed. It was but three panes of glass unevenly stuck together, and was the only chance of light the room had. There was no moon; but, as Gerty looked up, she saw through the window shining down upon her *one* bright star. She thought she had never seen anything half so beautiful. She had often been out of doors when the sky was full of stars, and had not noticed them much; but this one, all alone, so large, so bright, and yet so soft and pleasant-looking, seemed to speak to her; it seemed to say, "Gerty! Gerty! *poor* little Gerty!" She thought it seemed like a kind face, such as she had a long time ago seen or dreamt about. Suddenly it flashed through her mind, "Who lit it? Somebody lit it! Some good person, I know! O! how could he get up so high!" And Gerty fell asleep, wondering who lit the star.

Poor little, untaught, benighted soul! Who shall enlighten thee? Thou art God's child, little one! Christ died for thee. Will he not send man or angel to light up the darkness within, to kindle a light that shall never go out, the light that shall shine through all eternity!

II.

Gerty awoke the next morning, not as children wake who are roused by each other's merry voices, or by a parent's kiss, who have kind hands to help them dress, and know that a nice breakfast awaits them. But she heard harsh voices below; knew, from the sound, that the men who lived at Nan Grant's (her son and two or three boarders) had come in to breakfast, and that her only chance of obtaining any share of the meal was to be on the spot when they had finished, to take that por-

tion of what remained which Nan might chance to throw or shove towards her. So she crept downstairs, waited a little out of sight until she smelt the smoke of the men's pipes as they passed through the passage, and, when they had all gone noisily out, she slid into the room, looking about her with a glance made up of fear and defiance. She met but a rough greeting from Nan, who told her she had better drop that ugly, sour look; eat some breakfast, if she wanted it, but take care and keep out of her way, and not come near the fire, plaguing round where she was at work, or she'd get another dressing, worse than she had last night.

Gerty had not looked for any other treatment, so there was no disappointment to bear; but, glad enough of the miserable food left for her on the table, swallowed it eagerly, and, waiting no second bidding to keep herself out of the way, took her little old hood, threw on a ragged shawl, which had belonged to her mother, and which had long been the child's best protection from the cold, and, though her hands and feet were chilled by the sharp air of the morning, ran out of the house.

Back of the building where Nan Grant lived, was a large wood and coal yard; and beyond that a wharf, and the thick muddy water of a dock. Gerty might have found playmates enough in the neighborhood of this place. She sometimes did mingle with the troops of boys and girls, equally ragged with herself, who played about in the yard; but not often, — there was a league against her among the children of the place. Poor, ragged, and miserably cared for, as most of them were, they all knew that Gerty was still more neglected and abused. They had often seen her beaten, and daily heard her called an ugly, wicked child, told that she belonged to nobody, and had no business in any one's house. Children as they were, they felt their advantage, and scorned the little outcast. Perhaps this would not have been the case if Gerty had ever mingled freely with them, and tried to be on friendly terms. But, while her mother lived there with her, though it was but a short time, she did her best to keep her little girl away from the rude herd. Perhaps that habit of avoidance, but still more a something in the child's nature, kept her from joining in their rough sports, after her mother's death had left her to do as she liked. As it was, she seldom had any intercourse with them. Nor did they venture to abuse her, otherwise than in words; for, singly, they dared not cope with her; — spirited,

sudden, and violent, she had made herself feared, as well as disliked. Once a band of them had united in a plan to tease and vex her ; but, Nan Grant coming up at the moment when one of the girls was throwing the shoes, which she had pulled from Gerty's feet, into the dock, had given the girl a sound whipping, and put them all to flight. Gerty had not had a pair of shoes since ; but Nan Grant, for once, had done her good service, and the children now left her in peace.

It was a sunshiny, though a cold day, when Gerty ran away from the house, to seek shelter in the wood yard. There was an immense pile of timber in one corner of the yard, almost out of sight of any of the houses. Of different lengths and unevenly placed, the planks formed, on one side, a series of irregular steps, by means of which it was easy to climb up. Near the top was a little sheltered recess, overhung by some long planks, and forming a miniature shed, protected by the wood on all sides but one, and from that looking out upon the water.

This was Gerty's haven of rest, her sanctum, and the only place from which she was never driven away. Here, through the long summer days, the little, lonesome child sat, brooding over her griefs, her wrongs, and her ugliness, sometimes weeping for hours. Now and then, when the course of her life had been smooth for a few days (that is, when she had been so fortunate as to offend no one, and had escaped whipping, or being shut up in the dark), she would get a little more cheerful, and enjoy watching the sailors belonging to a schooner hard by, as they labored on board their vessel, or occasionally rowed to and fro in a little boat. The warm sunshine was so pleasant, and the men's voices at their work so lively, that the poor little thing would for a time forget her woes.

But summer had gone ; the schooner, and the sailors, who had been such pleasant company, had gone too. The weather was now cold, and for a few days it had been so stormy that Gerty had been obliged to stay in the house. Now, however, she made the best of her way to her little hiding place ; and, to her joy, the sunshine had reached the spot before her, dried up the boards, so that they felt warm to her bare feet, and was still shining so bright and pleasant, that Gerty forgot Nan Grant, forgot how cold she had been, and how much she dreaded the long winter. Her thoughts rambled about some time, but at last settled down upon the kind look and voice of the old lamplighter ; and then, for the first time since the

promise was made, it came into her mind that he had engaged to bring her something the next time he came. She could not believe he would remember it; but still he might, he seemed to be so good-natured, and sorry for her fall.

What could he mean to bring? Would it be something to eat? O, if it were only some shoes! But he wouldn't think of *that*. Perhaps he did not notice but she had some.

At any rate, Gerty resolved to go for her milk in season to be back before it was time to light the lamp, so that nothing should prevent her seeing him.

The day seemed unusually long, but darkness came at last; and with it came True—or rather Trueman—Flint, for that was the lamplighter's name.

Gerty was on the spot, though she took good care to elude Nan Grant's observation.

True was late about his work that night, and in a great hurry. He had only time to speak a few words in his rough way to Gerty; but they were words coming straight from as good and honest a heart as ever throbbed. He put his great, smutty hand on her head in the kindest way, told her how sorry he was she got hurt, and said, "It was a plaguy shame she should have been whipped too, and all for a spill o' milk, that was a misfortin', and no crime.

"But here," added he, diving into one of his huge pockets, "here's the critter I promised you. Take good care on't; don't 'buse it; and, I'm guessin', if it's like the mother that I've got at home, 't won't be a little ye'll be likin' it, 'fore you're done. Good-by, my little gal;" and he shouldered his ladder and went off, leaving in Gerty's hands a little gray and white kitten.

Gerty was so taken by surprise, on finding in her arms a live kitten, something so different from what she had anticipated, that she stood for a minute irresolute what to do with it. There were a great many cats, of all sizes and colors, inhabitants of the neighboring houses and yard; frightened-looking creatures, which, like Gerty herself, crept or scampered about, and often hid themselves among the wood and coal, seeming to feel, as she did, great doubts about their having a right to be anywhere. Gerty had often felt a sympathy for them, but never thought of trying to catch one, carry it home and tame it; for she knew that food and shelter were most grudgingly accorded to herself, and would not cer-

tainly be extended to her pets. Her first thought, therefore, was to throw the kitten down and let it run away.

But, while she was hesitating, the little animal pleaded for itself in a way she could not resist. Frightened by its long imprisonment and journey in True Flint's pocket, it crept from Gerty's arms up to her neck, clung there tight, and, with its low, feeble cries, seemed to ask her to take care of it. Its eloquence prevailed over all fear of Nan Grant's anger. She hugged pussy to her bosom, and made a childish resolve to love it, feed it, and, above all, keep it out of Nan's sight.

How much she came in time to love that kitten, no words can tell. Her little, fierce, untamed, impetuous nature had hitherto only expressed itself in angry passion, sullen obstinacy, and even hatred. But there were in her soul fountains of warm affection yet unstirred, a depth of tenderness never yet called out, and a warmth and devotion of nature that wanted only an object to expend themselves upon.

So she poured out such wealth of love on the little creature that clung to her for its support as only such a desolate little heart has to spare. She loved the kitten all the more for the care she was obliged to take of it, and the trouble and anxiety it gave her. She kept it, as much as possible, out among the boards, in her own favorite haunt. She found an old hat, in which she placed her own hood, to make a bed for pussy. She carried it a part of her own scanty meals; she braved for it what she would not have done for herself; for she almost every day abstracted from the kettle, when she was returning with the milk for Nan Grant, enough for pussy's supper; running the risk of being discovered and punished, the only risk or harm the poor ignorant child knew or thought of, in connection with the theft and deception; for her ideas of abstract right and wrong were utterly undeveloped. She would play with her kitten for hours among the boards, talk to it, and tell it how much she loved it. But, when the days were very cold, she was often puzzled to know how to keep herself warm out of doors, and the risk of bringing the kitten into the house was great. She would then hide it in her bosom, and run with it into the little garret room where she slept; and, taking care to keep the door shut, usually eluded Nan's eyes and ears. Once or twice, when she had been off her guard, her little playful pet had escaped from her, and scampered through the lower room and passage. Once Nan

drove it out with a broom ; but in that thickly peopled region, as we have said, cats and kittens were not so uncommon as to excite inquiry.

It may seem strange that Gerty had leisure to spend all her time at play. Most children living among the poorer class of people learn to be useful even while they are very young. Numbers of little creatures, only a few years old, may be seen in our streets, about the yards and doors of houses, bending under the weight of a large bundle of sticks, a basket of shavings, or, more frequently yet, a stout baby, nearly all the care of which devolves upon them. We have often pitied such little drudges, and thought their lot a hard one. But, after all, it was not the worst thing in the world ; they were far better off than Gerty, who had nothing to do at all, and had never known the satisfaction of *helping* anybody. Nan Grant had no babies ; and, being a very active woman, with but a poor opinion of children's services, at the best, she never tried to find employment for Gerty, much better satisfied if she would only keep out of her sight ; so that, except her daily errand for the milk, Gerty was always idle,—a fruitful source of unhappiness and discontent, if she had suffered from no other.

Nan was a Scotchwoman, no longer young, and with a temper which, never good, became worse and worse as she grew older. She had seen life's roughest side, had always been a hard-working woman, and had the reputation of being very smart and a driver. Her husband was a carpenter by trade ; but she made his home so uncomfortable, that for years he had followed the sea. She took in washing, and had a few boarders ; by means of which she earned what might have been an ample support for herself, had it not been for her son, an unruly, disorderly young man, spoilt in early life by his mother's uneven temper and management, and who, though a skillful workman when he chose to be industrious, always squandered his own and a large part of his mother's earnings. Nan, as we have said, had reasons of her own for keeping Gerty, though they were not so strong as to prevent her often having half a mind to rid herself of the incumbrance.

III.

When Gerty had had her kitten about a month, she took a violent cold from being out in the damp and rain ; and Nan,

fearing she should have trouble with her if she became seriously ill, bade her stay in the house, and keep in the warm room where she was at work. Gerty's cough was fearful; and it would have been a great comfort to sit by the stove all day and keep warm, had it not been for her anxiety about the kitten, lest it should get lost or starve, before she was well enough to be out taking care of it; or, worst of all, come running into the house in search of her. The whole day passed away, however, and nothing was seen of pussy. Towards night, the men were heard coming in to supper. Just as they entered the door of the room where Nan and Gerty were, and where the coarse meal was prepared, one of them stumbled over the kitten, which had come in with them, unperceived.

"Cracky! what's this 'ere?" said the man whom they all were accustomed to call Jemmy; "a cat, I vow! Why, Nan, I thought you kind o' hated cats!"

"Well, 'tan't none o' mine; drive it out," said Nan.

Jemmy started to do so; but puss, suddenly drawing back, and making a circuit round his legs, sprang forward into the arms of Gerty, who was anxiously watching its fate.

"Whose kitten's that, Gerty?" said Nan.

"Mine!" said Gerty, bravely.

"Well, how long have you kept cats? I should like to know," said Nan. "Speak! how came you by this?"

The men were all looking on. Gerty was afraid of the men. They sometimes teased, and were always a source of alarm to her. She could not think of acknowledging to whom she was indebted for the gift of the kitten; she knew it would only make matters worse, for Nan had never forgiven True Flint's rough expostulation against her cruelty in beating the child for spilling the milk; and Gerty could not summon presence of mind to think of any other source to which she could ascribe the kitten's presence, or she would not have hesitated to tell a falsehood; for her very limited education had not taught her a love or habit of truth where a lie would better serve her turn, and save her from punishment. She was silent, and burst into tears.

"Come," said Jemmy, "give us some supper, Nan, and let the gal alone till arterwards."

Nan complied, ominously muttering, however.

The supper was just finished, when an organ grinder struck up a tune outside the door. The men stepped out to join the

crowd, consisting chiefly of the inmates of the house, who were watching the motions of a monkey that danced in time to the music. Gerty ran to the window to look out. Delighted with the gambols of the creature, she gazed intently, until the man and monkey moved off; so intently, that she did not miss the kitten, which, in the mean time, crept down from her arms, and, springing upon the table, began to devour the remnants of the repast. The organ grinder was not out of sight when Gerty's eyes fell upon the figure of the old lamplighter coming up the street. She thought she would stay and watch him light his lamp, when she was startled by a sharp and angry exclamation from Nan, and turned just in time to see her snatch her darling kitten from the table. Gerty sprang forward to the rescue, jumped into a chair, and caught Nan by the arm; but she firmly pushed her back with one hand, while with the other she threw the kitten half across the room. Gerty heard a sudden splash and a piercing cry. Nan had flung the poor creature into a large vessel of steaming-hot water, which stood ready for some household purpose. The little animal struggled and writhed an instant, then died in torture.

All the fury of Gerty's nature was roused. Without hesitation, she lifted a stick of wood which lay near her, and flung it at Nan with all her strength. It was well aimed, and struck the woman on the head. The blood started from the wound the blow had given; but Nan hardly felt the blow, so greatly was she excited against the child. She sprang upon her, caught her by the shoulder, and, opening the house door, thrust her out upon the sidewalk. "Ye'll never darken my doors again, yer imp of wickedness!" said she, as she rushed into the house, leaving the child alone in the cold, dark night.

When Gerty was angry or grieved, she always cried aloud, — not sobbing, as many children do, but uttering a succession of piercing shrieks, until she sometimes quite exhausted her strength. When she found herself in the street, she commenced screaming; — not from fear at being turned away from her only home, and left all alone at nightfall to wander about the city, and perhaps freeze before morning (for it was very cold), — she did not think of herself for a moment. Horror and grief at the dreadful fate of the only thing she loved in the world entirely filled her little soul. So she crouched down against the side of the house, her face hid in her hands, unconscious of the noise she was making, and unaware of the

triumph of the girl who had once thrown away her shoes, and who was watching her from the house door opposite. Suddenly she found herself lifted up and placed on one of the rounds of Trueman Flint's ladder, which still leaned against the lamp-post. True held her firmly, just high enough on the ladder to bring her face opposite his, recognized her as his old acquaintance, and asked her, in the same kind way he had used on the former occasion, what was the matter.

But Gerty could only gasp and say, "O, my kitten! my kitten!"

"What! the kitten I gave you? Well, have you lost it? Don't cry! there—don't cry!"

"O, no! not lost! O, poor kitty!" and Gerty began to cry louder than ever, and coughed at the same time so dreadfully that True was quite frightened for the child. Making every effort to soothe her, and having partially succeeded, he told her she would catch her death o' cold, and she must go into the house.

"O, she won't let me in!" said Gerty, "and I wouldn't go, if she would!"

"Who won't let you in?—your mother?"

"No! Nan Grant."

"Who's Nan Grant?"

"She's a horrid, wicked woman, that drowned my kitten in bilin' water!"

"But where's your mother?"

"I han't got none."

"Who do you belong to, you poor little thing!"

"Nobody; and I've no business anywhere!"

"But who do you live with, and who takes care of you?"

"O, I lived with Nan Grant; but I hate her. I threw a stick of wood at her head, and I wish I'd killed her!"

"Hush! hush! you mustn't say that! I'll go and speak to her."

True moved towards the door, trying to draw Gerty in with him; but she resisted so forcibly that he left her outside, and, walking directly into the room, where Nan was binding up her head with an old handkerchief, told her she had better call her little girl in, for she would freeze to death out there.

"She's no child of mine," said Nan; "she's been here long enough: she's the worst little creature that ever lived; it's a wonder I've kept her so long; and now I hope I'll never lay

eyes on her agin, — and, what's more, I don't mean to. She ought to be hung for breaking my head! I believe she's got an ill spirit in her, if ever anybody did have in this world!"

"But what'll become of her?" said True. "It's a fearful cold night. How'd you feel, marm, if she were found to-morrow morning all *friz* up just on your doorstep?"

"How'd I feel? — That's your business, is it? S'posen you take care on her yourself! Yer make a mighty deal o' fuss about the brat. Carry her home, and try how yer like her. Yer've been here a talkin' to me about her once afore; and I tell you I won't hear a word more. Let other folks see to her, I say; I've had more'n my share; and, as to her freezin', or dyin' anyhow, I'll risk her. Them children that comes into the world nobody knows how, don't go out of it in a hurry. She's the city's property — let 'em look out for her; and you'd better go long, and not meddle with what don't consarn you."

True did not wait to hear more. He was not used to women; and an angry woman was the most formidable thing to him in the world. Nan's flashing eyes and menacing attitude were sufficient warning of the coming tempest, and he wisely hastened away before it should burst upon his head.

Gerty had ceased crying when he came out, and looked up into his face with the greatest interest.

"Well," said he, "she says you shan't come back."

"O, I'm so glad!" said Gerty.

"But where'll you go to?"

"I don't know; p'raps I'll go with you, and see you light the lamps."

"But where'll you sleep to-night?"

"I don't know where; I haven't got any house. I guess I'll sleep out, where I can see the stars. I don't like dark places. But it'll be cold, won't it?"

"My goodness! You'll freeze to death, child."

"Well, what'll become of me, then?"

"The Lord only knows!"

True looked at Gerty in perfect wonder and distress. He knew nothing about children, and was astonished at her simplicity. He could not leave her there, such a cold night; but he hardly knew what he could do with her if he took her home, for he lived alone, and was poor. But another violent coughing spell decided him at once to share with her his shelter, fire, and food, for one night, at least. So he took her by the hand,

saying, "Come with me ;" and Gerty ran along confidently by his side, never asking whither.

True had about a dozen more lamps to light before they reached the end of the street, when his round of duty was finished. Gerty watched him light each one with as keen an interest as if that were the only object for which she was in his company, and it was only after they had reached the corner of the street, and walked on for some distance without stopping, that she inquired where they were going.

"Going home," said True.

"Am I going to your home?" said Gerty.

"Yes," said True, "and here it is."

He opened a little gate close to the sidewalk. It led into a small and very narrow yard, which stretched along the whole length of a decent two-storied house. True lived in the back part of the house ; so they went through the yard, passed by several windows and the main entrance, and, keeping on to a small door in the rear, opened it and went in. Gerty was by this time trembling with the cold ; her little bare feet were quite blue with walking so far on the pavements. There was a stove in the room into which they had entered, but no fire in it. It was a large room, and looked as if it might be pretty comfortable, though it was very untidy. True made as much haste as he could to dispose of his ladder, torch, etc., in an adjoining shed ; and then, bringing in a handful of wood, he lit a fire in the stove. In a few minutes there was a bright blaze, and the chilly atmosphere grew warm. Drawing an old wooden settle up to the fire, he threw his shaggy greatcoat over it, and lifting little Gerty up, he placed her gently upon the comfortable seat. He then went to work to get supper ; for True was an old bachelor, and accustomed to do everything for himself. He made tea ; then, mixing a great mug full for Gerty, with plenty of sugar, and all his cent's worth of milk, he produced from a little cupboard a loaf of bread, cut her a huge slice, and pressed her to eat and drink as much as she could ; for he judged well when he concluded, from her looks, that she had not always been well fed ; and so much satisfaction did he feel in her evident enjoyment of the best meal she had ever had, that he forgot to partake of it himself, but sat watching her with a tenderness which proved that the unerring instinct of childhood had not been wanting in Gerty, when she felt, as she watched True about his work, so long before he ever spoke to her, that

he was a friend to everybody, even to the most forlorn little girl in the world.

Trueman Flint was born and brought up in New Hampshire ; but, when fifteen years old, being left an orphan, he had made his way to Boston, where he supported himself for many years by whatever employment he could obtain, having been, at different times, a newspaper carrier, a cab driver, a porter, a woodcutter, indeed, a jack-at-all-trades ; and so honest, capable, and good-tempered had he always shown himself, that he everywhere won a good name, and had sometimes continued for years in the same employ. Previous to his entering upon the service in which we find him, he had been for some time a porter in a large store, owned by a wealthy and generous merchant. Being one day engaged in removing some heavy casks, he had the misfortune to be severely injured by one of them falling upon his chest. For a long time no hope was entertained of his recovering from the effects of the accident ; and when he at last began to mend, his health returned so gradually that it was a year before he was able to be at work again. This sickness swallowed up the savings of years ; but his late employer never allowed him to want for any comforts, provided an excellent physician, and saw that he was well taken care of.

True, however, had never been the same man since. He rose up from his sick bed ten years older in constitution, and his strength so much enfeebled that he was only fit for some comparatively light employment. It was then that his kind friend and former master obtained for him the situation he now held as lamplighter ; in addition to which, he frequently earned considerable sums by sawing wood, shoveling snow, etc.

He was now between fifty and sixty years old, a stoutly-built man, with features cut in one of nature's rough molds, but expressive of much good nature. He was naturally silent and reserved, lived much by himself, was known to but few people in the city, and had only one crony, the sexton of a neighboring church, a very old man, and one usually considered very crossgrained and uncompanionable.

But we left Gerty finishing her supper ; and now, when we return to her, she is stretched upon the wide settle, sound asleep, covered up with a warm blanket, and her head resting upon a pillow. True sits beside her ; her little thin hand lies in his great palm, — occasionally he draws the blanket closer round her. She breathes hard ; suddenly she gives a nervous

start, then speaks quickly ; her dreams are evidently troubled. True listens intently to her words, as she exclaims eagerly, "O, don't ! don't drown my kitty !" and then again, in a voice of fear, "O, she'll catch me ! she'll catch me !" once more ; and now her tones are touchingly plaintive and earnest, — "Dear, dear, good old man ! let me stay with you, *do* let me stay !"

Great tears are in Trueman Flint's eyes, and rolling down the furrows of his rough cheeks ; he lays his great head on the pillow and draws Gerty's little face close to his, at the same time soothing her long, uncombed hair with his hand. He too is thinking aloud ; — what does *he* say ?

"Catch you ! — no, she *shan't* ! Stay with *me* ! — so you shall, I promise you, poor little birdie ! All alone in this big world and so am I. Please God, we'll bide together."



THERE IS NO DEATH.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

[LORD LYTTON, 1831-1891; son of Bulwer-Lytton; Governor-General of India 1878-1880.]

THERE is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellowed fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
And feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life,
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
And flowers may fade and pass away ;
They only wait through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread ;
He bears our best loved things away ;
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
 He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
 Transplanted into bliss, they now
 Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones,
 Made glad these scenes of sin and strife,
 Sings now an everlasting song,
 Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright,
 Or heart too pure for taint and vice,
 He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in paradise.

Born unto that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
 With joy we welcome them the same,
 Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
 For all the boundless universe
 Is life — *there are no dead.*



THE OLD STREET LAMP.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, Danish story-teller, was born in Odense, April 2, 1805. Of so poor a family that he had to go out begging, he was intended for a tailor, but strove hard to be an actor; he was finally sent to a grammar school at state expense. He had a passion for travel, and his first book was a thumb-nail travel sketch; it was followed by "The Improvisator," "O. T.," and "Only a Fiddler," prose romances. He wrote other books of travel, many poems, and some dramas; but his title to remembrance is his mass of fairy tales, in which a vividly realizing imagination is accompanied by great humor, satire, fine spiritual perception, and acutely practical sense.]

DID you ever hear the story of the old Street Lamp? It is not very remarkable, but it may be listened to for once in a way.

It was a very honest old Lamp, that had done its work for many, many years, but which was now to be pensioned off.

It hung for the last time to its post, and gave light to the street. It felt as an old dancer at the theater, who is dancing for the last time, and who to-morrow will sit forgotten in her garret. The Lamp was in great fear about the morrow, for it knew that it was to appear in the council house, and to be inspected by the mayor and the council, to see if it were fit for further service or not.

And then it was to be decided whether it was to show its light in the future for the inhabitants of some suburb, or in the country in some manufactory; perhaps it would have to go at once into an iron foundry to be melted down. In this last case anything might be made of it; but the question whether it would remember, in its new state, that it had been a Street Lamp, troubled it terribly. Whatever might happen, this much was certain, that it would be separated from the watchman and his wife, whom it had got to look upon as quite belonging to its family. When the Lamp had been hung up for the first time the watchman was a young, sturdy man; it happened to be the very evening on which he entered on his office. Yes, that was certainly a long time ago, when it first became a Lamp and he a watchman. The wife was a little proud in those days. Only in the evening, when she went by, she deigned to glance at the Lamp; in the daytime never. But now, in these later years, when all three, the watchman, his wife, and the Lamp, had grown old, the wife had also tended it, cleaned it, and provided it with oil. The two people were thoroughly honest; never had they cheated the Lamp of a single drop of the oil provided for it.

It was the Lamp's last night in the street, and to-morrow it was to go to the council house—those were two dark thoughts! No wonder that it did not burn brightly. But many other thoughts passed through its brain. On what a number of events had it shone—how much it had seen! Perhaps as much as the mayor and the whole council had beheld. But it did not give utterance to these thoughts, for it was a good, honest old Lamp, that would not willingly hurt any one, and least of all those in authority. Many things passed through its mind, and at times its light flashed up. In such moments it had a feeling that it, too, would be remembered.

“There was that handsome young man—it is certainly a long while ago—he had a letter on pink paper with a gilt edge. It was so prettily written, as if by a lady's hand. Twice he

read it, and kissed it, and looked up to me with eyes which said plainly, 'I am the happiest of men!' Only he and I know what was written in this first letter from his true love. Yes, I remember another pair of eyes. It is wonderful how our thoughts fly about. There was a funeral procession in the street; the young, beautiful lady lay in the decorated hearse, in a coffin adorned with flowers and wreaths; and a number of torches quite darkened my light. The people stood in crowds by the houses, and all followed the procession. But when the torches had passed from before my face, and I looked round, a single person stood leaning against my post, weeping. I shall never forget the mournful eyes that looked up to me!"

This and similar thoughts occupied the old Street Lantern, which shone to-night for the last time.

The sentry, relieved from his post, at least knows who is to succeed him, and may whisper a few words to him; but the Lamp did not know its successor; and yet it might have given a few useful hints with respect to rain and fog, and some information as to how far the rays of the moon lit up the pavement, from what direction the wind usually came, and much more of the same kind.

On the bridge of the gutter stood three persons who wished to introduce themselves to the Lamp, for they thought the Lamp itself could appoint its successor. The first was a herring's head, that could gleam with light in the darkness. He thought it would be a great saving of oil if they put him upon the post. Number Two was a piece of rotten wood, which also glimmers in the dark. He conceived himself descended from an old stem, once the pride of the forest. The third person was a glowworm. Where this one had come from the Lamp could not imagine; but there it was, and it could give light. But the rotten wood and the herring's head swore by all that was good that it only gave light at certain times, and could not be brought into competition with themselves.

The old Lamp declared that not one of them gave sufficient light to fill the office of a street lamp; but not one of them would believe this. When they heard that the Lamp had not the office to give away, they were very glad of it, and declared that the Lamp was too decrepit to make a good choice.

At the same moment the Wind came careering from the corner of the street, and blew through the air holes of the old Lamp.

"What's this I hear?" he asked. "Are you to go away to-morrow? Do I see you for the last time? Then I must make you a present at parting. I will blow into your brain box in such a way that you shall be able in future not only to remember everything you have seen and heard, but that you shall have such light within you as shall enable you to see all that is read of or spoken of in your presence."

"Yes, that is really much, very much!" said the old Lamp. "I thank you heartily. I only hope I shall not be melted down."

"That is not likely to happen at once," said the Wind. "Now I will blow a memory into you: if you receive several presents of this kind, you may pass your old days very agreeably."

"If I am only not melted down!" said the Lamp again. "Or should I retain my memory even in that case?"

"Be sensible, old Lamp," said the Wind. And he blew, and at that moment the Moon stepped forth from behind the clouds.

"What will you give the old Lamp?" asked the Wind.

"I'll give nothing," replied the Moon. "I am on the wane, and the lamps never lighted me; but on the contrary, I've often given light for the lamps."

And with these words the Moon hid herself again behind the clouds, to be safe from further importunity.

A Drop now fell upon the Lamp, as if from the roof; but the Drop explained that it came from the clouds, and was a present—perhaps the best present possible.

"I shall penetrate you so completely that you shall receive the faculty, if you wish it, to turn into rust in one night, and to crumble into dust."

The Lamp considered this a bad present, and the Wind thought so too.

"Does no one give more? Does no one give more?" it blew as loud as it could.

Then a bright shooting star fell down, forming a long, bright stripe.

"What was that?" cried the Herring's Head. "Did not a star fall? I really think it went into the Lamp! Certainly if such highborn personages try for this office, we may say good night and betake ourselves home."

And so they did, all three. But the old Lamp shed a marvelous strong light around.

"That was a glorious present," it said. "The bright stars which I have always admired, and which shine as I could never shine, though I shone with all my might, have noticed me, a poor old lamp, and have sent me a present, by giving me the faculty that all I remember and see as clearly as if it stood before me, shall also be seen by all whom I love. And in this lies the true pleasure; for joy that we cannot share with others is only half enjoyed."

"That sentiment does honor to your heart," said the Wind. "But for that wax lights are necessary. If these are not lit up in you, your rare faculties will be of no use to others. Look you, the stars did not think of that; they take you and every other light for wax. But I will go down." And he went down.

"Good heavens! wax lights!" exclaimed the Lamp. "I never had those till now, nor am I likely to get them!—If I am only not melted down!"

The next day—yes, it will be best that we pass over the next day. The next evening the Lamp was resting in a grandfather's chair. And guess where! In the watchman's dwelling. He had begged as a favor of the mayor and council that he might keep the Street Lamp, in consideration of his long and faithful service, for he himself had put up and lit the lantern for the first time on the first day of entering on his duties four and twenty years ago. He looked upon it as his child, for he had no other. And the Lamp was given to him.

Now it lay in the great armchair by the warm stove. It seemed as if the Lamp had grown bigger, now that it occupied the chair all alone.

The old people sat at supper, and looked kindly at the old Lamp, to whom they would willingly have granted a place at their table.

Their dwelling was certainly only a cellar two yards below the footway, and one had to cross a stone passage to get into the room. But within it was very comfortable and warm, and strips of list had been nailed to the door. Everything looked clean and neat, and there were curtains round the bed and the little windows. On the window sill stood two curious flower-pots, which sailor Christian had brought home from the East or West Indies. They were only of clay, and represented two elephants. The backs of these creatures had been cut off; and instead of them bloomed from within the earth with which one

elephant was filled, some very excellent chives, and that was the kitchen garden; out of the other grew a great geranium, and that was the flower garden. On the wall hung a great colored print representing the Congress of Vienna. There you had all the Kings and Emperors at once. A clock with heavy weights went "tick! tick!" and in fact it always went too fast: but the old people declared this was far better than if it went too slow. They ate their supper, and the Street Lamp lay, as I have said, in the armchair close beside the stove. It seemed to the Lamp as if the whole world had been turned round. But when the old watchman looked at it, and spoke of all that they two had gone through in rain and in fog, in the bright short nights of summer and in the long winter nights, when the snow beat down, and one longed to be at home in the cellar, then the old Lamp found its wits again. It saw everything as clearly as if it was happening then; yes, the Wind had kindled a capital light for it.

The old people were very active and industrious; not a single hour was wasted in idleness. On Sunday afternoon some book or other was brought out, — generally a book of travels. And the old man read aloud about Africa, about the great woods, with elephants running about wild; and the woman listened intently, and looked furtively at the clay elephants which served for flowerpots.

"I can almost imagine it to myself!" said she.

And the Lamp wished particularly that a wax candle had been there, and could be lighted up in it; for then the old woman would be able to see everything to the smallest detail, just as the Lamp saw it — the tall trees with great branches all entwined, the naked black men on horseback, and whole droves of elephants crashing through the reeds with their broad clumsy feet.

"Of what use are all my faculties if I can't obtain a wax light?" sighed the Lamp. "They have only oil and tallow candles, and that's not enough."

One day a great number of wax-candle ends came down into the cellar: the larger pieces were burned, and the smaller ones the old woman used for waxing her thread. So there were wax candles enough; but no one thought of putting a little piece into the Lamp.

"Here I stand with my rare faculties!" thought the Lamp. "I carry everything within me, and cannot let them partake of it; they don't know that I am able to cover these white walls

with the most gorgeous tapestry, to change them into noble forests, and all that they can possibly wish."

The Lamp, however, was kept neat and clean, and stood all shining in a corner, where it caught the eyes of all. Strangers considered it a bit of old rubbish; but the old people did not care for that, — they loved the Lamp.

One day — it was the old watchman's birthday — the old woman approached the lantern, smiling to herself, and said: —

"I'll make an illumination to-day in honor of my old man!"

And the Lamp rattled its metal cover, for it thought, "Well, at last there will be a light within me." But only oil was produced, and no wax light appeared. The Lamp burned throughout the whole evening, but now understood, only too well, that the gift of the stars would be a hidden treasure for all its life. Then it had a dream: for one possessing its rare faculties to dream was not difficult. It seemed as if the old people were dead, and itself had been taken to the iron foundry to be melted down. It felt as much alarmed as on that day when it was to appear in the council house to be inspected by the mayor and council. But though the power had been given to it to fall into rust and dust at will, it did not use this power. It was put in the furnace, and turned into an iron candlestick, as fair a candlestick as you would desire — one on which wax lights were to be burned. It had received the form of an angel holding a great nosegay; and the wax light was to be placed in the middle of the nosegay.

The candlestick had a place assigned to it on a green writing table. The room was very comfortable; many books stood round about the walls, which were hung with beautiful pictures; it belonged to a poet. Everything that he wrote or composed showed itself round about him. Nature appeared sometimes in thick dark forests, sometimes in beautiful meadows, where the storks strutted about, sometimes again in a ship sailing on the foaming ocean, or in the blue sky with all its stars.

"What faculties lie hidden in me!" said the old Lamp, when it awoke. "I could almost wish to be melted down! But no! that cannot be so long as the old people live. They love me for myself; they have cleaned me and brought me oil. I am as well off now as the whole Congress, in looking at which they also take pleasure."

And from that time it enjoyed more inward peace; and the honest old Street Lamp had well deserved to enjoy it,

THE LOVERS.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

A WHIP TOP and a little Ball were together in a drawer among some other toys ; and the Top said to the Ball, " Shall we not be bridegroom and bride, as we live together in the same box ? "

But the Ball, which had a coat of morocco leather, and was just as conceited as any fine lady, would make no answer to such a proposal.

Next day the little boy came to whom the toys belonged ; he painted the Top red and yellow, and hammered a brass nail into it ; and it looked splendid when the Top turned round !

" Look at me ! " he cried to the Ball. " What do you say now ? Shall we not be engaged to each other ? We suit one another so well ! You jump and I dance ! No one could be happier than we two should be. "

" Indeed ! Do you think so ? " replied the little Ball. " Perhaps you do not know my papa and mamma were morocco slippers, and that I have a Spanish cork inside me ? "

" Yes, but I am made of mahogany, " said the Top ; " and the mayor himself turned me. He has a turning lathe of his own, and it amuses him greatly. "

" Can I depend upon that ? " asked the little Ball.

" May I never be whipped again if it is not true ! " replied the Top.

" You can speak well for yourself, " observed the Ball, " but I cannot grant your request. I am as good as engaged to a swallow ; every time I leap up into the air she puts her head out of her nest and says, ' Will you ? ' And now I have silently said ' Yes, ' and that is as good as half engaged ; but I promise I will never forget you. "

" Yes, that will be much good ! " said the Top.

And they spoke no more to each other.

The next day the Ball was taken out by the boy. The Top saw how high it flew into the air, like a bird ; at last one could no longer see it. Each time it came back again, but gave a high leap when it touched the earth, and that was done either from its longing to mount up again, or because it had a Spanish cork in its body. But the ninth time the little Ball remained

absent, and did not come back again ; and the boy sought and sought, but it was gone.

"I know very well where it is !" sighed the Top. "It is in the swallow's nest, and has married the swallow."

The more the Top thought of this, the more it longed for the Ball. Just because it could not get the Ball, its love increased ; and the fact that the Ball had chosen another formed a peculiar feature in the case. So the Top danced round and hummed, but always thought of the little Ball, which became more and more beautiful in his fancy. Thus several years went by, and now it was an old love.

And the Top was no longer young ! But one day he was gilt all over ; never had he looked so handsome ; he was now a golden Top, and sprang till he hummed again. Yes, that was something worth seeing ! But all at once he sprang up too high, and — he was gone.

They looked and looked, even in the cellar, but he was not to be found. Where could he be ?

He had jumped into the dust box, where all kinds of things were lying : cabbage stalks, sweepings, and dust that had fallen down from the roof.

"Here's a nice place to lie in ! The gilding will soon leave me here. Among what a rabble have I alighted."

And then he looked sideways at a long, leafless cabbage stump, and at a curious round thing that looked like an old apple ; but it was not an apple — it was an old Ball, which had lain for years in the gutter on the roof, and was quite saturated with water.

"Thank goodness, here comes one of us, with whom one can talk !" said the little Ball, and looked at the gilt Top. "I am really morocco, worked by maiden's hands, and have a Spanish cork within me ; but no one would think it, to look at me. I was very nearly marrying a swallow, but I fell into the gutter on the roof, and have lain there full five years, and become quite wet through. You may believe me ; that's a long time for a young girl."

But the Top said nothing. He thought of his old love ; and the more he heard, the clearer it became to him that this was she.

Then came the servant girl, and wanted to turn out the dust box.

"Aha ! there's a gilt Top !" she cried.

And so the Top was brought again to notice and honor, but nothing was heard of the little Ball. And the Top spoke no more of his old love; for that dies away when the beloved object has lain for five years in a gutter and got wet through; yes, one does not know her again when he meets her in the dust box.



THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

[COVENTRY KEARSEY DIGHTON PATMORE, English poet, was born at Woodford, in Essex, July 23, 1823, and was librarian of the British Museum 1847-1868. He married Emily Augusta Andrews in 1847, and after her death embraced Catholicism. He ultimately removed to Hastings, where he built a large Catholic church at his own expense. His writings include: "Tamerton Church Tower" (1853), "The Angel in the House" (1854-1862), "The Unknown Eros and other Odes" (1877), "Religio Poetæ" (1893), and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (1895). Patmore ardently supported the Preraphaelite movement and contributed several poems to the *Germ*, the organ of the Preraphaelites. He died in 1896.]

HONORIA.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Lover.

HE meets, by heavenly chance express,
 The destined maid; some hidden hand
 Unveils to him that loveliness
 Which others cannot understand.
 His merits in her presence grow,
 To match the promise in her eyes,
 And round her happy footsteps blow
 The authentic airs of Paradise.
 For joy of her he cannot sleep;
 Her beauty haunts him all the night;
 It melts his heart, it makes him weep
 For wonder, worship, and delight.
 O, paradox of love, he longs,
 Most humble when he most aspires,
 To suffer scorn and cruel wrongs
 From her he honors and desires.
 Her graces make him rich, and ask
 No guerdon; this imperial style

Affronts him; he disdains to bask,
 The pensioner of her priceless smile.
 He prays for some hard thing to do,
 Some work of fame and labor immense,
 To stretch the languid bulk and thew
 Of love's fresh-born magnipotence.
 No smallest boon were bought too dear,
 Though bartered for his love-sick life;
 Yet trusts he, with undaunted cheer,
 To vanquish heaven, and call her Wife.
 He notes how queens of sweetness still
 Neglect their crowns, and stoop to mate;
 How, self-consigned with lavish will,
 They ask but love proportionate;
 How swift pursuit by small degrees,
 Love's tactic, works like miracle;
 How valor, clothed in courtesies,
 Brings down the haughtiest citadel;
 And therefore, though he merits not
 To kiss the braid upon her skirt,
 His hope, discouraged ne'er a jot,
 Outsoars all possible desert.

II.

Love a Virtue.

Strong passions mean weak will, and he
 Who truly knows the strength and bliss
 Which are in love, will own with me
 No passion but a virtue 'tis.
 Few hear my word; it soars above
 The subtlest senses of the swarm
 Of wretched things which know not love,
 Their Psyche still a wingless worm.
 Ice cold seems heaven's noble glow
 To spirits whose vital heat is hell;
 And to corrupt hearts even so
 The songs I sing, the tale I tell.
 These cannot see the robes of white
 In which I sing of love. Alack,
 But darkness shows in heavenly light,
 Though whiteness, in the dark, is black!

III.

Unthrift.

Ah, wasteful woman, she who may
 On her sweet self set her own price,

Knowing man cannot choose but pay,
 How has she cheapened paradise;
 How given for naught her priceless gift,
 How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,
 Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
 Had made brutes men, and men divine.

IV.

The Attainment.

You love? That's high as you shall go;
 For 'tis as true as Gospel text,
 Not noble then is never so,
 Either in this world or the next.

THE COUNTY BALL.

PRELUDES.

I.

Love Ceremonious.

Keep your undrest, familiar style
 For strangers, but respect your friend,
 Her most, whose matrimonial smile
 Is and asks honor without end.
 'Tis found, and needs it must so be,
 That life from love's allegiance flags,
 When love forgets his majesty
 In sloth's unceremonious rags.
 Let love make home a gracious Court;
 There let the world's rude, hasty ways
 Be fashioned to a loftier port,
 And learn to bow and stand at gaze;
 And let the sweet respective sphere
 Of personal worship there obtain
 Circumference for moving clear
 None treading on another's train.
 This makes that pleasures do not cloy,
 And dignifies our mortal strife
 With calmness and considerate joy,
 Befitting our immortal life.

II.

The Rainbow.

A stately rainbow came and stood,
 When I was young, in High-Hurst Park;

Its bright feet lit the hill and wood
 Beyond, and cloud and sward were dark;
 And I, who thought the splendor ours
 Because the place was, t'wards it flew,
 And there, amidst the glittering showers,
 Gazed vainly for the glorious view.
 With whatsoever's lovely, know
 It is not ours; stand off to see,
 Or beauty's apparition so
 Puts on invisibility.

III.

A Paradox.

To tryst Love blindfold goes, for fear
 He should not see, and eyeless night
 He chooses still for breathing near
 Beauty, that lives but in the sight.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

PRELUDES.

I.

Honor and Desert.

O queen, awake to thy renown,
 Require what 'tis our wealth to give,
 And comprehend and wear the crown
 Of thy despised prerogative!
 I, who in manhood's name at length
 With glad songs come to abdicate
 The gross regality of strength,
 Must yet in this thy praise abate,
 That, through thine erring humbleness
 And disregard of thy degree,
 Mainly, has man been so much less
 Than fits his fellowship with thee.
 High thoughts had shaped the foolish brow,
 The coward had grasped the hero's sword,
 The vilest had been great, hadst thou,
 Just to thyself, been worth's reward.
 But lofty honors undersold
 Seller and buyer both disgrace;
 And favors that make folly bold
 Banish the light from virtue's face.

II.

Love and Honor.

What man with baseness so content,
 Or sick with false conceit of right,
 As not to know that the element
 And inmost warmth of love's delight
 Is honor? Who'd not rather kiss
 A duchess than a milkmaid, prank
 The two in equal grace, which is
 Precedent Nature's obvious rank?
 Much rather, then, a woman decked
 With saintly honors, chaste and good,
 Whose thoughts celestial things affect,
 Whose eyes express her heavenly mood!
 Those lesser vaunts are dimmed or lost
 Which plume her name or paint her lip,
 Extinct in the deep glowing boast
 Of her angelic fellowship.

III.

Valor misdirected.

I'll hunt for dangers North and South,
 To prove my love, which sloth maligns!
 What seems to say her rosy mouth?
 "I'm not convinced by proofs but signs."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

PRELUDES.

I.

The Married Lover.

Why, having won her, do I woo?
 Because her spirit's vestal grace
 Provokes me always to pursue,
 But, spiritlike, eludes embrace;
 Because her womanhood is such
 That, as on court days subjects kiss
 The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
 Affirms no mean familiarity,
 Nay, rather marks more fair the height
 Which can with safety so neglect
 To dread, as lower ladies might,
 That grace could meet with disrespect,
 Thus she with happy favor feeds
 Allegiance from a love so high

That thence no false conceit proceeds
 Of difference bridged, or state put by;
 Because, although in act and word
 As lowly as a wife can be,
 Her manners, when they call me lord,
 Remind me 'tis by courtesy;
 Not with her least consent of will,
 Which would my proud affection hurt,
 But by the noble style that still
 Imputes an unattained desert;
 Because her gay and lofty brows,
 When all is won which hope can ask,
 Reflect a light of hopeless snows
 That bright in virgin ether bask;
 Because, though free of the outer court
 I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
 Sacred to Heaven; because, in short,
 She's not and never can be mine.

II.

The Amaranth.

Feasts satiate; stars distress with height;
 Friendship means well, but misses reach,
 And wearies in its best delight
 Vexed with the vanities of speech;
 Too long regarded, roses even
 Afflict the mind with fond unrest;
 And to converse direct with Heaven
 Is oft a labor in the breast;
 Whate'er the up-looking soul admires,
 Whate'er the senses' banquet be,
 Fatigues at last with vain desires,
 Or sickens by satiety;
 But truly my delight was more
 In her to whom I'm bound for aye
 Yesterday than the day before,
 And more to-day than yesterday.

CRANFORD.

By MRS. ELIZABETH C. GASKELL.

[MRS. ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON GASKELL: An English novelist; born at Chelsea, September 29, 1810. She was the daughter of William Stevenson, a tutor and writer, and lived with her aunt at Knutsford—the Cranford of her stories—until her marriage (1832) to William Gaskell, a Unitarian minister in Manchester. She took much interest in the condition of the working classes, and during the Cotton Famine rendered invaluable service in relieving the distress of the poor. Her novels, many of which appeared first in *Household Words* and other magazines, include: “Mary Barton” (1848), “Moorland Cottage,” “Cranford,” “Ruth,” “North and South,” “Cousin Phillis,” “Wives and Daughters.” Her life of Charlotte Brontë is a classic, in spite of criticism. She died November 12, 1865.]

OUR SOCIETY.

IN the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons; all the holders of houses, above a certain rent, are women. If a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad. In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford. What could they do if they were there? The surgeon has his round of thirty miles, and sleeps at Cranford; but every man cannot be a surgeon. For keeping the trim gardens full of choice flowers without a weed to speak them; for frightening away little boys who look wistfully at the said flowers through the railings; for rushing out at the geese that occasionally venture into the gardens if the gates are left open; for deciding all questions of literature and politics without troubling themselves with unnecessary reasons or arguments; for obtaining clear and correct knowledge of everybody's affairs in the parish; for keeping their neat maidservants in admirable order; for kindness (somewhat dictatorial) to the poor, and real tender good offices to each other whenever they are in distress,—the ladies of Cranford are quite sufficient. “A man,” as one of them observed to me once, “is *so* in the way in the house!” Although the ladies of Cranford know all each other's proceedings, they are exceedingly indifferent to

each other's opinions. Indeed, as each has her own individuality, not to say eccentricity, pretty strongly developed, nothing is so easy as verbal retaliation; but, somehow, good will reigns among them to a considerable degree.

The Cranford ladies have only an occasional little quarrel, spirted out in a few peppery words and angry jerks of the heads; just enough to prevent the even tenor of their lives from becoming too flat. Their dress is very independent of fashion; as they observe, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And if they go from home, their reason is equally cogent, "What does it signify how we dress here, where nobody knows us?" The materials of their clothes are, in general, good and plain, and most of them are nearly as scrupulous as Miss Tyler, of cleanly memory; but I will answer for it, the last gigot, the last tight and scanty petticoat in wear in England, was seen in Cranford — and seen without a smile.

I can testify to a magnificent family red silk umbrella, under which a gentle little spinster, left alone of many brothers and sisters, used to patter to church on rainy days. Have you any red silk umbrellas in London? We had a tradition of the first that had ever been seen in Cranford; and the little boys mobbed it, and called it "a stick in petticoats." It might have been the very red silk one I have described, held by a strong father over a troop of little ones; the poor little lady — the survivor of all — could scarcely carry it.

Then there were rules and regulations for visiting and calls; and they were announced to any young people who might be staying in the town, with all the solemnity with which the old Manx laws were read once a year on the Tinwald Mount.

"Our friends have sent to inquire how you are after your journey to-night, my dear" (fifteen miles in a gentleman's carriage); "they will give you some rest to-morrow, but the next day, I have no doubt, they will call; so be at liberty after twelve — from twelve to three are our calling hours."

Then, after they had called —

"It is the third day; I dare say your mamma has told you, my dear, never to let more than three days elapse between receiving a call and returning it; and also, that you are never to stay longer than a quarter of an hour."

"But am I to look at my watch? How am I to find out when a quarter of an hour has passed?"

"You must keep thinking about the time, my dear, and not allow yourself to forget it in conversation."

As everybody had this rule in their minds, whether they received or paid a call, of course no absorbing subject was ever spoken about. We kept ourselves to short sentences of small talk, and were punctual to our time.

I imagine that a few of the gentlefolks of Cranford were poor, and had some difficulty in making both ends meet; but they were like the Spartans, and concealed their smart under a smiling face. We none of us spoke of money, because that subject savored of commerce and trade, and though some might be poor, we were all aristocratic. The Cranfordians had that kindly *esprit de corps* which made them overlook all deficiencies in success when some among them tried to conceal their poverty. When Mrs. Forrester, for instance, gave a party in her baby-house of a dwelling, and the little maiden disturbed the ladies on the sofa by a request that she might get the tea tray out from underneath, every one took this novel proceeding as the most natural thing in the world, and talked on about household forms and ceremonies as if we all believed that our hostess had a regular servants' hall, second table, with housekeeper and steward, instead of the one little charity-school maiden, whose short ruddy arms could never have been strong enough to carry the tray upstairs if she had not been assisted in private by her mistress, who now sat in state, pretending not to know what cakes were sent up, though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea bread and sponge cakes.

There were one or two consequences arising from this general but unacknowledged poverty, and this very much acknowledged gentility, which were not amiss, and which might be introduced into many circles of society to their great improvement. For instance, the inhabitants of Cranford kept early hours, and clattered home in their pattens, under the guidance of a lantern bearer, about nine o'clock at night; and the whole town was abed and asleep by half-past ten. Moreover, it was considered "vulgar" (a tremendous word in Cranford) to give anything expensive, in the way of eatable or drinkable, at the evening entertainments. Wafer bread and butter and sponge biscuits were all that the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson gave; and she was sister-in-law to the late Earl of Glenmire, although she did practice such "elegant economy."

"Elegant economy!" How naturally one falls back into the phraseology of Cranford! There, economy was always "elegant," and money spending always "vulgar and ostentatious"; a sort of sour grape-ism which made us very peaceful and satisfied. I never shall forget the dismay felt when a certain Captain Brown came to live at Cranford, and openly spoke about his being poor—not in a whisper to an intimate friend, the doors and windows being previously closed, but in the public street! in a loud military voice! alleging his poverty as a reason for not taking a particular house. The ladies of Cranford were already rather moaning over the invasion of their territories by a man and a gentleman. He was a half-pay Captain, and had obtained some situation on a neighboring railroad, which had been vehemently petitioned against by the little town; and if, in addition to his masculine gender, and his connection with the obnoxious railroad, he was so brazen as to talk of being poor—why, then, indeed, he must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. It was a word not to be mentioned to ears polite. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that any with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party, it was because the night was *so* fine, or the air *so* refreshing, not because sedan chairs were expensive. If we wore prints, instead of summer silks, it was because we preferred a washing material; and so on, till we blinded ourselves to the vulgar fact that we were, all of us, people of very moderate means. Of course, then, we did not know what to make of a man who could speak of poverty as if it was not a disgrace. Yet, somehow, Captain Brown made himself respected in Cranford, and was called upon, in spite of all resolutions to the contrary. I was surprised to hear his opinions quoted as authority at a visit which I paid to Cranford about a year after he had settled in the town. My own friends had been among the bitterest opponents of any proposal to visit the Captain and his daughters only twelve months before; and now he was even admitted in the tabooed hours before twelve. True, it was to discover the cause of a smoking chimney, before the fire was lighted; but still Captain Brown walked upstairs, nothing daunted, spoke in a voice too large for the room, and joked quite in the way of a tame man about the house. He

had been blind to all the small slights, and omissions of trivial ceremonies, with which he had been received. He had been friendly, though the Cranford ladies had been cool; he had answered small sarcastic compliments in good faith; and with his manly frankness had overpowered all the shrinking which met him as a man who was not ashamed to be poor. And, at last, his excellent masculine common sense, and his facility in devising expedients to overcome domestic dilemmas, had gained him an extraordinary place as authority among the Cranford ladies. He himself went on in his course, as unaware of his popularity as he had been of the reverse; and I am sure he was startled one day when he found his advice so highly esteemed as to make some counsel which he had given in jest to be taken in sober, serious earnest.

It was on this subject: An old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter-of-an-hour call without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betty Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betty Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."

Miss Betty Barker dried her eyes, and thanked the Captain heartily; she set to work, and by and by all the town turned out to see the Alderney meekly going to her pasture, clad in dark gray flannel. I have watched her myself many a time. Do you ever see cows dressed in gray flannel in London?

Captain Brown had taken a small house on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his two daughters. He must have been upwards of sixty at the time of the first visit I paid

to Cranford after I had left it as a residence. But he had a wiry, well-trained, elastic figure, a stiff military throw-back of his head, and a springing step, which made him appear much younger than he was. His eldest daughter looked almost as old as himself, and betrayed the fact that his real was more than his apparent age. Miss Brown must have been forty; she had a sickly, pained, careworn expression on her face, and looked as if the gayety of youth had long faded out of sight. Even when young she must have been plain and hard-featured. Miss Jessie Brown was ten years younger than her sister, and twenty shades prettier. Her face was round and dimpled. Miss Jenkyns once said, in a passion against Captain Brown (the cause of which I will tell you presently), "that she thought it was time for Miss Jessie to leave off her dimples, and not always to be trying to look like a child." It was true there was something childlike in her face; and there will be, I think, till she dies, though she should live to a hundred. Her eyes were large blue wondering eyes, looking straight at you; her nose was unformed and snub, and her lips were red and dewy; she wore her hair, too, in little rows of curls, which heightened this appearance. I do not know whether she was pretty or not; but I liked her face, and so did everybody, and I do not think she could help her dimples. She had something of her father's jauntiness of gait and manner; and any female observer might detect a slight difference in the attire of the two sisters—that of Miss Jessie being about two pounds per annum more expensive than Miss Brown's. Two pounds was a large sum in Captain Brown's annual disbursements.

Such was the impression made upon me by the Brown family when I first saw them all together in Cranford Church. The Captain I had met before—on the occasion of the smoky chimney, which he had cured by some simple alteration in the flue. In church, he held his double eyeglass to his eyes during the Morning Hymn, and then lifted up his head erect and sang out loud and joyfully. He made the responses louder than the clerk—an old man with a piping feeble voice, who, I think, felt aggrieved at the Captain's sonorous bass, and quavered higher and higher in consequence.

On coming out of church, the brisk Captain paid the most gallant attention to his two daughters. He nodded and smiled to his acquaintances; but he shook hands with none until he

had helped Miss Brown to unfurl her umbrella, had relieved her of her prayer book, and had waited patiently till she, with trembling nervous hands, had taken up her gown to walk through the wet roads.

I wondered what the Cranford ladies did with Captain Brown at their parties. We had often rejoiced, in former days, that there was no gentleman to be attended to, and to find conversation for, at the card parties. We had congratulated ourselves upon the snugness of the evenings; and, in our love for gentility and distaste of mankind, we had almost persuaded ourselves that to be a man was to be "vulgar"; so that when I found my friend and hostess, Miss Jenkyns, was going to have a party in my honor, and that Captain and the Miss Browns were invited, I wondered much what would be the course of the evening. Card tables, with green-baize tops, were set out by daylight, just as usual: it was the third week in November, so the evenings closed in about four. Candles and clean packs of cards were arranged on each table. The fire was made up; the neat maidservant had received her last directions; and there we stood, dressed in our best, each with a candle lighter in our hands, ready to dart at the candles as soon as the first knock came. Parties in Cranford were solemn festivities, making the ladies feel gravely elated as they sat together in their best dresses. As soon as three had arrived, we sat down to "Preference," I being the unlucky fourth. The next four comers were put down immediately to another table; and presently the tea trays, which I had seen set out in the storeroom as I passed in the morning, were placed each on the middle of a card table. The china was delicate egg-shell: the old-fashioned silver glittered with polishing; but the eatables were of the slightest description. While the trays were yet on the tables, Captain and the Miss Browns came in; and I could see that, somehow or other, the Captain was a favorite with all the ladies present. Ruffled brows were smoothed, sharp voices lowered, at his approach. Miss Brown looked ill, and depressed almost to gloom. Miss Jessie smiled as usual, and seemed nearly as popular as her father. He immediately and quietly assumed the man's place in the room; attended to every one's wants, lessened the pretty maidservant's labor by waiting on empty cups and bread-and-butterless ladies; and yet did it all in so easy and dignified a manner, and so much as if it were a matter of course for

the strong to attend to the weak, that he was a true man throughout. He played for threepenny points with as grave an interest as if they had been pounds; and yet, in all his attention to strangers, he had an eye on his suffering daughter—for suffering I was sure she was, though to many eyes she might only appear to be irritable. Miss Jessie could not play cards, but she talked to the sitters-out, who, before her coming, had been rather inclined to be cross. She sang, too, to an old cracked piano, which I think had been a spinet in its youth. Miss Jessie sang “Jock o’ Hazeldean” a little out of tune; but we were none of us musical, though Miss Jenkyns beat time, out of time, by way of appearing to be so.

It was very good of Miss Jenkyns to do this; for I had seen that, a little before, she had been a good deal annoyed by Miss Jessie Brown’s unguarded admission (*à propos* of Shetland wool) that she had an uncle, her mother’s brother, who was a shopkeeper in Edinburgh. Miss Jenkyns tried to drown this confession by a terrible cough—for the Honorable Mrs. Jamieson was sitting at the card table nearest Miss Jessie, and what would she say or think if she found out she was in the same room with a shopkeeper’s niece! But Miss Jessie Brown (who had no tact, as we all agreed the next morning) *would* repeat the information, and assure Miss Pole she could easily get her the identical Shetland wool required “through my uncle, who has the best assortment of Shetland goods of any one in Edinburgh.” It was to take the taste of this out of our mouths, and the sound of this out of our ears, that Miss Jenkyns proposed music; so I say again, it was very good of her to beat time to the song.

When the trays reappeared with biscuits and wine, punctually at a quarter to nine, there was conversation, comparing of cards, and talking over tricks; but by and by Captain Brown sported a bit of literature.

“Have you seen any numbers of ‘The Pickwick Papers’?” said he. (They were then publishing in parts.) “Capital thing!”

Now Miss Jenkyns was daughter of a deceased rector of Cranford; and, on the strength of a number of manuscript sermons, and a pretty good library of divinity, considered herself literary, and looked upon any conversation about books as a challenge to her. So she answered and said, “Yes, she had seen them; indeed, she might say she had read them.”

"And what do you think of them?" exclaimed Captain Brown: "Aren't they famously good?"

So urged, Miss Jenkyns could not but speak.

"I must say, I don't think they are by any means equal to Dr. Johnson. Still, perhaps, the author is young. Let him persevere, and who knows what he may become if he will take the great Doctor for his model."

This was evidently too much for Captain Brown to take placidly; and I saw the words on the tip of his tongue before Miss Jenkyns had finished her sentence.

"It is quite a different sort of thing, my dear madam," he began.

"I am quite aware of that," returned she. "And I make allowances, Captain Brown."

"Just allow me to read you a scene out of this month's number," pleaded he. "I had it only this morning, and I don't think the company can have read it yet."

"As you please," said she, settling herself with an air of resignation. He read the account of the "swarry" which Sam Weller gave at Bath. Some of us laughed heartily. I did not dare because I was staying in the house. Miss Jenkyns sat in patient gravity. When it was ended, she turned to me, and said, with mild dignity —

"Fetch me 'Rasselas,' my dear, out of the book room."

When I brought it to her she turned to Captain Brown —

"Now allow *me* to read you a scene, and then the present company can judge between your favorite, Mr. Boz, and Dr. Johnson."

She read one of the conversations between Rasselas and Imlac, in a high-pitched majestic voice; and when she had ended she said, "I imagine I am now justified in my preference of Dr. Johnson as a writer of fiction." The Captain screwed his lips up, and drummed on the table, but he did not speak. She thought she would give a finishing blow or two.

"I consider it vulgar, and below the dignity of literature, to publish in numbers."

"How was *The Rambler* published, ma'am?" asked Captain Brown, in a low voice, which I think Miss Jenkyns could not have heard.

"Dr. Johnson's style is a model for young beginners. My father recommended it to me when I began to write letters — I

have formed my own style upon it; I recommend it to your favorite."

"I should be very sorry for him to exchange his style for any such pompous writing," said Captain Brown.

Miss Jenkyns felt this as a personal affront, in a way of which the Captain had not dreamed. Epistolary writing she and her friends considered as her *forte*. Many a copy of many a letter have I seen written and corrected on the slate, before she "seized the half-hour just previous to post time to assure" her friends of this or of that; and Dr. Johnson was, as she said, her model in these compositions. She drew herself up with dignity, and only replied to Captain Brown's last remark by saying, with marked emphasis on every syllable, "I prefer Dr. Johnson to Mr. Boz."

It is said — I won't vouch for the fact — that Captain Brown was heard to say, *sotto voce*, "D——n Dr. Johnson!" If he did, he was penitent afterwards, as he showed by going to stand near Miss Jenkyns' armchair, and endeavoring to beguile her into conversation on some more pleasing subject. But she was inexorable. The next day she made the remark I have mentioned about Miss Jessie's dimples.

OLD LETTERS.

I have often noticed that almost every one has his own individual small economies — careful habits of saving fractions of pennies in some one peculiar direction — any disturbance of which annoys him more than spending shillings or pounds on some real extravagance. An old gentleman of my acquaintance, who took the intelligence of the failure of a Joint-Stock Bank, in which some of his money was invested, with stoical mildness, worried his family all through a long summer's day, because one of them had torn (instead of cutting) out the written leaves of his now useless bank book; of course the corresponding pages at the other end came out as well, and this little unnecessary waste of paper (his private economy) chafed him more than all the loss of his money. Envelopes fretted his soul terribly when they first came in; the only way in which he could reconcile himself to such waste of his cherished article was by patiently turning inside out all that were sent to him, and so making them serve again. Even now, though tamed by age, I see him casting wistful glances at his daughters when

they send a whole instead of a half sheet of note paper, with the three lines of acceptance to an invitation, written on only one of the sides. I am not above owning that I have this human weakness myself. String is my foible. My pockets get full of little hanks of it, picked up and twisted together, ready for uses that never come. I am seriously annoyed if any one cuts the string of a parcel instead of patiently and faithfully undoing it fold by fold. How people can bring themselves to use india-rubber rings, which are a sort of deification of strings, as lightly as they do, I cannot imagine. To me an india-rubber ring is a precious treasure. I have one which is not new—one that I picked up off the floor nearly six years ago. I have really tried to use it, but my heart failed me, and I could not commit the extravagance.

Small pieces of butter grieve others. They cannot attend to conversation because of the annoyance occasioned by the habit which some people have of invariably taking more butter than they want. Have you not seen the anxious look (almost mesmeric) which such persons fix on the article? They would feel it a relief if they might bury it out of their sight by popping it into their own mouths and swallowing it down; and they are really made happy if the person on whose plate it lies unused suddenly breaks off a piece of toast (which he does not want at all) and eats up his butter. They think that this is not waste.

Now Miss Matty Jenkyns was chary of candles. We had many devices to use as few as possible. In the winter afternoons she would sit knitting for two or three hours—she could do this in the dark, or by firelight—and when I asked if I might not ring for candles to finish stitching my wristbands, she told me to “keep blindman’s holiday.” They were usually brought in with tea; but we only burnt one at a time. As we lived in constant preparation for a friend who might come in any evening (but who never did), it required some contrivance to keep our two candles of the same length, ready to be lighted, and to look as if we burnt two always. The candles took it in turns; and, whatever we might be talking about or doing, Miss Matty’s eyes were habitually fixed upon the candle, ready to jump up and extinguish it and to light the other before they had become too uneven in length to be restored to equality in the course of the evening.

One night, I remember this candle economy particularly annoyed me. I had been very much tired of my compulsory

"blindman's holiday," especially as Miss Matty had fallen asleep, and I did not like to stir the fire and run the risk of awakening her ; so I could not even sit on the rug, and scorch myself with sewing by firelight, according to my usual custom. I fancied Miss Matty must be dreaming of her early life ; for she spoke one or two words in her uneasy sleep bearing reference to persons who were dead long before. When Martha brought in the lighted candle and tea, Miss Matty started into wakefulness, with a strange bewildered look around, as if we were not the people she expected to see about her. There was a little sad expression that shadowed her face as she recognized me ; but immediately afterwards she tried to give me her usual smile. All through tea time her talk ran upon the days of her childhood and youth. Perhaps this reminded her of the desirableness of looking over all the old family letters, and destroying such as ought not to be allowed to fall into the hands of strangers ; for she had often spoken of the necessity of this task, but had always shrunk from it, with a timid dread of something painful. To-night, however, she rose up after tea and went for them—in the dark ; for she piqued herself on the precise neatness of all her chamber arrangements, and used to look uneasily at me when I lighted a bed candle to go to another room for anything. When she returned there was a faint pleasant smell of Tonquin beans in the room. I had always noticed this scent about any of the things which had belonged to her mother ; and many of the letters were addressed to her—yellow bundles of love letters, sixty or seventy years old.

Miss Matty undid the packet with a sigh ; but she stifled it directly, as if it were hardly right to regret the flight of time, or of life either. We agreed to look them over separately, each taking a different letter out of the same bundle and describing its contents to the other before destroying it. I never knew what sad work the reading of old letters was before that evening, though I could hardly tell why. The letters were as happy as letters could be—at least those early letters were. There was in them a vivid and intense sense of the present time, which seemed so strong and full, as if it could never pass away, and as if the warm living hearts that so expressed themselves could never die and be as nothing to the sunny earth. I should have felt less melancholy, I believe, if the letters had been more so. I saw the tears stealing down the well-worn

furrows of Miss Matty's cheeks, and her spectacles often wanted wiping. I trusted at last that she would light the other candle, for my own eyes were rather dim, and I wanted more light to see the pale-faded ink; but no, even through her tears, she saw and remembered her little economical ways.

The earliest set of letters were two bundles tied together, and ticketed (in Miss Jenkyns' handwriting), "Letters interchanged between my ever-honored father and my dearly beloved mother, prior to their marriage, in July, 1774." I should guess that the rector of Cranford was about twenty-seven years of age when he wrote those letters; and Miss Matty told me that her mother was just eighteen at the time of her wedding. With my idea of the rector, derived from a picture in the dining parlor, stiff and stately, in a huge full-bottomed wig, with gown, cassock, and bands, and his hand upon a copy of the only sermon he ever published—it was strange to read these letters. They were full of eager passionate ardor; short homely sentences, right fresh from the heart (very different from the grand Latinized, Johnsonian style of the printed sermon, preached before some judge at assize time). His letters were a curious contrast to those of his girl bride. She was evidently rather annoyed at his demands upon her for expressions of love, and could not quite understand what he meant by repeating the same thing over in so many different ways; but what she was quite clear about was a longing for a white "Paduasoy"—whatever that might be; and six or seven letters were principally occupied in asking her lover to use his influence with her parents (who evidently kept her in good order) to obtain this or that article of dress, more especially the white "Paduasoy." He cared nothing how she was dressed; she was always lovely enough for him, as he took pains to assure her, when she begged him to express in his answers a predilection for particular pieces of finery, in order that she might show what he said to her parents. But at length he seemed to find out that she would not be married till she had a "trousseau" to her mind; and then he sent her a letter, which had evidently accompanied a whole boxful of finery, and in which he requested that she might be dressed in everything her heart desired. This was the first letter, ticketed in a frail, delicate hand, "From my dearest John." Shortly afterwards they were married, I suppose, from the intermission in their correspondence.

"We must burn them, I think," said Miss Matty, looking doubtfully at me. "No one will care for them when I am gone." And one by one she dropped them into the middle of the fire, watching each blaze up, die out, and rise away, in faint, white, ghostly semblance, up the chimney, before she gave another to the same fate. The room was light enough now; but I, like her, was fascinated into watching the destruction of those letters, into which the honest warmth of a manly heart had been poured forth.

The next letter, likewise docketed by Miss Jenkyns, was endorsed, "Letter of pious congratulation and exhortation from my venerable grandfather to my beloved mother, on occasion of my own birth. Also some practical remarks on the desirability of keeping warm the extremities of infants, from my excellent grandmother."

The first part was, indeed, a severe and forcible picture of the responsibilities of mothers, and a warning against the evils that were in the world and lying in ghastly wait for the little baby of two days old. His wife did not write, said the old gentleman, because he had forbidden it, she being indisposed with a sprained ankle, which (he said) quite incapacitated her from holding a pen. However, at the foot of the page was a small "T.O.," and on turning it over, sure enough, there was a letter to "my dear, dearest Molly," begging her, when she left her room, whatever she did, to go *up* stairs before going *down*: and telling her to wrap her baby's feet up in flannel, and keep it warm by the fire, although it was summer, for babies were so tender.

It was pretty to see from the letters, which were evidently exchanged with some frequency between the young mother and the grandmother, how the girlish vanity was being weeded out of her heart by love for her baby. The white "Paduasoy" figured again in the letters, with almost as much vigor as before. In one, it was being made into a christening cloak for the baby. It decked it when it went with its parents to spend a day or two at Arley Hall. It added to its charms when it was "the prettiest little baby that ever was seen. Dear mother, I wish you could see her! Without any parshality, I do think she will grow up a regular bewty!" I thought of Miss Jenkyns, gray, withered, and wrinkled, and I wondered if her mother had known her in the courts of heaven; and then I knew that she had, and that they stood there in angelic guise.

There was a great gap before any of the rector's letters appeared. And then his wife had changed her mode of indorsement. It was no longer from "My dearest John"; it was from "My honored Husband." The letters were written on occasion of the publication of the same Sermon which was represented in the picture. The preaching before "My Lord Judge," and the "publishing by request," was evidently the culminating point—the event of his life. It had been necessary for him to go up to London to superintend it through the press. Many friends had to be called upon, and consulted, before he could decide on any printer fit for so onerous a task; and at length it was arranged that J. and J. Rivingtons were to have the honorable responsibility. The worthy rector seemed to be strung up by the occasion to a high literary pitch, for he could hardly write a letter to his wife without cropping out into Latin. I remember the end of one of his letters ran thus: "I shall ever hold the virtuous qualities of my Molly in remembrance, *dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus regit aruts,*" which, considering that the English of his correspondent was sometimes at fault in grammar, and often in spelling, might be taken as a proof of how much he "idealized his Molly"; and, as Miss Jenkyns used to say, "People talk a great deal about idealizing nowadays, whatever that may mean." But this was nothing to a fit of writing classical poetry which soon seized him, in which his Molly figured away as "Maria." The letter containing the *carmen* was indorsed by her, "Hebrew verses sent me by my honored husband. I thowt to have had a letter about killing the pig, but must wait. Mem., to send the poetry to Sir Peter Arley, as my husband desires." And in a post-scriptum note in his handwriting it was stated that the Ode had appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1782.

Her letters back to her husband (treasured as fondly by him as if they had been *M. T. Ciceronis Epistolæ*) were more satisfactory to an absent husband and father than his could ever have been to her. She told him how Deborah sewed her seam very neatly every day, and read to her in the books he had set her; how she was a very "forrard," good child, but *would* ask questions her mother could not answer; but how she did not let herself down by saying she did not know, but took to stirring the fire, or sending the "forrard" child on an errand. Matty was now the mother's darling, and promised (like her sister at her age) to be a great beauty. I was reading this

aloud to Miss Matty, who smiled and sighed a little at the hope, so fondly expressed, that "little Matty might not be vain, even if she were a bewty."

"I had very pretty hair, my dear," said Miss Matilda; "and not a bad mouth." And I saw her soon afterwards adjust her cap and draw herself up.

But to return to Mrs. Jenkyns' letters. She told her husband about the poor in the parish; what homely domestic medicines she had administered; what kitchen physic she had sent. She had evidently held his displeasure as a rod in pickle over the heads of all the ne'er-do-wells. She asked for his directions about the cows and pigs; and did not always obtain them, as I have shown before.

The kind old grandmother was dead when a little boy was born, soon after the publication of the Sermon; but there was another letter of exhortation from the grandfather, more stringent and admonitory than ever, now that there was a boy to be guarded from the snares of the world. He described all the various sins into which men might fall, until I wondered how any man ever came to a natural death. The gallows seemed as if it must have been the termination of the lives of most of the grandfather's friends and acquaintance; and I was not surprised at the way in which he spoke of this life being "a vale of tears."

It seemed curious that I should never have heard of this brother before; but I concluded that he had died young, or else surely his name would have been alluded to by his sisters.

By and by we came to packets of Miss Jenkyns' letters. These Miss Matty did regret to burn. She said all the others had been only interesting to those who loved the writers, and that it seemed as if it would have hurt her to allow them to fall into the hands of strangers, who had not known her dear mother, and how good she was, although she did not always spell quite in the modern fashion; but Deborah's letters were so very superior! Any one might profit by reading them. It was a long time since she had read Mrs. Chapone, but she knew she used to think that Deborah could have said the same things quite as well; and as for Mrs. Carter! people thought a deal of her letters, just because she had written "Epictetus," but she was quite sure Deborah would never have made use of such a common expression as "I canna be fashed!"

Miss Matty did grudge burning these letters, it was evident.

She would not let them be carelessly passed over with any quiet reading, and skipping, to myself. She took them from me, and even lighted the second candle in order to read them aloud with a proper emphasis, and without stumbling over the big words. Oh dear! how I wanted facts instead of reflections, before those letters were concluded! They lasted us two nights; and I won't deny that I made use of the time to think of many other things, and yet I was always at my post at the end of each sentence.

The rector's letters, and those of his wife and mother-in-law, had all been tolerably short and pithy, written in a straight hand, with the lines very close together. Sometimes the whole letter was contained on a mere scrap of paper. The paper was very yellow, and the ink very brown; some of the sheets were (as Miss Matty made me observe) the old original post, with the stamp in the corner representing a postboy riding for life and twanging his horn. The letters of Mrs. Jenkyns and her mother were fastened with a great round red wafer; for it was before Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage" had banished wafers from polite society. It was evident, from the tenor of what was said, that franks were in great request, and were even used as a means of paying debts by needy members of Parliament. The rector sealed his epistles with an immense coat of arms, and showed by the care with which he had performed this ceremony that he expected they should be cut open, not broken by any thoughtless or impatient hand. Now, Miss Jenkyns' letters were of a later date in form and writing. She wrote on the square sheet which we have learned to call old-fashioned. Her hand was admirably calculated, together with her use of many-syllabled words, to fill up a sheet, and then came the pride and delight of crossing. Poor Miss Matty got sadly puzzled with this, for the words gathered size like snowballs, and towards the end of her letter Miss Jenkyns used to become quite sesquipedalian. In one to her father, slightly theological and controversial in its tone, she had spoken of Herod, Tetrarch of Idumea. Miss Matty read it "Herod, Petrarch of Etruria," and was just as well pleased as if she had been right.

I can't quite remember the date, but I think it was in 1805 that Miss Jenkyns wrote the longest series of letters—on occasion of her absence on a visit to some friends near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. These friends were intimate with the commandant of the garrison there, and heard from him of all the

preparations that were being made to repel the invasion of Buonaparte, which some people imagined might take place at the mouth of the Tyne. Miss Jenkyns was evidently very much alarmed; and the first part of her letters was often written in pretty intelligible English, conveying particulars of the preparations which were made in the family with whom she was residing against the dreaded event; the bundles of clothes that were packed up ready for a flight to Alston Moor (a wild hilly piece of ground between Northumberland and Cumberland); the signal that was to be given for this flight, and for the simultaneous turning out of the volunteers under arms — which said signal was to consist (if I remember rightly) in ringing the church bells in a particular and ominous manner. One day, when Miss Jenkyns and her hosts were at a dinner party in Newcastle, this warning summons was actually given (not a very wise proceeding, if there be any truth in the moral attached to the fable of the Boy and the Wolf; but so it was), and Miss Jenkyns, hardly recovered from her fright, wrote the next day to describe the sound, the breathless shock, the hurry and alarm; and then, taking breath, she added, "How trivial, my dear father, do all our apprehensions of the last evening appear, at the present moment, to calm and inquiring minds!" And here Miss Matty broke in with —

"But, indeed, my dear, they were not at all trivial or trifling at the time. I know I used to wake up in the night many a time and think I heard the tramp of the French entering Cranford. Many people talked of hiding themselves in the salt mines — and meat would have kept capitally down there, only perhaps we should have been thirsty. And my father preached a whole set of sermons on the occasion; one set in the mornings, all about David and Goliath, to spirit up the people to fighting with spades or bricks, if need were; and the other set in the afternoons, proving that Napoleon (that was another name for Bony, as we used to call him) was all the same as an Apollyon and Abaddon. I remember my father rather thought he should be asked to print this last set; but the parish had perhaps had enough of them with hearing."

Peter Marmaduke Arley Jenkyns ("poor Peter!" as Miss Matty began to call him) was at school at Shrewsbury by this time. The rector took up his pen, and rubbed up his Latin once more, to correspond with his boy. It was very

clear that the lad's were what are called show letters. They were of a highly mental description, giving an account of his studies, and his intellectual hopes of various kinds, with an occasional quotation from the classics; but, now and then, the animal nature broke out in such a little sentence as this, evidently written in a trembling hurry, after the letter had been inspected: "Mother dear, do send me a cake, and put plenty of citron in." The "mother dear" probably answered her boy in the form of cakes and "goody," for there were none of her letters among this set; but a whole collection of the rector's, to whom the Latin in his boy's letters was like a trumpet to the old war horse. I do not know much about Latin, certainly, and it is, perhaps, an ornamental language, but not very useful, I think—at least to judge from the bits I remember out of the rector's letters. One was, "You have not got that town in your map of Ireland; but *Bonus Bernardus non videt omnia*, as the Proverbia say." Presently it became very evident that "poor Peter" got himself into many scrapes. There were letters of stilted penitence to his father, for some wrongdoing; and among them all was a badly written, badly sealed, badly directed, blotted note—"My dear, dear, dear, dearest mother, I will be a better boy; I will, indeed; but don't, please, be ill for me; I am not worth it; but I will be good, darling mother."

Miss Matty could not speak for crying, after she had read this note. She gave it to me in silence, and then got up and took it to her sacred recesses in her own room, for fear, by any chance, it might get burnt. "Poor Peter!" she said; "he was always in scrapes; he was too easy. They led him wrong, and then left him in the lurch. But he was too fond of mischief. He could never resist a joke. Poor Peter!"



A SCREEN FOR MODESTY.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE.

(From "The Angel in the House.")

"I saw him kiss your lips."—" 'Tis true."—

"O modesty!"—" 'Twas strictly kept:

He thought me asleep; at least, I knew

He thought I thought he thought I slept."

LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE GLACIAL THEORY.

BY LOUIS AGASSIZ.

[JEAN LOUIS RODOLPHE AGASSIZ — not only a naturalist of high order, but one of the greatest of forces for many years in promoting popular study of science, through his zeal, magnetism, and noble character, though injured with posterity from taking the wrong side on the evolution theory — was born in Switzerland, 1807, and studied at Zürich, Heidelberg, and Munich. His first enthusiasm was comparative anatomy; circumstances led to his making ichthyology a specialty, and writing on existent and fossil fish species (1829–42). He became professor of natural history at Neuchâtel; and being also a competent geologist, framed a revolutionary theory of glacial action now become a commonplace. His “*Études sur les Glaciers*” appeared in 1840; “*Système Glaciaire*” in 1847. Coming to America in 1846, he accepted the chair of zoölogy and geology at Harvard in 1848, and remained an American. In 1854 he examined Lake Superior; in 1865 headed an expedition to explore the lower Amazon and its tributaries; in 1868 was made non-resident professor of natural history at Cornell; in 1871 accompanied the Hassler expedition to the southern oceans. Among his numerous works are an “*Outline of Comparative Physiology*” (1843) and “*Contributions to the Natural History of the United States*” (4 vols., 1852). He died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1873.]

LET us investigate the mode of action, the mode of transportation of icebergs, and let us examine whether this cause is adequate to produce phenomena for which it is made to account. As mentioned above, the polished surfaces are continuous over hills and in depressions of the soil, and the scratches which run over such undulating surfaces are nevertheless continuous in straight lines. If we imagine icebergs moving upon shoals, no doubt they would scratch and polish the rocks in a way similar to moving glaciers. But upon such grounds they would sooner or later be stranded, and if they remained loose enough to move, they would, in their gyratory movements, produce curved lines, and mark the spots where they had been stranded with particular indications of their prolonged action. But nowhere upon arctic ground do we find such indications. Everywhere the polished and scratched surfaces are continuous in straight juxtaposition.

Phenomena analogous to those produced by icebergs would only be seen along the seashores; and if the theory of drifted icebergs were correct, we should have, all over those continents where erratic phenomena occur, indications of retreating shores as far as the erratic phenomena are found. But there is no such thing to be observed over the whole extent of the

North American continent, nor over Northern Europe and Asia, as far as the northern erratics extend. From the arctics to the southernmost limit of the erratic distribution, we find nowhere the indications of the action of the sea as directly connected with the production of the erratic phenomena. And wherever the marine deposits rest upon the polished surfaces of ground and scratched rocks, they can be shown to be deposits formed since the grooving and polishing of the rocks, in consequence of the subsidence of those tracts of land upon which such deposits occur.

Again, if we take for a moment into consideration the immense extent of land covered by erratic phenomena, and view them as produced by drifted icebergs, we must acknowledge that the icebergs of the *present period*, at least, are insufficient to account for them, as they are limited to a narrower zone. And to bring icebergs in any way within the extent which would answer for the extent of the distribution of erratics, we must assume that the northern ice fields, from which these icebergs could be detached and float southwards, were much larger at the time they produced such extensive phenomena than they are now. That is to say, we must assume an ice period; and if we look into the circumstances we shall find that this ice period, to answer to the phenomena, should be nothing less than an extensive cap of ice upon both poles. This is the very theory which I advocate; and unless the advocates of an iceberg theory go to that length in their premises, I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that they will find the source of their icebergs fall short of the requisite conditions which they must assume, upon due consideration, to account for the whole phenomena as they have really been observed.

But without discussing any farther the theoretical views of the question, let me describe more minutely the facts as observed on the northern shores of Lake Superior. The polished surfaces, as such, are even, undulating, and terminate always above the rough lee side turned to the south, unless upon gentle declivities, where the polished surfaces extend in unbroken continuity upon the southern surfaces of the hills, as well as upon their northern slopes. On their eastern and western flanks, shallow valleys running east and west are as uniformly polished as those which run north and south; and this fact is more and more evident wherever scratches and furrows are

also well preserved and distinctly seen, and by their bearings we can ascertain most minutely the direction of the onward movement which produced the whole phenomena. Nothing is more striking in this respect than the valleys or depressions of the soil running east and west, where we see the scratches crossing such undulations at right angles, descending along the southern gentle slope of a hill, traversing the flat bottom below, and rising again up the next hill south, in unbroken continuity. Examples of the kind can be seen everywhere in those narrow inlets, with shallow waters intersecting the innumerable highlands along the northern shores of Lake Superior, where the scratches and furrows can be traced under water from one shore to the other, and where they at times ascend steep hills, which they cross at right angles along their northern slope, even when the southern slope, not steeper in itself, faces the south with rough escarpments.

The loose materials which produced, in their onward movement under the pressure of ice, such polishing and grooving, consisted of various sized boulders, pebbles, and gravels, down to the most minute sand and loamy powder. Accumulations of such materials are found everywhere upon these smooth surfaces, and in their arrangement they present everywhere the most striking contrast when compared with deposits accumulated under the agency of water. Indeed, we nowhere find this glacial drift regularly stratified, being everywhere irregular accumulations of loose materials, scattered at random without selection, the coarsest and most minute particles being piled irregularly in larger or smaller heaps, the greatest boulders standing sometimes uppermost, or in the center, or in any position among smaller pebbles and impalpable powder.

And these materials themselves are scratched, polished, and furrowed, and the scratches and furrows are rectilinear as upon the rocks *in situ* underneath, not bruised simply, as the loose materials carried onward by currents, or driven against the shores by the tides, but regularly scratched, as fragments of hard material would be if they had been fastened during their friction against each other, just as we observe them upon the lower surfaces of glaciers, where all the loose materials set in ice, as stones in their setting, are pressed and rubbed against underlying rocks. But the setting here being simply ice, these loose materials, fast at one time and movable another, and fixed and loosened again, have rubbed against the rock below in all

possible positions ; and hence not only their rounded form, but also their rectilinear grooving. How such grooves could be produced under the action of currents, I leave to the advocates of such a theory to show, as soon as they shall be prepared for it.

I should not omit here to mention a fact which, in my opinion, has a great theoretical importance, namely, that in the northern erratics, even the largest boulders, as far as I know, are rounded, and scratched, and polished—at least, all those which are found beyond the immediate vicinity of the higher mountain ranges ; showing that the accumulations of ice which moved the northern erratics covered the whole country ; and this view is sustained by another set of facts equally important, namely, that the highest ridges, the highest rugged mountains, at least, in this continent and north of the Alps in Europe, are as completely polished and smoothed as the lower lands, and only a very few peaks seem to have risen above the sheet of ice ; whilst in the Alps the summits of the mountains stand generally above these accumulations of ice, and have supplied the surface of the glaciers with large numbers of angular boulders, which have been carried upon the back of glaciers to the lower valleys and adjacent plains without losing their angular forms.

With respect to the irregular accumulation of drift-materials in the north, I may add that there is not only no indication of stratification among them, such, unquestionably, as water would have left, but that the very nature of these materials shows plainly that they are of terrestrial origin ; for the mud which sticks between them adheres to all the little roughnesses of the pebbles, fills them out, and has the peculiar adhesive character of the mud ground under the glaciers, and differing entirely in that respect from the gravels and pebbles and sands washed by water currents, which leave each pebble clean, and never form adhering masses, unless penetrated by an infiltration of limestone.

Another important fact respecting this glacial drift consists in the universal absence of marine as well as freshwater fossils in its interior, a fact which strengthens the view that they have been accumulated by the agency of strictly terrestrial glaciers ; such is at least the case everywhere far from the seashore. But we may conclude that these ancient glaciers reached, upon various points, the seashore at the time of their greatest

extension, just as they do at present in Spitzbergen and other arctic shores; and that therefore, in such proximity, phenomena of contact should be observed, indicating the onward movement of glacial material into the ocean, such as the accumulation within these materials of marine fossil remains, and also the influence of the tidal movements upon them. And now such is really the case. Nearer the seashores we observe distinctly, in some accumulations of the drift, faint indications of the action of the tide reaching the lower surface of glaciers, and the remodeling, to some extent, of the materials which there poured into the sea.

The period at which these phenomena took place cannot be fully determined, nor is it easy to ascertain whether all glacial drift is contemporaneous. It would seem, however, as if the extensive accumulation of drift all around the northern pole in Europe, Asia, and America was of the same age as the erratics of the Alps; the climatic circumstances capable of accumulating such large masses of ice around the north pole having, no doubt, extended their influence over the temperate zone, and probably produced, in high mountain chains, as the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Black Forest, and the Vosges, such accumulations of snow and ice as may have produced the erratic phenomena of those districts. But extensive changes must have taken place in the appearance of the continents over which we trace erratic phenomena, since we observe in the Old World, as well as in North America, extensive stratified deposits containing fossils which rest upon the erratics; and as we have all possible good reasons and satisfactory evidence for admitting that the erratics were transported by the agency of terrestrial glaciers, and that therefore the tracts of land over which they occur stood at that time above the level of the sea, we are led to the conclusion that these continents have subsided since that period below the level of the sea, and that over their inundated portions animal life has spread, remains of organized beings have been accumulated, which are now found in a fossil state in the deposits formed under those sheets of water.

Such deposits occur at various levels in different parts of North America. They have been noticed about Montreal, on the shores of Lake Champlain, in Maine, and also in Sweden and Russia; and, what is most important, they are not everywhere at the same absolute level above the surface of the ocean, showing that both the subsidence and the subsequent upheaval

which has again brought them above the level of the sea, have been unequal; and that we should therefore be very cautious in our inferences respecting both the continental circumstances under which the ancient glaciers were formed, and also the extent of the sea afterward, as compared with its present limits.

The contrast between the unstratified drift and the subsequently stratified deposits is so great, that they rest everywhere unconformably upon each other, showing distinctly the difference of the agency under which they were accumulated. This unconformable superposition of marine drift upon glacial drift is also beautifully shown at the above-mentioned locality near Cambridge. In this case the action of the tides in the accumulation of the stratified materials is plainly seen.

The various heights at which these stratified deposits occur above the level of the sea, show plainly that since their accumulation the mainland has been lifted above the ocean at different rates in different parts of the country; and it would be a most important investigation to have their absolute level, in order more fully to ascertain the last changes which our continents have undergone.

From the above-mentioned facts, it must be at once obvious that the various kinds of loose materials, all over the northern hemisphere, have been accumulated, not only under different circumstances, but during long-continued subsequent distinct periods, and that great changes have taken place since their deposition, before the present state of things was fully established.

To the first period — the ice period, as I have called it — belong all the phenomena connected with the transportation of erratic boulders, the polishing, scratching, and furrowing of the rocks, and the accumulation of unstratified, scratched, and loamy drift. During that period, the mainland seems to have been, to some extent at least, higher above the level of the sea than now; as we observe on the shores of Great Britain, Norway, and Sweden, as well as on the eastern shores of North America, the polished surfaces dipping under the level of the ocean, which encroaches everywhere upon the erratics proper, effaces the polished surfaces and remodels the glacial drift. During these periods, large terrestrial animals lived upon both continents, the fossil remains of which are found in the drift of Siberia, as well as of this continent. A fossil elephant

recently discovered in Vermont adds to the resemblance, already pointed out, between the northern drift of Europe and that of North America; for fossils of that genus are now known to occur upon the northernmost point of the western extremity of North America, in New England, in Northern Europe, as well as all over Siberia.

To the second period we would refer the stratified deposits resting upon drift, which indicate that during their deposition the northern continent had again extensively subsided under the surface of the ocean.

During this period, animals, identical with those which occur in the northern seas, spread widely over parts of the globe which are now again above the level of the ocean. But, as this last elevation seems to have been gradual, and is even still going on in our day, there is no possibility of tracing more precisely, at least for the present, the limit between that epoch and the present state of things. Their continuity seems almost demonstrated by the identity of fossil shells found in these stratified deposits with those now living along the present shores of the same continent, and by the fact that changes in the relative level between sea and mainland are still going on in our day.

Indications of such relative changes between the level of the waters and the land are also observed about Lake Superior. And here they assume a very peculiar character, as the level of the lake itself, in its relation to its shores, is extensively changed.

All around Lake Superior we observe terraces at different levels; and these terraces vary in height from a few feet above the present level of the lake to several hundred feet above its surface, presenting everywhere undoubted evidence that they were formed by the waters of the lake itself.

As everywhere the lake shores are strewn with sand and pebbles stranded within certain limits by the waves, the lowest accumulations of loose materials remain within the action of heavy storms, and within such limit they are entirely deprived of vegetation.

Next, another set of beaches is observed, consisting generally of coarser materials, forming shelves above the reach of even the severest storms, as shown by the scanty cryptogamous vegetation and a few small herbaceous plants which have grown upon them.

Next, other beaches, retreating more and more from the shores, are observed, upon which an older vegetation is traced, consisting of shrubs, small trees, and a larger number of different plants, among which extensive carpets of wonderful lichens sometimes spread over large surfaces of greater extent. And the gentle slope of some of the terraces shows that the lake must have stood at this level for a longer time, as higher banks rise precipitously above them, consisting also of loose materials, which must have been worn out and washed away, for a considerable time, by the action of the waves from the lake. In such a manner, terrace above terrace may be observed, in retreating sheltered bays or along protected shores, over extensive tracts; sometimes two or three in close proximity, perhaps within twenty to fifty feet of each other; and again, extensive flat shores, spreading above to another abrupt bank, making the former shore, above which other and other terraces are seen; six, ten, even fifteen such terraces may be distinguished on one spot, forming, as it were, the steps of a gigantic amphitheater.

In connection with these lake terraces, we must consider also the river terraces which present similar phenomena along their banks all around the lake, with the difference that they slope gradually along the watercourses, otherwise resembling in their composition the lake terraces, which are altogether composed of remodeled glacial drift, which, from the influence of the water and their having been rolled on the shores, have lost, more or less, their scratches and polished appearance, and have assumed the dead smoothness of water pebbles. Such terraces occur frequently between the islands, or cover low necks connecting promontories with the mainland, thus showing, on a small scale, how by the accumulation of loose materials, isolated islands may be combined to form larger ones, and how, in the course of time, by the same process, islands may be connected with the mainland.

The lake shores present another series of interesting phenomena, especially near the mouth of larger rivers emptying into the lake over flats, where parallel walls of loose materials, driven by the action of the lake against the mouth of the river, have successively stopped its course and caused it to wind its way between the repeated accumulations of such obstacles.

An important question now arises, after considering these facts, how these successive changes in the relative level of the

lake and its shores have been introduced. Has the water been gradually subsiding, or has the shore been repeatedly lifted up? Merely from the general inferences of the more extensive phenomena described above, respecting the relative changes between land and sea, I should be inclined to admit that the land has risen, rather than to suppose that the waters have gradually flowed out. But there are about the lake itself sufficient proofs which leave in my mind not the slightest doubt that it is the land which has changed its level, and not the lake which has subsided.



WALDEN POND IN WINTER.

BY HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

(From "Walden.")

[HENRY DAVID THOREAU, American writer, chiefly on nature, was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817; was farmer, pencil maker, etc., for a livelihood, but his life was in observation of nature. Among his works are: "A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers" (1848), "Walden, or Life in the Woods" (1854), "Echoes of Harper's Ferry" (1860), "Excursions" (1863), "The Maine Woods" (1864), "Cape Cod" (1865), "A Yankee in Canada" (1866), "Early Spring in Massachusetts" (1881), "Summer" (1884), "Winter" (1888), and "Autumn" (1892). He died May 6, 1862.]

EVERY winter the liquid and trembling surface of the pond, which was so sensitive to every breath, and reflected every light and shadow, becomes solid to the depth of a foot or a foot and a half, so that it will support the heaviest teams, and perchance the snow covers it to an equal depth, and it is not to be distinguished from any level field. Like the marmots in the surrounding hills, it closes its eyelids and becomes dormant for three months or more. Standing on the snow-covered plain, as if in a pasture amid the hills, I cut my way first through a foot of snow, and then a foot of ice, and open a window under my feet, where, kneeling to drink, I look down into the quiet parlor of the fishes, pervaded by a softened light as through a window of ground glass, with its bright sanded floor the same as in summer; there a perennial, waveless serenity reigns as in the amber twilight sky, corresponding to the cool and even temperament of the inhabitants. Heaven is under our feet as well as over our heads.

Early in the morning, while all things are crisp with frost, men come with fishing reels and slender lunch, and let down their fine lines through the snowy field to take pickerel and perch, — wild men, who instinctively follow other fashions and trust other authorities than their townsmen, and by their goings and comings stitch towns together in parts where else they would be ripped. They sit and eat their luncheon in stout fearnoughts on the dry oak leaves on the shore, as wise in natural lore as the citizen is in artificial. They never consulted with books, and know and can tell much less than they have done. The things which they practice are said not yet to be known. Here is one fishing for pickerel with grown perch for bait. You look into his pail with wonder as into a summer pond, as if he kept summer locked up at home, or knew where she had retreated. How, pray, did he get these in midwinter? O, he got worms out of rotten logs since the ground froze, and so he caught them. His life itself passes deeper in Nature than the studies of the naturalist penetrate; himself a subject for the naturalist. The latter raises the moss and bark gently with his knife in search of insects; the former lays open logs to their core with his ax, and moss and bark fly far and wide. He gets his living by barking trees. Such a man has some right to fish, and I love to see Nature carried out in him. The perch swallows the grubworm, the pickerel swallows the perch, and the fisherman swallows the pickerel; and so all the chinks in the scale of being are filled.

When I strolled around the pond in misty weather, I was sometimes amused by the primitive mode which some ruder fisherman had adopted. He would perhaps have placed alder branches over the narrow holes in the ice, which were four or five rods apart and an equal distance from the shore, and having fastened the end of the line to a stick to prevent its being pulled through, have passed the slack line over a twig of the alder, a foot or more above the ice, and tied a dry oak leaf to it, which, being pulled down, would show when he had a bite. These alders loomed through the mist at regular intervals as you walked halfway round the pond.

Ah, the pickerel of Walden! when I see them lying on the ice, or in the well which the fisherman cuts in the ice, making a little hole to admit the water, I am always surprised by their rare beauty, as if they were fabulous fishes, they are so foreign to the streets, even to the woods, foreign as Arabia to our Con-

cord life. They possess a quite dazzling and transcendent beauty which separates them by a wide interval from the cadaverous cod and haddock whose fame is trumpeted in our streets. They are not green like the pines, nor gray like the stones, nor blue like the sky; but they have, to my eyes, if possible, yet rarer colors, like flowers and precious stones, as if they were the pearls, the animalized *nuclei* or crystals of the Walden water. They, of course, are Walden all over and all through — are themselves small Waldens in the animal kingdom, Waldenses. It is surprising that they are caught here, — that in this deep and capacious spring, far beneath the rattling teams and chaises and tinkling sleighs that travel the Walden road, this great gold and emerald fish swims. I never chanced to see its kind in any market; it would be the cynosure of all eyes there. Easily, with a few convulsive quirks, they give up their watery ghosts, like a mortal translated before his time to the thin air of heaven.

As I was desirous to recover the long-lost bottom of Walden Pond, I surveyed it carefully, before the ice broke up, early in '46, with compass and chain and sounding line. There have been many stories told about the bottom, or rather no bottom, of this pond, which certainly had no foundation for themselves. It is remarkable how long men will believe in the bottomlessness of a pond without taking the trouble to sound it. I have visited two such Bottomless Ponds in one walk in this neighborhood. Many have believed that Walden reached quite through to the other side of the globe. Some who have lain flat on the ice for a long time, looking down through the illusive medium, perchance with watery eyes into the bargain, and driven to hasty conclusions by the fear of catching cold in their breasts, have seen vast holes "into which a load of hay might be driven," if there were anybody to drive it, the undoubted source of the Styx and entrance to the Infernal Regions from these parts. Others have gone down from the village with a "fifty-six" and a wagon load of inch rope, but yet have failed to find any bottom; for while the "fifty-six" was resting by the way, they were paying out the rope in the vain attempt to fathom their truly immeasurable capacity for marvelousness. But I can assure my readers that Walden has a reasonably tight bottom at a not unreasonable, though at an unusual, depth. I fathomed it easily with a cod line and a stone weighing about

a pound and a half, and could tell accurately when the stone left the bottom, by having to pull so much harder before the water got underneath to help me. The greatest depth was exactly one hundred and two feet, to which may be added the five feet which it has risen since, making one hundred and seven. This is a remarkable depth for so small an area; yet not an inch of it can be spared by the imagination. What if all ponds were shallow? Would it not react on the minds of men? I am thankful that this pond was made deep and pure for a symbol. While men believe in the infinite, some ponds will be thought to be bottomless.

A factory owner, hearing what depth I had found, thought that it could not be true, for, judging from his acquaintance with dams, sand would not lie at so steep an angle. But the deepest ponds are not so deep in proportion to their area as most suppose, and, if drained, would not leave very remarkable valleys. They are not like cups between the hills; for this one, which is so unusually deep for its area, appears in a vertical section through its center not deeper than a shallow plate. Most ponds, emptied, would leave a meadow no more hollow than we frequently see. William Gilpin, who is so admirable in all that relates to landscapes, and usually so correct, standing at the head of Loch Fyne, in Scotland, which he describes as "a bay of salt water, sixty or seventy fathoms deep, four miles in breadth," and about fifty miles long, surrounded by mountains, observes, "If we could have seen it immediately after the diluvian crash, or whatever convulsion of Nature occasioned it, before the waters gushed in, what a horrid chasm it must have appeared!

So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters —

But if, using the shortest diameter of Loch Fyne, we apply these proportions to Walden, which, as we have seen, appears already in a vertical section only like a shallow plate, it will appear four times as shallow. So much for the *increased* horrors of the chasm of Loch Fyne when emptied. No doubt many a smiling valley with its stretching cornfields occupies exactly such a "horrid chasm," from which the waters have receded, though it requires the insight and the far sight of the geologist to convince the unsuspecting inhabitants of this fact. Often

an inquisitive eye may detect the shores of a primitive lake in the low horizon hills, and no subsequent elevation of the plain have been necessary to conceal their history. But it is easiest, as they who work on the highways know, to find the hollows by the puddles after a shower. The amount of it is, the imagination, give it the least license, dives deeper and soars higher than Nature goes. So, probably, the depth of the ocean will be found to be very inconsiderable compared with its breadth.

As I sounded through the ice I could determine the shape of the bottom with greater accuracy than is possible in surveying harbors which do not freeze over, and I was surprised at its general regularity. In the deepest part there are several acres more level than almost any field which is exposed to the sun, wind, and plow. In one instance, on a line arbitrarily chosen, the depth did not vary more than one foot in thirty rods; and generally, near the middle, I could calculate the variation for each one hundred feet in any direction beforehand within three or four inches. Some are accustomed to speak of deep and dangerous holes even in quiet, sandy ponds like this, but the effect of water under these circumstances is to level all inequalities. The regularity of the bottom and its conformity to the shores and the range of the neighboring hills were so perfect that a distant promontory betrayed itself in the soundings quite across the pond, and its direction could be determined by observing the opposite shore. Cape becomes bar, and plain shoal, and valley and gorge deep water and channel.

When I had mapped the pond by the scale of ten rods to an inch, and put down the soundings, more than a hundred in all, I observed this remarkable coincidence. Having noticed that the number indicating the greatest depth was apparently in the center of the map, I laid a rule on the map lengthwise, and then breadthwise, and found, to my surprise, that the line of greatest length intersected the line of greatest breadth *exactly* at the point of greatest depth, notwithstanding that the middle is so nearly level, the outline of the pond far from regular, and the extreme length and breadth were got by measuring into the coves; and I said to myself, Who knows but this hint would conduct to the deepest part of the ocean as well as of a pond or puddle? Is not this the rule also for the height of mountains, regarded as the opposite of valleys? We know that a hill is not highest at its narrowest part.

Of five coves, three, or all which had been sounded, were observed to have a bar quite across their mouths and deeper water within, so that the bay tended to be an expansion of water within the land not only horizontally but vertically, and to form a basin or independent pond, the direction of the two capes showing the course of the bar. Every harbor on the sea-coast, also, has its bar at its entrance. In proportion as the mouth of the cove was wider compared with its length, the water over the bar was deeper compared with that in the basin. Given, then, the length and breadth of the cove, and the character of the surrounding shore, and you have almost elements enough to make out a formula for all cases.

In order to see how nearly I could guess, with this experience, at the deepest point in a pond, by observing the outlines of its surface and the character of its shores alone, I made a plan of White Pond, which contains about forty-one acres, and, like this, has no island in it, nor any visible inlet or outlet; and as the line of greatest breadth fell very near the line of least breadth, where two opposite capes approached each other and two opposite bays receded, I ventured to mark a point a short distance from the latter line, but still on the line of greatest length, as the deepest. The deepest part was found to be within one hundred feet of this, still farther in the direction to which I had inclined, and was only one foot deeper, namely, sixty feet. Of course, a stream running through, or an island in the pond would make the problem much more complicated.

If we knew all the laws of Nature, we should need only one fact, or the description of one actual phenomenon, to infer all the particular results at that point. Now we know only a few laws, and our result is vitiated, not, of course, by any confusion or irregularity in Nature, but by our ignorance of essential elements in the calculation. Our notions of law and harmony are commonly confined to those instances which we detect; but the harmony which results from a far greater number of seemingly conflicting, but really concurring, laws, which we have not detected, is still more wonderful. The particular laws are as our points of view, as, to the traveler, a mountain outline varies with every step, and it has an infinite number of profiles, though absolutely but one form. Even when cleft or bored through, it is not comprehended in its entirety.

What I have observed of the pond is no less true in ethics. It is the law of average. Such a rule of the two diameters not

only guides us toward the sun in the system and the heart in man, but draw lines through the length and breadth of the aggregate of a man's particular daily behaviors and waves of life into his coves and inlets, and where they intersect will be the height or depth of his character. Perhaps we need only to know how his shores trend and his adjacent country or circumstances, to infer his depth and concealed bottom. If he is surrounded by mountainous circumstances, an Achillean shore, whose peaks overshadow and are reflected in his bosom, they suggest a corresponding depth in him. But a low and smooth shore proves him shallow on that side. In our bodies, a bold projecting brow falls off to and indicates a corresponding depth of thought. Also there is a bar across the entrance of our every cove, or particular inclination; each is our harbor for a season, in which we are detained and partially landlocked. These inclinations are not whimsical usually, but their form, size, and direction are determined by the promontories of the shore, the ancient axes of elevation. When this bar is gradually increased by storms, tides, or currents, or there is a subsidence of the waters, so that it reaches to the surface, that which was at first but an inclination in the shore in which a thought was harbored becomes an individual lake, cut off from the ocean, wherein the thought secures its own conditions,—changes, perhaps, from salt to fresh, becomes a sweet sea, dead sea, or a marsh. At the advent of each individual into this life, may we not suppose that such a bar has risen to the surface somewhere? It is true, we are such poor navigators that our thoughts, for the most part, stand off and on upon a harborless coast, are conversant only with the bights of the bays of poesy, or steer for the public ports of entry, and go into the dry docks of science, where they merely refit for this world, and no natural currents concur to individualize them.

As for the inlet or outlet of Walden, I have not discovered any but rain and snow and evaporation, though perhaps, with a thermometer and a line, such places may be found, for where the water flows into the pond it will probably be coldest in summer and warmest in winter. When the icemen were at work here in '46-7, the cakes sent to the shore were one day rejected by those who were stacking them up there, not being thick enough to lie side by side with the rest; and the cutters thus discovered that the ice over a small space was two or three inches thinner than elsewhere, which made them think that

there was an inlet there. They also showed me in another place what they thought was a "leach hole," through which the pond leaked out under a hill into a neighboring meadow, pushing me out on a cake of ice to see it. It was a small cavity under ten feet of water; but I think that I can warrant the pond not to need soldering till they find a worse leak than that. One has suggested that if such a "leach hole" should be found, its connection with the meadow, if any existed, might be proved by conveying some colored powder or sawdust to the mouth of the hole, and then putting a strainer over the spring in the meadow, which would catch some of the particles carried through by the current.

While I was surveying, the ice, which was sixteen inches thick, undulated under a slight wind like water. It is well known that a level cannot be used on ice. At one rod from the shore its greatest fluctuation, when observed by means of a level on land directed toward a graduated staff on the ice, was three quarters of an inch, though the ice appeared firmly attached to the shore. It was probably greater in the middle. Who knows but if our instruments were delicate enough we might detect an undulation in the crust of the earth? When two legs of my level were on the shore and the third on the ice, and the sights were directed over the latter, a rise or fall of the ice of an almost infinitesimal amount made a difference of several feet on a tree across the pond. When I began to cut holes for sounding, there were three or four inches of water on the ice under a deep snow which had sunk it thus far; but the water began immediately to run into these holes, and continued to run for two days in deep streams, which wore away the ice on every side, and contributed essentially, if not mainly, to dry the surface of the pond; for, as the water ran in, it raised and floated the ice. This was somewhat like cutting a hole in the bottom of a ship to let the water out. When such holes freeze, and a rain succeeds, and finally a new freezing forms a fresh smooth ice over all, it is beautifully mottled internally by dark figures, shaped somewhat like a spider's web, what you may call ice rosettes, produced by the channels worn by the water flowing from all sides to a center. Sometimes, also, when the ice was covered with shallow puddles, I saw a double shadow of myself, one standing on the head of the other, one on the ice, the other on the trees or hillside.

While yet it is cold January, and snow and ice are thick and solid, the prudent landlord comes from the village to get ice to cool his summer drink; impressively, even pathetically, wise, to foresee the heat and thirst of July now in January,—wearing a thick coat and mittens! when so many things are not provided for. It may be that he lays up no treasures in this world which will cool his summer drink in the next. He cuts and saws the solid pond, unroofs the house of fishes, and carts off their very element and air, held fast by chains and stakes like corded wood, through the favoring winter air, to wintry cellars, to underlie the summer there. It looks like solidified azure, as, far off, it is drawn through the streets. These ice cutters are a merry race, full of jest and sport, and when I went among them they were wont to invite me to saw pit-fashion with them, I standing underneath.

In the winter of '46-7 there came a hundred men of Hyperborean extraction swoop down on to our pond one morning, with many car loads of ungainly-looking farming tools,—sleds, plows, drill barrows, turf knives, spades, saws, rakes, and each man was armed with a double-pointed pike staff, such as is not described in the *New England Farmer* or the *Cultivator*. I did not know whether they had come to sow a crop of winter rye, or some other kind of grain recently introduced from Iceland. As I saw no manure, I judge that they meant to skim the land, as I had done, thinking the soil was deep and had lain fallow long enough. They said that a gentleman farmer, who was behind the scenes, wanted to double his money, which, as I understood, amounted to half a million already; but in order to cover each one of his dollars with another, he took off the only coat, ay, the skin itself, of Walden Pond in the midst of a hard winter. They went to work at once, plowing, harrowing, rolling, furrowing, in admirable order, as if they were bent on making this a model farm; but when I was looking sharp to see what kind of seed they dropped into the furrow, a gang of fellows by my side suddenly began to hook up the virgin mold itself, with a peculiar jerk, clean down to the sand, or rather the water,—for it was a very springy soil,—indeed all the *terra firma* there was,—and haul it away on sleds, and then I guessed that they must be cutting peat in a bog. So they came and went every day, with a peculiar shriek from the locomotive, from and to some point of the polar regions, as it seemed to me, like a flock of Arctic snowbirds. But sometimes Squaw Walden

had her revenge, and a hired man, walking behind his team, slipped through a crack in the ground down toward Tartarus, and he who was so brave before suddenly became but the ninth part of a man, almost gave up his animal heat, and was glad to take refuge in my house, and acknowledged that there was some virtue in a stove; or sometimes the frozen soil took a piece of steel out of a plowshare, or a plow got set in the furrow and had to be cut out.

To speak literally, a hundred Irishmen, with Yankee overseers, came from Cambridge every day to get out the ice. They divided it into cakes by methods too well known to require description, and these, being sledded to the shore, were rapidly hauled off on to an ice platform, and raised by grappling irons and block and tackle, worked by horses, on to a stack, as surely as so many barrels of flour, and there placed evenly side by side, and row upon row, as if they formed the solid base of an obelisk designed to pierce the clouds. They told me that in a good day they could get out a thousand tons, which was the yield of about one acre. Deep ruts and "cradle holes" were worn in the ice, as on *terra firma*, by the passage of the sleds over the same track, and the horses invariably ate their oats out of cakes of ice hollowed out like buckets. They stacked up the cakes thus in the open air in a pile thirty-five feet high on one side and six or seven rods square, putting hay between the outside layers to exclude the air; for when the wind, though never so cold, finds a passage through, it will wear large cavities, leaving slight supports or studs only here and there, and finally topple it down. At first it looked like a vast blue fort or Valhalla; but when they began to tuck the coarse meadow hay into the crevices, and this became covered with rime and icicles, it looked like a venerable moss-grown and hoary ruin, built of azure-tinted marble, the abode of Winter, that old man we see in the almanac,—his shanty, as if he had a design to estivate with us. They calculated that not twenty-five per cent of this would reach its destination, and that two or three per cent would be wasted in the cars. However, a still greater part of this heap had a different destiny from what was intended; for, either because the ice was found not to keep so well as was expected, containing more air than usual, or for some other reason, it never got to market. This heap, made in the winter of '46-7, and estimated to contain ten thousand tons, was finally covered with hay and boards; and though it

was unroofed the following July, and a part of it carried off, the rest remaining exposed to the sun, it stood over that summer and the next winter, and was not quite melted till September, 1848. Thus the pond recovered the greater part.

Like the water, the Walden ice, seen near at hand, has a green tint, but at a distance is beautifully blue, and you can easily tell it from the white ice of the river, or the merely greenish ice of some ponds, a quarter of a mile off. Sometimes one of those great cakes slips from the iceman's sled into the village street, and lies there for a week like a great emerald, an object of interest to all passers. I have noticed that a portion of Walden which in the state of water was green will often, when frozen, appear from the same point of view blue. So the hollows about this pond will, sometimes, in the winter, be filled with a greenish water somewhat like its own, but the next day will have a frozen blue. Perhaps the blue color of water and ice is due to the light and air they contain, and the most transparent is the bluest. Ice is an interesting subject for contemplation. They told me that they had some in the ice houses at Fresh Pond five years old, which was as good as ever. Why is it that a bucket of water soon becomes putrid, but frozen remains sweet forever? It is commonly said that this is the difference between the affections and the intellect.

Thus for sixteen days I saw from my window a hundred men at work like busy husbandmen, with teams and horses and apparently all the implements of farming, such a picture as we see on the first page of the almanac; and as often as I looked out I was reminded of the fable of the lark and the reapers, or the parable of the sower, and the like; and now they are all gone, and in thirty days more, probably, I shall look from the same window on the pure sea-green Walden water there, reflecting the clouds and the trees, and sending up its evaporations in solitude, and no traces will appear that a man has ever stood there. Perhaps I shall hear a solitary loon laugh as he dives and plumes himself, or shall see a lonely fisher in his boat, like a floating leaf, beholding his form reflected in the waves, where lately a hundred men securely labored.

Thus it appears that the sweltering inhabitants of Charleston and New Orleans, of Madras and Bombay and Calcutta, drink at my well. In the morning I bathe my intellect in the stupendous and cosmogonical philosophy of the Bhagvat Geeta, since whose composition years of the gods have elapsed, and

in comparison with which our modern world and its literature seem puny and trivial; and I doubt if that philosophy is not to be referred to a previous state of existence, so remote is its sublimity from our conceptions. I lay down the book and go to my well for water, and lo! there I meet the servant of the Bramin, priest of Brahma and Vishnu and Indra, who still sits in his temple on the Ganges reading the Vedas, or dwells at the root of a tree with his crust and water jug. I meet his servant come to draw water for his master, and our buckets as it were grate together in the same well. The pure Walden water is mingled with the sacred water of the Ganges. With favoring winds it is wafted past the site of the fabulous islands of Atlantis and the Hesperides, makes the periplus of Hanno, and floating by Ternate and Tidore and the mouth of the Persian Gulf, melts in the tropic gales of the Indian seas, and is landed in ports of which Alexander only heard the names.



THE NEWCOMES.

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring," "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]]

THOMAS NEWCOME SINGS HIS LAST SONG.

THE earliest comers were the first mate and the medical officer of the ship in which the two gentlemen had come to England. The mate was a Scotchman; the doctor was a Scotchman; of the gentlemen from the Oriental Club, three were Scotchmen.

The Southrons, with one exception, were the last to arrive, and for a while we stood looking out of the windows awaiting their coming. The first mate pulled out a penknife, and

arranged his nails. The Doctor and Mr. Binnie talked of the progress of medicine. Binnie had walked the hospitals of Edinburgh before getting his civil appointment to India. The three gentlemen from Hanover Square and the Colonel had plenty to say about Tom Smith of the Cavalry, and Harry Hall of the Engineers: how Topham was going to marry poor little Bob Wallis' widow; how many lakhs Barber had brought home, and the like. The tall gray-headed Englishman, who had been in the East too, in the king's service, joined for a while in this conversation, but presently left it, and came and talked with Clive. "I knew your father in India," said the gentleman to the lad; "there is not a more gallant or respected officer in that service. I have a boy too, a stepson, who has just gone into the army; he is older than you; he was born at the end of the Waterloo year, and so was a great friend of his and mine, who was at your school, Sir Rawdon Crawley."

"He was in Gown Boys, I know," says the boy; "succeeded his uncle Pitt, fourth Baronet. I don't know how his mother — her who wrote the hymns, you know, and goes to Mr. Honeyman's chapel, comes to be Rebecca, Lady Crawley. His father, Colonel Rawdon Crawley, died at Coventry Island, in August, 182—, and his uncle, Sir Pitt, not till September here. I remember, we used to talk about it at Grey Friars, when I was quite a little chap; and there were bets whether Crawley, I mean the young one, was a Baronet or not."

"When I sailed to Rigy, Cornel," the first mate was speaking — nor can any spelling nor combination of letters of which I am master reproduce this gentleman's accent when he was talking his best — "I racklackt they used always to sairve us a drem before denner. And as your frinds are kipping the denner, and as I've no watch to-night, I'll jist do as we used to do at Rigy. James, my fine fellow, jist look alive and breng me a small glass of brandy, will ye? Did ye iver try a brandy cocktail, Cornel? Whin I sailed on the New York line, we used jest to make bits before denner: and — thank ye, James" — and he tossed off a glass of brandy.

Here a waiter announces, in a loud voice, "Sir Thomas de Boots," and the General enters, scowling round the room according to his fashion, very red in the face, very tight in the girth, splendidly attired with a choking white neckcloth, a voluminous waistcoat, and his orders on.

"Stars and garters, by jingo!" cries Mr. Frederick Bayham;

"I say, Pendennis, have you any idea, is the Duke coming? I wouldn't have come in these Bluchers if I had known it. Confound it, no—Hoby himself, my own bootmaker, wouldn't have allowed poor F. B. to appear in Bluchers if he had known that I was going to meet the Duke. My linen's all right, anyhow;" and F. B. breathed a thankful prayer for that. Indeed who but the very curious could tell that not F. B.'s, but C. H.'s—Charles Honeyman's—was the mark upon that decorous linen?

Colonel Newcome introduced Sir Thomas to every one in the room, as he had introduced us all to each other previously; and as Sir Thomas looked at one after another, his face was kind enough to assume an expression which seemed to ask, "And who the devil are you, sir?" as clearly as though the General himself had given utterance to the words. With the gentleman in the window talking to Clive he seemed to have some acquaintance, and said, not unkindly, "How d'you do, Dobbin?"

The carriage of Sir Brian Newcome now drove up, from which the Baronet descended in state, leaning upon the arm of the Apollo in plush and powder, who closed the shutters of the great coach and mounted by the side of the coachman, laced and periwigged. The Bench of Bishops has given up its wigs; cannot the box, too, be made to resign that insane decoration? Is it necessary for our comfort, that the men who do our work in stable or household should be dressed like Merry-Andrews? Enter Sir Brian Newcome, smiling blandly; he greets his brother affectionately, Sir Thomas gayly; he nods and smiles to Clive, and graciously permits Mr. Pendennis to take hold of two fingers of his extended right hand. That gentleman is charmed, of course, with the condescension. What man could be otherwise than happy to be allowed a momentary embrace of two such precious fingers? When a gentleman so favors me, I always ask, mentally, why he has taken the trouble at all, and regret that I have not had the presence of mind to poke one finger against his two. If I were worth ten thousand a year, I cannot help inwardly reflecting, and kept a large account in Threadneedle Street, I cannot help thinking he would have favored me with the whole palm.

The arrival of these two grandees has somehow cast a solemnity over the company. The weather is talked about: brilliant in itself, it does not occasion very brilliant remarks among

Colonel Newcome's guests. Sir Brian really thinks it must be as hot as it is in India. Sir Thomas de Boots, swelling in his white waistcoat, in the armholes of which his thumbs are engaged, smiles scornfully, and wishes Sir Brian had ever felt a good sweltering day in the hot winds in India. Sir Brian withdraws the untenable proposition that London is as hot as Calcutta. Mr. Binnie looks at his watch, and at the Colonel. "We have only your nephew, Tom, to wait for," he says; "I think we may make so bold as to order the dinner,"—a proposal heartily seconded by Mr. Frederick Bayham.

The dinner appears steaming, borne by steaming waiters. The grandees take their places, one on each side of the Colonel. He begs Mr. Honeyman to say grace, and stands reverentially during that brief ceremony, while De Boots looks queerly at him from over his napkin. All the young men take their places at the further end of the table, round about Mr. Binnie; and, at the end of the second course, Mr. Barnes Newcome makes his appearance.

Mr. Barnes does not show the slightest degree of disturbance, although he disturbs all the company. Soup and fish are brought for him, and meat, which he leisurely eats, while twelve other gentlemen are kept waiting. We mark Mr. Binnie's twinkling eyes as they watch the young man. "Eh," he seems to say, "but that's just about as free-and-easy a young chap as ever I set eyes on." And so Mr. Barnes *was* a cool young chap. That dish is so good, he must really have some more. He discusses the second supply leisurely; and turning round, simpering, to his neighbor, says, "I really hope I'm not keeping everybody waiting."

"Hem!" grunts the neighbor, Mr. Bayham; "it doesn't much matter, for we had all pretty well done dinner." Barnes takes a note of Mr. Bayham's dress—his long frock coat, the ribbon round his neck; and surveys him with an admirable impudence. "Who are these people," thinks he, "my uncle has got together?" He bows graciously to the Colonel, who asks him to take wine. He is so insufferably affable, that every man near him would like to give him a beating.

All the time of the dinner the host was challenging everybody to drink wine, in his honest old-fashioned way, and Mr. Binnie, seconding the chief entertainer. Such was the way in England and Scotland when they were young men. And when Binnie, asking Sir Brian, receives for reply from the Baronet

—“Thank you, no, my dear sir; I have exceeded already, positively exceeded;” the poor discomfited gentleman hardly knows whither to apply; but luckily, Tom Norris, the first mate, comes to his rescue, and cries out, “Mr. Binnie, *I’ve* not had enough, and I’ll drink a glass of anything ye like with ye.” The fact is, that Mr. Norris *has* had enough. He has drunk bumpers to the health of every member of the company; his glass has been filled scores of times by watchful waiters. So has Mr. Bayham absorbed great quantities of drink; but without any visible effect on that veteran toper. So has young Clive taken more than is good for him. His cheeks are flushed and burning; he is chattering and laughing loudly at his end of the table. Mr. Warrington eyes the lad with some curiosity; and then regards Mr. Barnes with a look of scorn, which does not scorch that affable young person.

I am obliged to confess that the mate of the Indiaman, at an early period of the dessert, and when nobody had asked him for any such public expression of his opinion, insisted on rising and proposing the health of Colonel Newcome, whose virtues he lauded outrageously, and whom he pronounced to be one of the best of mortal men. Sir Brian looked very much alarmed at the commencement of this speech, which the mate delivered with immense shrieks and gesticulation: but the Baronet recovered during the course of the rambling oration, and, at its conclusion, gracefully tapped the table with one of those patronizing fingers; and lifting up a glass containing at least a thimbleful of claret, said, “My dear brother, I drink your health with all my heart, I’m su-ah.” The youthful Barnes had uttered many “Hear, hears!” during the discourse, with an irony which, with every fresh glass of wine he drank, he cared less to conceal. And though Barnes had come late he had drunk largely, making up for lost time.

Those ironical cheers, and all his cousin’s behavior during dinner, had struck young Clive, who was growing very angry. He growled out remarks uncomplimentary to Barnes. His eyes, as he looked towards his kinsman, flashed challenges, of which we who were watching him could see the warlike purport. Warrington looked at Bayham and Pendennis with glances of apprehension. We saw that danger was brooding, unless the one young man could be restrained from his impertinence, and the other from his wine.

Colonel Newcome said a very few words in reply to his

honest friend the chief mate, and there the matter might have ended; but I am sorry to say Mr. Binnie now thought it necessary to rise and deliver himself of some remarks regarding the King's service, coupled with the name of Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, K.C.B., etc. — the receipt of which that gallant officer was obliged to acknowledge in a confusion amounting almost to apoplexy. The glasses went whack whack upon the hospitable board; the evening set in for public speaking. Encouraged by his last effort, Mr. Binnie now proposed Sir Brian Newcome's health; and that Baronet rose and uttered an exceedingly lengthy speech, delivered with his wineglass on his bosom.

Then that sad rogue Bayham must get up, and call earnestly and respectfully for silence and the chairman's hearty sympathy, for the few observations which he had to propose. "Our armies had been drunk with proper enthusiasm — such men as he beheld around him deserved the applause of all honest hearts, and merited the cheers with which their names had been received. ("Hear, hear!" from Barnes Newcome sarcastically. "Hear, hear, HEAR!" fiercely from Clive.) But whilst we applauded our army, should we forget a profession still more exalted? Yes, still more exalted, I say in the face of the gallant General opposite; and that profession, I need not say, is the Church. (Applause.) Gentlemen, we have among us one who, while partaking largely of the dainties on this festive board, drinking freely of the sparkling wine cup which our gallant friend's hospitality administers to us, sanctifies by his presence the feast of which he partakes, inaugurates with appropriate benedictions, and graces it I may say, both before and after meat. Gentlemen, Charles Honeyman was the friend of my childhood, his father the instructor of my early days. If Frederick Bayham's latter life has been checkered by misfortune, it may be that I have forgotten the precepts which the venerable parent of Charles Honeyman poured into an inattentive ear. He too, as a child, was not exempt from faults; as a young man, I am told, not quite free from youthful indiscretions. But in this present Anno Domini, we hail Charles Honeyman as a precept and an example, as a *decus fidei* and a *lumen ecclesiæ* (as I told him in the confidence of the private circle this morning, and ere I ever thought to publish my opinion in this distinguished company). Colonel Newcome and Mr. Binnie! I drink to the health of the Reverend Charles Honeyman, A.M. May we

listen to many more of his sermons, as well as to that admirable discourse with which I am sure he is about to electrify us now. May we profit by his eloquence, and cherish in our memories the truths which come mended from his tongue!" He ceased; poor Honeyman had to rise on his legs, and gasp out a few incoherent remarks in reply. Without a book before him, the Incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's Chapel was no prophet, and the truth is he made poor work of his oration.

At the end of it, he, Sir Brian, Colonel Dobbin, and one of the Indian gentlemen quitted the room, in spite of the loud outcries of our generous host, who insisted that the party should not break up. "Close up, gentlemen," called out honest Newcome, "we are not going to part just yet. Let me fill your glass, General. You used to have no objection to a glass of wine." And he poured out a bumper for his friend, which the old campaigner sucked in with fitting gusto. "Who will give us a song? Binnie, give us the 'Laird of Cockpen.' It's capital, my dear General. Capital," the Colonel whispered to his neighbor.

Mr. Binnie struck up the "Laird of Cockpen," without, I am bound to say, the least reluctance. He bobbed to one man, and he winked to another, and he tossed his glass, and gave all the points of his song in a manner which did credit to his simplicity and his humor. You haughty southerners little know how a jolly Scotch gentleman can *desipere in loco*, and how he chirrups over his honest cups. I do not say whether it was with the song or with Mr. Binnie that we were most amused. It was a good commonty, as Christopher Sly says; nor were we sorry when it was done.

Him the first mate succeeded; after which came a song from the redoubted F. Bayham, which he sang with a bass voice which Lablache might envy, and of which the chorus was frantically sung by the whole company. The cry was then for the Colonel; on which Barnes Newcome, who had been drinking much, started up with something like an oath, crying, "Oh, I can't stand this."

"Then leave it, confound you!" said young Clive, with fury in his face. "If our company is not good enough for you, why do you come into it?"

"What's that?" asks Barnes, who was evidently affected by wine. Bayham roared, "Silence!" and Barnes Newcome, looking round with a tipsy toss of the head, finally sat down.

The Colonel sang, as we have said, with a very high voice, using freely the falsetto, after the manner of the tenor singers of his day. He chose one of his maritime songs, and got through the first verse very well, Barnes wagging his head at the chorus, with a "Bravo!" so offensive that Fred Bayham, his neighbor, gripped the young man's arm, and told him to hold his confounded tongue.

The Colonel began his second verse: and here, as will often happen to amateur singers, his falsetto broke down. He was not in the least annoyed, for I saw him smile very good-naturedly: and he was going to try the verse again, when that unlucky Barnes first gave a sort of crowing imitation of the song, and then burst into a yell of laughter. Clive dashed a glass of wine in his face at the next minute, glass and all; and no one who had watched the young man's behavior was sorry for the insult.

I never saw a kind face express more terror than Colonel Newcome's. He started back as if he had himself received the blow from his son. "Gracious God!" he cried out. "My boy insult a gentleman at my table!"

"I'd like to do it again," says Clive, whose whole body was trembling with anger.

"Are you drunk, sir?" shouted his father.

"The boy served the young fellow right, sir," growled Fred Bayham, in his deepest voice. "Come along, young man. Stand up straight, and keep a civil tongue in your head next time, mind you, when you dine with gentlemen. It's easy to see," says Fred, looking round with a knowing air, "that this young man hasn't got the usages of society—he's not been accustomed to it:" and he led the dandy out.

Others had meanwhile explained the state of the case to the Colonel—including Sir Thomas de Boots, who was highly energetic and delighted with Clive's spirit; and some were for having the song to continue; but the Colonel, puffing his cigar, said, "No. My pipe is out. I will never sing again." So this history will record no more of Thomas Newcome's musical performances.

Clive woke up the next morning to be aware of a racking headache, and, by the dim light of his throbbing eyes, to behold his father with solemn face at his bed foot—a reproving conscience to greet his waking.

"You drank too much wine last night, and disgraced yourself, sir," the old soldier said. "You must get up and eat humble pie this morning, my boy."

"Humble what, father?" asked the lad, hardly aware of his words, or the scene before him. "Oh, I've got such a headache!"

"Serves you right, sir. Many a young fellow has had to go on parade in the morning with a headache earned overnight. Drink this water. Now jump up. Now dash the water well over your head. There you come! Make your toilet quickly, and let us be off, and find cousin Barnes before he has left home."

Clive obeyed the paternal orders; dressed himself quickly; and descending, found his father smoking his morning cigar in the apartment where they had dined the night before, and there the tables still were covered with the relics of yesterday's feast — the emptied bottles, the blank lamps, the scattered dishes and fruits, the wretched heeltaps that have been lying exposed all night to the air. Who does not know the aspect of an expired feast?

"The field of action strewed with the dead, my boy," says Clive's father. "See, here's the glass on the floor yet, and a great stain of claret on the carpet."

"Oh, father," says Clive, hanging his head down, "I know I shouldn't have done it. But Barnes Newcome would provoke the patience of Job; and I couldn't bear to have my father insulted."

"I am big enough to fight my own battles, my boy," the Colonel said good-naturedly, putting his hand on the lad's damp head. "How your head throbs! If Barnes laughed at my singing, depend upon it, sir, there was something ridiculous in it, and he laughed because he could not help it. If he behaved ill, we should not; and to a man who is eating our salt too, and is of our blood."

"He is ashamed of our blood, father," cries Clive, still indignant.

"We ought to be ashamed of doing wrong. We must go and ask his pardon. Once when I was a young man in India," the father continued very gravely, "some hot words passed at mess — not such an insult as that of last night; I don't think I could have quite borne that — and people found fault with me for forgiving the youngster who had uttered the offensive expressions over his wine. Some of my acquaintances sneered

at my courage, and that is a hard imputation for a young fellow of spirit to bear. But providentially, you see, it was war time, and very soon after I had the good luck to show that I was not a *poule mouillée*, as the French call it; and the man who insulted me, and whom I forgave, became my fastest friend, and died by my side—it was poor Jack Cutler—at Argaum. We must go and ask Barnes Newcome's pardon, sir, and forgive other people's trespasses, my boy, if we hope forgiveness for our own." His voice sank down as he spoke, and he bowed his head reverently. I have heard his son tell the simple story years afterwards, with tears in his eyes.

A SCHOOL OF ART.

British art either finds her peculiar nourishment in melancholy, and loves to fix her abode in desert places; or, it may be, her purse is but slenderly furnished, and she is forced to put up with accommodations rejected by more prosperous callings. Some of the most dismal quarters of the town are colonized by her disciples and professors. In walking through streets which may have been gay and polite when ladies' chairmen jostled each other on the pavement, and linkboys with their torches lighted the beaux over the mud, who has not remarked the artist's invasion of those regions once devoted to fashion and gayety? Center windows of drawing-rooms are enlarged so as to reach up into bedrooms—bedrooms where Lady Betty has had her hair powdered, and where the painter's north light now takes possession of the place which her toilet table occupied a hundred years ago. There are degrees in decadence: after the Fashion chooses to emigrate, and retreats from Soho or Bloomsbury, let us say, to Cavendish Square, physicians come and occupy the vacant houses, which still have a respectable look, the windows being cleaned, and the knockers and plates kept bright, and the doctor's carriage rolling round the square, almost as fine as the countess', which has whisked away her ladyship to other regions. A boarding house, mayhap, succeeds the physician, who has followed after his sick folks into the new country; and then Dick Tinto comes with his dingy brass plate, and breaks in his north window, and sets up his sitters' throne. I love his honest mustache, and jaunty velvet jacket, his queer figure, his queer vanities, and his kind heart. Why should he not suffer his ruddy ringlets to fall

over his shirt collar? Why should he deny himself his velvet? It is but a kind of fustian which costs him eighteen pence a yard. He is naturally what he is, and breaks out into costume as spontaneously as a bird sings, or a bulb bears a tulip. And as Dick, under yonder terrific appearance of waving cloak, bristling beard, and shadowy sombrero, is a good kindly simple creature, got up at a very cheap rate, so his life is consistent with his dress; he gives his genius a darkling swagger, and a romantic envelope, which, being removed, you find, not a bravo, but a kind chirping soul; not a moody poet avoiding mankind for the better company of his own great thoughts, but a jolly little chap who has an aptitude for painting brocade gowns, or bits of armor (with figures inside them), or trees and cattle, or gondolas and buildings, or what not; an instinct for the picturesque, which exhibits itself in his works, and outwardly on his person; beyond this, a gentle creature loving his friends, his cups, feasts, merrymakings, and all good things. The kindest folks alive I have found among those scowling whiskerandos. They open oysters with their yataghans, toast muffins on their rapiers, and fill their Venice glasses with half-and-half. If they have money in their lean purses, be sure they have a friend to share it. What innocent gayety, what jovial suppers on threadbare cloths, and wonderful songs after; what pathos, merriment, humor, does not a man enjoy who frequents their company! Mr. Clive Newcome, who has long since shaved his beard, who has become a family man, and has seen the world in a thousand different phases, avers that his life as an art student at home and abroad was the pleasantest part of his whole existence. It may not be more amusing in the telling than the chronicle of a feast or the accurate report of two lovers' conversation; but the biographer, having brought his hero to this period of his life, is bound to relate it, before passing to other occurrences which are to be narrated in their turn.

We may be sure the boy had many conversations with his affectionate guardian as to the profession which he should follow. As regarded mathematical and classical learning, the elder Newcome was forced to admit that, out of every hundred boys, there were fifty as clever as his own, and at least fifty more industrious; the army in time of peace Colonel Newcome thought a bad trade for a young fellow so fond of ease and pleasure as his son: his delight in the pencil was manifest to all. Were not his schoolbooks full of caricatures of the mas-

ters? Whilst his tutor, Grindley, was lecturing him, did he not draw Grindley instinctively under his very nose? A painter Clive was determined to be, and nothing else; and Clive, being then some sixteen years of age, began to study the art, *en règle*, under the eminent Mr. Gandish, of Soho.

It was that well-known portrait painter, Andrew Smee, Esq., R.A., who recommended Gandish to Colonel Newcome, one day when the two gentlemen met at dinner at Lady Ann Newcome's table. Mr. Smee happened to examine some of Clive's drawings, which the young fellow had executed for his cousins. Clive found no better amusement than in making pictures for them, and would cheerfully pass evening after evening in that diversion. He had made a thousand sketches of Ethel before a year was over; a year, every day of which seemed to increase the attractions of the fair young creature, develop her nymphlike form, and give her figure fresh graces. Also, of course, Clive drew Alfred and the nursery in general, Aunt Ann and the Blenheim spaniels, and Mr. Kuhn and his earrings, the majestic John bringing in the coal scuttle, and all persons or objects in that establishment with which he was familiar. "What a genius the lad has," the complimentary Mr. Smee averred; "what a force and individuality there is in all his drawings! Look at his horses! capital, by Jove, capital! and Alfred on his pony, and Miss Ethel in her Spanish hat, with her hair flowing in the wind! I must take this sketch, I positively must now, and shew it to Landseer." And the courtly artist daintily enveloped the drawing in a sheet of paper, put it away in his hat, and vowed subsequently that the great painter had been delighted with the young man's performance. Smee was not only charmed with Clive's skill as an artist, but thought his head would be an admirable one to paint. Such a rich complexion, such fine turns in his hair! such eyes! to see real blue eyes was so rare nowadays! And the Colonel, too, if the Colonel would but give him a few sittings, the gray uniform of the Bengal cavalry, the silver lace, the little bit of red ribbon just to warm up the picture! it was seldom, Mr. Smee declared, that an artist could get such an opportunity for color. With our hideous vermilion uniforms there was no chance of doing anything; Rubens himself could scarcely manage scarlet. Look at the horseman in Cuyp's famous picture at the Louvre: the red was a positive blot upon the whole picture. There was nothing like French gray and

silver! All which did not prevent Mr. Smee from painting Sir Brian in a flaring deputy lieutenant's uniform, and entreating all military men whom he met to sit to him in scarlet. Clive Newcome the Academician succeeded in painting of course for mere friendship's sake, and because he liked the subject, though he could not refuse the check which Colonel Newcome sent him for the frame and picture; but no cajoleries could induce the old campaigner to sit to any artist save one. He said he should be ashamed to pay fifty guineas for the likeness of his homely face; he jocularly proposed to James Binnie to have his head put on the canvas, and Mr. Smee enthusiastically caught at the idea; but honest James winked his droll eyes, saying his was a beauty that did not want any paint; and when Mr. Smee took his leave after dinner in Fitzroy Square, where this conversation was held, James Binnie hinted that the Academician was no better than an old humbug, in which surmise he was probably not altogether incorrect. Certain young men who frequented the kind Colonel's house were also somewhat of this opinion, and made endless jokes at the painter's expense. Smee plastered his sitters with adulation as methodically as he covered his canvas. He waylaid gentlemen at dinner; he inveigled unsuspecting folks into his studio, and had their heads off their shoulders before they were aware. One day, on our way from the Temple, through Howland Street, to the Colonel's house, we beheld Major General Sir Thomas de Boots, in full uniform, rushing from Smee's door to his brougham. The coachman was absent refreshing himself at a neighboring tap: the little street boys cheered and hurraed Sir Thomas, as, arrayed in gold and scarlet, he sat in his chariot. He blushed purple when he beheld us. No artist would have dared to imitate those purple tones: he was one of the numerous victims of Mr. Smee.

One day then, day to be noted with a white stone, Colonel Newcome, with his son and Mr. Smee, R.A., walked from the Colonel's house to Gandish's, which was not far removed thence; and young Clive, who was a perfect mimic, described to his friends, and illustrated, as was his wont, by diagrams, the interview which he had with that professor. "By Jove, you must see Gandish, Pen!" cries Clive: "Gandish is worth the whole world. Come and be an art student. You'll find such jolly fellows there! Gandish calls it hart student, and says, 'Hars est celare Hartem' — by Jove he does! He treated

us to a little Latin, as he brought out a cake and a bottle of wine, you know.

"The governor was splendid, sir. He wore gloves: you know he only puts them on on parade days; and turned out for the occasion spick and span. He ought to be a general officer. He looks like a field marshal — don't he? You should have seen him bowing to Mrs. Gandish and the Miss Gandishes, dressed all in their best, round the cake tray! He takes his glass of wine, and sweeps them all round with a bow. 'I hope, young ladies,' says he, 'you don't often go to the students' room. I'm afraid the young gentlemen would leave off looking at the statues if you came in.' And so they would: for you never saw such Guys; but the dear old boy fancies every woman is a beauty.

"Mr. Smee, you are looking at my picture of "Boadishia"? says Gandish. Wouldn't he have caught it for his quantities at Grey Friars, that's all?

"Yes — ah — yes," says Mr. Smee, putting his hand over his eyes, and standing before it, looking steady, you know, as if he was going to see whereabouts he should *hit* 'Boadishia.'

"It was painted when you were a young man, four years before you were an associate, Smee. Had some success in its time, and there's good pints about that pictur'," Gandish goes on. 'But I never could get my price for it; and here it hangs in my own room. 'Igh art won't do in this country, Colonel — it's a melancholy fact.'

"High art! I should think it *is* high art!" whispers old Smee; 'fourteen feet high at least!' And then out loud he says, 'The picture has very fine points in it, Gandish, as you say. Foreshortening of that arm, capital! That red drapery carried off into the right of the picture very skillfully managed!'

"It's not like portrait painting, Smee — 'igh art,' says Gandish. 'The models of the hancient Britons in that pictur' alone cost me thirty pound — when I was a struggling man, and had just married my Betsy here. You reckonize Boadishia, Colonel, with the Roman 'elmet, cuirass, and javeling of the period — all studied from the hantique, sir, the glorious hantique.'

"All but Boadicea," says father. 'She remains always young.' And he began to speak the lines out of Cowper, he did — waving his stick like an old trump — and famous they are," cries the lad: —

“‘When the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods’—

Jolly verses! Haven’t I translated them into Alcaics?” says Clive, with a merry laugh, and resumes his history.

“‘Oh, I *must* have those verses in my album,’ cries one of the young ladies. ‘Did you compose them, Colonel Newcome?’ But Gandish, you see, is never thinking about any works but his own, and goes on, ‘Study of my eldest daughter, exhibited 1816.’

“‘No, pa, not ’16,’ cries Miss Gandish. She don’t look like a chicken, I can tell you.

“‘Admired,’ Gandish goes on, never heeding her. — ‘I can show you what the papers said of it at the time — *Morning Chronicle* and *Examiner* — spoke most ’ighly of it. My son as an infant ’Ercules, stranglin’ the serpent over the piano. Fust conception of my picture of “Non Hangli said Hangeli.”’

“‘For which I can guess who were the angels that sat,’ says father. Upon my word that old governor! He is a little too strong. But Mr. Gandish listened no more to him than to Mr. Smee, and went on, buttering himself all over, as I have read the Hottentots do. ‘Myself at thirty-three years of age!’ says he, pointing to a portrait of a gentleman in leather breeches and mahogany boots; ‘I could have been a portrait painter, Mr. Smee.’

“‘Indeed it was lucky for some of us you devoted yourself to high art, Gandish,’ Mr. Smee says, and sips the wine and puts it down again, making a face. It was not first-rate tippie, you see.

“‘Two girls,’ continues that indomitable Mr. Gandish. ‘Hidea for “Babes in the Wood.” “View of Pæstum,” taken on the spot by myself, when traveling with the late lamented Earl of Kew. “Beauty, Valor, Commerce, and Liberty, condoling with Britannia on the death of Admiral Viscount Nelson,” — allegorical piece drawn at a very early age after Trafalgar. Mr. Fuseli saw that piece, sir, when I was a student of the Academy, and said to me, “Young man, stick to the antique. There’s nothing like it.” Those were ’is very words. If you do me the favor to walk into the Hatrium, you’ll remark my great pictures also from English ’ist’ry. An English ’istorical painter, sir, should be employed chiefly in English ’ist’ry. That’s what I would have done. Why ain’t

there temples for us, where the people might read their 'ist'ry at a glance, and without knowing how to read? Why is my "Alfred" 'anging up in this 'all? Because there is no patronage for a man who devotes himself to 'igh art. You know the anecdote, Colonel? King Alfred, flying from the Danes, took refuge in a neat'er'd's 'ut. The rustic's wife told him to bake a cake, and the fugitive sovering set down to his ignoble task, and forgetting it in the cares of state, let the cake burn, on which the woman struck him. The moment chose is when she is lifting her 'and to deliver the blow. The king receives it with majesty mingled with meekness. In the background the door of the 'ut is open, letting in the royal officers to announce the Danes are defeated. The daylight breaks in at the aperture, signifying the dawning of 'Ope. That story, sir, which I found in my researches in 'ist'ry, has since become so popular, sir, that hundreds of artists have painted it, hundreds! I, who discovered the legend, have my picture — here!

"Now, Colonel," says the showman, 'let me — let me lead you through the statue gallery. "Apollo," you see. The "Venus Hanadyomene," the glorious Venus of the Louvre, which I saw in 1814, Colonel, in its glory — the "Laocoon" — my friend Gibson's "Nymph," you see, is the only figure I admit among the antiques. Now up this stair to the students' room, where I trust my young friend, Mr. Nêwcome, will labor assiduously. *Ars longa est*, Mr. Newcome. *Vita —*'

"I trembled," Clive said, "lest my father should introduce a certain favorite quotation, beginning '*ingenuas didicisse*' — but he refrained, and we went into the room, where a score of students were assembled, who all looked away from their drawing boards as we entered.

"Here will be your place, Mr. Newcome," says the Professor, 'and here that of your young friend — what did you say was his name?' I told him Ridley, for my dear old governor has promised to pay for J. J. too, you know. 'Mr. Chivers is the senior pupil and custos of the room in the absence of my son. Mr. Chivers, Mr. Newcome; gentlemen, Mr. Newcome, a new pupil. My son, Charles Gandish, Mr. Newcome. Assiduity, gentlemen, assiduity. *Ars longa. Vita brevis, et linea recta brevissima est.* This way, Colonel, down these steps, across the courtyard, to my own studio. There, gentlemen,' — and pulling aside a curtain, Gandish says — 'There!'"

"And what was the masterpiece behind it?" we ask of Clive, after we have done laughing at his imitation.

"Hand round the hat, J. J.!" cries Clive. "Now, ladies and gentlemen, pay your money. Now walk in, for the performance is 'just a going to begin.'" Nor would the rogue ever tell us what Gandish's curtained picture was.

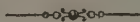
Not a successful painter, Mr. Gandish was an excellent master, and regarding all artists, save one, perhaps a good critic. Clive and his friend J. J. came soon after, and commenced their studies under him. The one took his humble seat at the drawing board, a poor mean-looking lad, with worn clothes, downcast features, and a figure almost deformed; the other adorned by good health, good looks, and the best of tailors — ushered into the studio with his father and Mr. Smee as his aids-de-camp on his entry, and previously announced there with all the eloquence of honest Gandish. "I bet he's 'ad cake and wine," says one youthful student, of an epicurean and satirical turn. "I bet he might have it every day if he liked." In fact, Gandish was always handing him sweetmeats of compliments and cordials of approbation. He had coat sleeves with silk linings — he had studs in his shirt. How different was the texture and color of that garment to the sleeves Bob Grimes displayed when he took his coat off to put on his working jacket! Horses used actually to come for him to Gandish's door (which was situated in a certain lofty street in Soho). The Miss G.'s would smile at him from the parlor window as he mounted and rode splendidly off, and those opposition beauties, the Miss Levisons, daughters of the professor of dancing over the way, seldom failed to greet the young gentleman with an admiring ogle from their great black eyes. Master Clive was pronounced an "out-and-outer," a "swell and no mistake," and complimented, with scarce one dissentient voice, by the simple academy at Gandish's.

Besides, he drew very well, — there could be no doubt about that. Caricatures of the students, of course, were passing constantly among them, and in revenge for one which a huge red-haired Scotch student, Mr. Sandy M'Collop, had made of John James, Clive perpetrated a picture of Sandy which set the whole room in a roar; and when the Caledonian giant uttered satirical remarks against the assembled company, averring that they were a parcel of sneaks, a set of lickspittles, and using epithets still more vulgar, Clive slipped off his fine silk-sleeved coat in

an instant, invited Mr. M'Collop into the back yard, instructed him in a science which the lad himself had acquired at Grey Friars, and administered two black eyes to Sandy, which prevented the young artist from seeing for some days after the head of the "Laocoon" which he was copying. The Scotchman's superior weight and age might have given the combat a different conclusion, had it endured long after Clive's brilliant opening attack with his right and left; but Professor Gandish came out of his painting room at the sound of battle, and could scarcely credit his own eyes when he saw those of poor M'Collop so darkened. To do the Scotchman justice, he bore Clive no rancor. They became friends there, and afterwards at Rome, whither they subsequently went to pursue their studies. The fame of Mr. M'Collop as an artist has long since been established. His pictures of "Lord Lovat in Prison," and "Hogarth painting him," of the "Blowing-up of the Kirk of Field" (painted for M'Collop of M'Collop), of the "Torture of the Covenanters," the "Murder of the Regent," the "Murder of Rizzio," and other historical pieces, all of course from Scotch history, have established his reputation in South as well as in North Britain. No one would suppose, from the gloomy character of his works, that Sandy M'Collop is one of the most jovial souls alive. Within six months after their little difference, Clive and he were the greatest of friends, and it was by the former's suggestion that Mr. James Binnie gave Sandy his first commission, who selected the cheerful subject of "The Young Duke of Rothsay starving in Prison."

During this period, Mr. Clive assumed the *toga virilis*, and beheld with inexpressible satisfaction the first growth of those mustachios which have since given him such a marked appearance. Being at Gandish's, and so near the dancing academy, what must he do but take lessons in the Terpsichorean art too? —making himself as popular with the dancing folks as with the drawing folks, and the jolly king of his company everywhere. He gave entertainments to his fellow-students in the Upper Chambers in Fitzroy Square, which were devoted to his use, inviting his father and Mr. Binnie to those parties now and then. And songs were sung, and pipes were smoked, and many a pleasant supper eaten. There was no stint: but no excess. No young man was ever seen to quit those apartments the worse, as it is called, for liquor. Fred Bayham's uncle, the bishop, could not be more decorous than F. B. as he left the

Colonel's house, for the Colonel made that one of the conditions of his son's hospitality, that nothing like intoxication should ensue from it. The good gentleman did not frequent the parties of the juniors. He saw that his presence rather silenced the young men, and left them to themselves, confiding in Clive's parole, and went away to play his rubber of whist at the Club. And many a time he heard the young fellow's steps tramping by his bedchamber door, as he lay wakeful within, happy to think his son was happy.



AMIEL'S JOURNAL.

[HENRI FRÉDÉRIC AMIEL: A Swiss essayist and poet; born at Geneva, September 27, 1821; died there March 11, 1881. He was educated in the universities of Germany, was professor of philosophy in the academy of his native place, and published "The Literary Movement in Romanish Switzerland" (1849), "Study on Madame de Staël" (1878), and many poems, including "Millet Grains" (1854). His most famous work is his "Journal," published posthumously.]

(Selections from the "Journal Intime" of Henri Frédéric Amiel, translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward.)

OCTOBER 1, 1849. — Whether we will or no, there is an esoteric doctrine — there is a relative revelation; each man enters into God as much as God enters into him. . . . "The eye by which I see God is the same by which he sees me."

April 28, 1852. — Once more I feel the spring languor creeping over me, the spring air about me. This morning the poetry of the scene, the song of the birds, the tranquil sunlight, the breeze blowing over the fresh green fields, all rose into and filled my heart. Now all is silent. O silence, thou art terrible! terrible as that calm of the ocean which lets the eye penetrate the fathomless abysses below. Thou showest us in ourselves depths which make us giddy, inextinguishable needs, treasures of suffering. Welcome tempests! at least they blur and trouble the surface of these waters with their terrible secrets. Welcome the passion blasts which stir the waves of the soul, and so veil from us its bottomless gulfs! In all of us, children of dust, sons of time, eternity inspires an involuntary anguish, and the infinite, a mysterious terror. We seem to be entering a kingdom of the dead. Poor heart, thy craving is

for life, for love, for illusions! And thou art right after all, for life is sacred.

In these moments of *tête-à-tête* with the infinite, how different life looks! How all that usually occupies and excites us becomes suddenly puerile, frivolous, and vain. We seem to ourselves mere puppets, marionettes, strutting seriously through a fantastic show, and mistaking gewgaws for things of great price. At such moments, how everything becomes transformed, how everything changes! Berkeley and Fichte seem right, Emerson too; the world is but an allegory; the idea is more real than the fact; fairy tales, legends, are as true as natural history, and even more true, for they are emblems of greater transparency. The only substance properly so called is the soul. What is all the rest? Mere shadow, pretext, figure, symbol, or dream. Consciousness alone is immortal, positive, perfectly real. The world is but a firework, a sublime phantasmagoria, destined to cheer and form the soul. Consciousness is a universe, and its sun is love. . . .

Already I am falling back into the objective life of thought. It delivers me from—shall I say? no, it deprives me of the intimate life of feeling. Reflection solves reverie and burns her delicate wings. This is why science does not make men, but merely entities and abstractions. Ah, let us feel and live and beware of too much analysis! Let us put spontaneity, *naïveté* before reflection, experience before study; let us make life itself our study. Shall I then never have the heart of a woman to rest upon? a son in whom to live again, a little world where I may see flowering and blooming all that is stifled in me? I shrink and draw back, for fear of breaking my dream. I have staked so much on this card that I dare not play it. Let me dream again. . . .

Do no violence to yourself, respect in yourself the oscillations of feeling. They are your life and your nature; One wiser than you ordained them. Do not abandon yourself altogether either to instinct or to will. Instinct is a siren, will a despot. Be neither the slave of your impulses and sensations of the moment, nor of an abstract and general plan; be open to what life brings from within and without, and welcome the unforeseen; but give to your life unity, and bring the unforeseen within the lines of your plan. Let what is natural in you raise itself to the level of the spiritual, and let the spiritual become once more natural. Thus will your development be

harmonious, and the peace of heaven will shine upon your brow ; always on condition that your peace is made, and that you have climbed your Calvary.

Afternoon. — Shall I ever enjoy again those marvelous reveries of past days, as, for instance, once, when I was still quite a youth, in the early dawn, sitting among the ruins of the castle of Faucigny ; another time in the mountains above Lavey, under the midday sun, lying under a tree and visited by three butterflies ; and again another night on the sandy shore of the North Sea, stretched full length upon the beach, my eyes wandering over the Milky Way ? Will they ever return to me, those grandiose, immortal, cosmogonic dreams, in which one seems to carry the world in one's breast, to touch the stars, to possess the infinite ? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy, when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes with a respiration large, tranquil, and profound, like that of the ocean, and hovers serene and boundless like the blue heaven ! Visits from the muse, Urania, who traces around the foreheads of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of contemplative power, and who pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication, if not the authority, of genius, moments of irresistible intuition in which a man feels himself great like the universe and calm like a god ! From the celestial spheres, down to the shell or the moss, the whole of creation is then submitted to our gaze, lives in our breast, and accomplishes in us its eternal work with the regularity of destiny and the passionate ardor of love. What hours, what memories ! The traces which remain to us of them are enough to fill us with respect and enthusiasm, as though they had been visits of the Holy Spirit. And then, to fall back again from these heights with their boundless horizons into the muddy ruts of triviality ! what a fall ! Poor Moses ! Thou too sawest undulating in the distance the ravishing hills of the promised land, and it was thy fate nevertheless to lay thy weary bones in a grave dug in the desert ! Which of us has not his promised land, his day of ecstasy and his death in exile ? What a pale counterfeit is real life of the life we see in glimpses, and how these flaming lightnings of our prophetic youth make the twilight of our dull, monotonous manhood more dark and dreary !

November 6, 1852. — I am capable of all the passions, for I bear them all within me. Like a tamer of wild beasts, I keep them caged and lassoed, but I sometimes hear them growling.

I have stifled more than one nascent love. Why? Because with that prophetic certainty which belongs to moral intuition, I felt it lacking in true life, and less durable than myself. I choked it down in the name of the supreme affection to come. The loves of sense, of imagination, of sentiment, I have seen through and rejected them all; I sought the love which springs from the central profundities of being. And I still believe in it. I will have none of those passions of straw which dazzle, burn up, and wither; I invoke, I await, and I hope for the love which is great, pure, and earnest, which lives and works in all the fibers and through all the powers of the soul. And even if I go lonely to the end, I would rather my hope and my dream died with me, than that my soul should content itself with any meaner union.

November 8, 1852. — Responsibility is my invisible nightmare. To suffer through one's own fault is a torment worthy of the lost, for so grief is envenomed by ridicule, and the worst ridicule of all, that which springs from shame of one's self. I have only force and energy wherewith to meet evils coming from outside; but an irreparable evil brought about by myself, a renunciation for life of my liberty, my peace of mind, the very thought of it is maddening — I expiate my privilege indeed. My privilege is to be spectator of my life drama, to be fully conscious of the tragi-comedy of my own destiny, and, more than that, to be in the secret of the tragi-comic itself, that is to say, to be unable to take my illusions seriously, to see myself, so to speak, from the theater on the stage, or to be like a man looking from beyond the tomb into existence. I feel myself forced to feign a particular interest in my individual part, while all the time I am living in the confidence of the poet who is playing with all these agents which seem so important, and knows all that they are ignorant of. It is a strange position, and one which becomes painful as soon as grief obliges me to betake myself once more to my own little *rôle*, binding me closely to it, and warning me that I am going too far in imagining myself, because of my conversations with the poet, dispensed from taking up again my modest part of valet in the piece. Shakespeare must have experienced this feeling often, and Hamlet, I think, must express it somewhere. It is a *Doppelgängererei*, quite German in character, and which explains the disgust with reality and the repugnance to public life, so common among the thinkers of Germany. There is, as it were, a

degradation, a gnostic fall, in thus folding one's wings and going back again into the vulgar shell of one's own individuality. Without grief, which is the string of this venturesome kite, man would soar too quickly and too high, and the chosen souls would be lost for the race, like balloons which, save for gravitation, would never return from the empyrean.

How, then, is one to recover courage enough for action? By striving to restore in one's self something of that unconsciousness, spontaneity, instinct, which reconciles us to earth and makes man useful and relatively happy.

By believing more practically in the providence which pardons and allows of reparation.

By accepting our human condition in a more simple and childlike spirit, fearing trouble less, calculating less, hoping more. For we decrease our responsibility, if we decrease our clearness of vision, and fear lessens with the lessening of responsibility.

By extracting a richer experience out of our losses and lessons.

May 11, 1853. — Psychology, poetry, philosophy, history, and science, I have swept rapidly to-day on the wings of the invisible hippogriff through all these spheres of thought. But the general impression has been one of tumult and anguish, temptation and disquiet.

I love to plunge deep into the ocean of life; but it is not without losing sometimes all sense of the axis and the pole, without losing myself and feeling the consciousness of my own nature and vocation growing faint and wavering. The whirlwind of the wandering Jew carries me away, tears me from my little familiar inclosure, and makes me behold all the empires of men. In my voluntary abandonment to the generality, the universal, the infinite, my particular *ego* evaporates like a drop of water in a furnace; it only condenses itself anew at the return of cold, after enthusiasm has died out and the sense of reality has returned. Alternate expansion and condensation, abandonment and recovery of self, the conquest of the world to be pursued on the one side, the deepening of consciousness on the other — such is the play of the inner life, the march of the microcosmic mind, the marriage of the individual soul with the universal soul, the finite with the infinite, whence springs the intellectual progress of man. Other betrothals unite the soul to God, the religious consciousness with the divine; these

belong to the history of the will. And what precedes will is feeling, preceded itself by instinct. Man is only what he becomes — profound truth ; but he becomes only what he is, truth still more profound. What am I ? Terrible question ! Problem of predestination, of birth, of liberty, there lies the abyss. And yet one must plunge into it, and I have done so. The prelude of Bach I heard this evening predisposed me to it ; it paints the soul tormented and appealing and finally seizing upon God, and possessing itself of peace and the infinite with an all-prevailing fervor and passion.

May 14, 1853. — Third quartet concert. It was short. Variations for piano and violin by Beethoven, and two quartets, not more. The quartets were perfectly clear and easy to understand. One was by Mozart and the other by Beethoven, so that I could compare the two masters. Their individuality seemed to become plain to me : Mozart — grace, liberty, certainty, freedom, and precision of style, and exquisite and aristocratic beauty, serenity of soul, the health and talent of the master, both on a level with his genius ; Beethoven — more pathetic, more passionate, more torn with feeling, more intricate, more profound, less perfect, more the slave of his genius, more carried away by his fancy or his passion, more moving, and more sublime than Mozart. Mozart refreshes you, like the “Dialogues” of Plato ; he respects you, reveals to you your strength, gives you freedom and balance. Beethoven seizes upon you ; he is more tragic and oratorical, while Mozart is more disinterested and poetical. Mozart is more Greek, and Beethoven more Christian. One is serene, the other serious. The first is stronger than destiny, because he takes life less profoundly ; the second is less strong, because he has dared to measure himself against deeper sorrows. His talent is not always equal to his genius, and pathos is his dominant feature, as perfection is that of Mozart. In Mozart the balance of the whole is perfect, and art triumphs ; in Beethoven feeling governs everything, and emotion troubles his art in proportion as it deepens it.

July 14, 1859. — I have just read “Faust” again. Alas, every year I am fascinated afresh by this somber figure, this restless life. It is the type of suffering toward which I myself gravitate, and I am always finding in the poem words which strike straight to my heart. Immortal, malign, accursed type ! Specter of my own conscience, ghost of my own torment, image

of the ceaseless struggle of the soul which has not yet found its true aliment, its peace, its faith — art thou not the typical example of a life which feeds upon itself, because it has not found its God, and which, in its wandering flight across the worlds, carries within it, like a comet, an inextinguishable flame of desire, and an agony of incurable disillusion? I also am reduced to nothingness, and I shiver on the brink of the great empty abysses of my inner being, stifled by longing for the unknown, consumed with the thirst for the infinite, prostrate before the ineffable. I also am torn sometimes by this blind passion for life, these desperate struggles for happiness, though more often I am a prey to complete exhaustion and taciturn despair. What is the reason of it all? Doubt — doubt of one's self, of thought, of men, and of life — doubt which enervates the will and weakens all our powers, which makes us forget God and neglect prayer and duty — that restless and corrosive doubt which makes existence impossible and meets all hope with satire.

August 9, 1859. — Nature is forgetful: the world is almost more so. However little the individual may lend himself to it, oblivion soon covers him like a shroud. This rapid and inexorable expansion of the universal life, which covers, overflows, and swallows up all individual being, which effaces our existence and annuls all memory of us, fills me with unbearable melancholy. To be born, to struggle, to disappear — there is the whole ephemeral drama of human life. Except in a few hearts, and not even always in one, our memory passes like a ripple on the water, or a breeze in the air. If nothing in us is immortal, what a small thing is life. Like a dream which trembles and dies at the first glimmer of dawn, all my past, all my present, dissolve in me, and fall away from my consciousness at the moment when it returns upon itself. I feel myself then stripped and empty, like a convalescent who remembers nothing. My travels, my reading, my studies, my projects, my hopes, have faded from my mind. It is a singular state. All my faculties drop away from me like a cloak that one takes off, like the chrysalis case of a larva. I feel myself returning into a more elementary form. I behold my own unclothing; I forget still more than I am forgotten; I pass gently into the grave while still living, and I feel, as it were, the indescribable peace of annihilation, and the dim quiet of the Nirvana. I am conscious of the river of time passing before and in me, of the impalpable

shadows of life gliding past me, but nothing breaks the cataleptic tranquillity which enwraps me.

I come to understand the Buddhist trance of the Soufis, the kief of the Turk, the "ecstasy" of the orientals, and yet I am conscious all the time that the pleasure of it is deadly, that, like the use of opium or of hasheesh, it is a kind of slow suicide, inferior in all respects to the joys of action, to the sweetness of love, to the beauty of enthusiasm, to the sacred savor of accomplished duty.

April 11, 1865. — How hard it is to grow old, when we have missed our life, when we have neither the crown of completed manhood nor of fatherhood! How sad it is to feel the mind declining before it has done its work, and the body growing weaker before it has seen itself renewed in those who might close our eyes and honor our name! The tragic solemnity of existence strikes us with terrible force, on that morning when we wake to find the mournful word *too late* ringing in our ears! "Too late, the sand is turned, the hour is past! Thy harvest is unreaped — too late! Thou hast been dreaming, forgetting, sleeping — so much the worse! Every man rewards or punishes himself. To whom or of whom wouldst thou complain?" — Alas!

April 21, 1865. — A morning of intoxicating beauty, fresh as the feeling of sixteen, and crowned with flowers like a bride. The poetry of youth, of innocence, and of love overflowed my soul. Even to the light mist hovering over the bosom of the plain — image of that tender modesty which veils the features and shrouds in mystery the inmost thoughts of the maiden — everything that I saw delighted my eyes and spoke to my imagination. It was a sacred, a nuptial day! and the matin bells ringing in some distant village harmonized marvelously with the hymn of nature. "Pray," they said, "and love! Adore a fatherly and beneficent God." They recalled to me the accent of Haydn; there was in them and in the landscape a childlike joyousness, a naïve gratitude, a radiant, heavenly joy innocent of pain and sin, like the sacred, simple-hearted ravishment of Eve on the first day of her awakening in the new world. How good a thing is feeling, admiration! It is the bread of angels, the eternal food of cherubim and seraphim.

I have not yet felt the air so pure, so life-giving, so ethereal, during the five days that I have been here. To breathe is a beatitude. One understands the delights of a bird's existence,

—that emancipation from all encumbering weight,—that luminous and empyrean life, floating in blue space, and passing from one horizon to another with a stroke of the wing. One must have a great deal of air below one before one can be conscious of such inner freedom as this, such lightness of the whole being. Every element has its poetry, but the poetry of air is liberty. Enough; to your work, dreamer!

May 30, 1865. — All snakes fascinate their prey, and pure wickedness seems to inherit the power of fascination granted to the serpent. It stupefies and bewilders the simple heart, which sees it without understanding it, which touches it without being able to believe in it, and which sinks engulfed in the problem of it, like Empedocles in Etna. *Non possum capere te, cape me*, says the Aristotelian motto. Every diminutive of Beelzebub is an abyss, each demoniacal act is a gulf of darkness. Natural cruelty, inborn perfidy and falseness, even in animals, cast lurid gleams, as it were, into that fathomless pit of Satanic perversity which is a moral reality.

Nevertheless behind this thought there rises another which tells me that sophistry is at the bottom of human wickedness, that the majority of monsters like to justify themselves in their own eyes, and that the first attribute of the Evil One is to be the father of lies. Before crime is committed conscience must be corrupted, and every bad man who succeeds in reaching a high point of wickedness begins with this. It is all very well to say that hatred is murder; the man who hates is determined to see nothing in it but an act of moral hygiene. It is to do himself good that he does evil, just as a mad dog bites to get rid of his thirst.

To injure others, while at the same time knowingly injuring one's self, is a step farther; evil then becomes a frenzy, which, in its turn, sharpens into a cold ferocity. Whenever a man, under the influence of such a diabolical passion, surrenders himself to these instincts of the wild or venomous beast, he must seem to the angels a madman—a lunatic, who kindles his own Gehenna that he may consume the world in it, or as much of it as his devilish desires can lay hold upon. Wickedness is forever beginning a new spiral which penetrates deeper still into the abysses of abomination, for the circles of hell have this property—that they have no end. It seems as though divine perfection were an infinite of the first degree, but as though diabolical perfection were an infinite of unknown

power. But no; for if so, evil would be the true God, and hell would swallow up creation. According to the Persian and the Christian faiths, good is to conquer evil, and perhaps even Satan himself will be restored to grace—which is as much as to say that the divine order will be everywhere re-established. Love will be more potent than hatred; God will save his glory, and his glory is in his goodness. But it is very true that all gratuitous wickedness troubles the soul, because it seems to make the great lines of the moral order tremble within us by the sudden withdrawal of the curtain which hides from us the action of those dark corrosive forces which have ranged themselves in battle against the divine plan.

June 26, 1865. — One may guess the why and wherefore of a tear and yet find it too subtle to give any account of. A tear may be the poetical *résumé* of so many simultaneous impressions, the quintessence of so many opposing thoughts! It is like a drop of one of those precious elixirs of the East which contain the life of twenty plants fused into a single aroma. Sometimes it is the mere overflow of the soul, the running over of the cup of reverie. All that one cannot or will not say, all that one refuses to confess even to one's-self—confused desires, secret trouble, suppressed grief, smothered conflict, voiceless regret, the emotions we have struggled against, the pain we have sought to hide, our superstitious fears, our vague sufferings, our restless presentiments, our unrealized dreams, the wounds inflicted upon our ideal, the dissatisfied languor, the vain hopes, the multitude of small indiscernible ills which accumulate slowly in a corner of the heart, like water dropping noiselessly from the roof of a cavern,—all these mysterious movements of the inner life end in an instant of emotion, and the emotion concentrates itself in a tear just visible on the edge of the eyelid.

For the rest, tears express joy as well as sadness. They are the symbol of the powerlessness of the soul to restrain its emotion and to remain mistress of itself. Speech implies analysis; when we are overcome by sensation or by feeling, analysis ceases, and with it speech and liberty. Our only resource, after silence and stupor, is the language of action—pantomime. Any oppressive weight of thought carries us back to a stage anterior to humanity, to a gesture, a cry, a sob, and at last to swooning and collapse; that is to say, incapable of bearing the excessive strain of sensation as men, we fall back

successively to the stage of mere animate being, and then to that of the vegetable. Dante swoons at every turn in his journey through hell, and nothing paints better the violence of his emotions and the ardor of his piety.

. . . And intense joy? It also withdraws into itself and is silent. To speak is to disperse and scatter. Words isolate and localize life in a single point; they touch only the circumference of being; they analyze, they treat one thing at a time. Thus they decentralize emotion, and chill it in doing so. The heart would fain brood over its feeling, cherishing and protecting it. Its happiness is silent and meditative; it listens to its own beating and feeds religiously upon itself.



THE ATTIC PHILOSOPHER.

By ÉMILE SOUVESTRE.

[ÉMILE SOUVESTRE: A French novelist and playwright; born at Morlaix, April 15, 1806; died at Paris, July 5, 1854. He became a journalist, and first won recognition by his sketches of Brittany, "Les Derniers Bretons" and "Foyer Breton." "Un Philosophe sous les Toits" was crowned by the Academy in 1851. He also wrote "Causeries Historiques et Littéraires" (2 vols., 1854), and many plays which did not achieve any great degree of popularity.]

WHAT POWER COSTS AND FAME BRINGS.

12th, seven o'clock P.M. — On coming home this evening, I saw, standing at the door of a house, an old man, whose pose and features reminded me of my father. There was the same beautiful smile, the same deep and eager eye, the same noble bearing of the head, and the same careless attitude.

This sight has carried my thought backward. I set myself to go over the first years of my life; to recall the conversations of that guide whom God in His mercy had given me, and whom in His severity He had too soon taken away.

When my father spoke, it was not only to bring our two minds in touch by an exchange of ideas, his words always contained instruction.

Not that he endeavored to make me feel it so: my father feared everything that had the appearance of a lesson. He used to say that virtue could make herself devoted friends,

but she did not take pupils, therefore he was not thinking to teach goodness; he contented himself with sowing the seeds of it, certain that experience would make them grow.

How often has good grain fallen thus into a corner of the heart, and, long time forgotten, has suddenly put forth the stalk and given the ear! Treasures are laid in store at a time of ignorance, and we do not know the value till the day we find ourselves in need of them.

Among the stories with which he enlivened our walks or our evenings, there is one which now returns to my memory, doubtless because the time is come to derive the lesson from it.

My father, who was apprenticed at the age of twelve to one of those trading collectors who have given themselves the name of *naturalist*, because they put all creation under glass, that they may sell it retail, had always led a life of poverty and labor. Rising before daybreak, by turns shopboy, clerk, laborer, he was made to bear alone all the work of a trade, of which his master reaped all the profits. In truth, this latter had a peculiar ability for making the most of the labor of others. Incapable himself of executing anything, no one knew better how to sell it.

His words were a net, in which one found himself taken before he perceived it. Moreover, devoted to himself alone, regarding the producer as his enemy, and the buyer as his prey, he took advantage of both with that unbending persistence which avarice teaches.

A slave all the week, my father could only call himself his own on Sunday. The master naturalist, who used to spend the day at the house of an old female cousin, then gave him his liberty on condition that he dined out and at his own expense. But my father used secretly to carry away with him a crust of bread, which he hid in his specimen box, and leaving Paris at daybreak, he would penetrate far into the valley of Montmorency, the wood of Meudon, or among the windings of the Marne. Excited by the fresh air, the penetrating perfume of the sap at work, or the fragrance of the honeysuckles, he would walk on until hunger or fatigue made itself felt. Then he would sit down by a thicket, or by a brook; watercresses, strawberries from the woods, mulberries from the hedges, made for him by turns a rustic feast; he would gather a few plants, read some pages of Florian, then in greatest esteem, of Gessner, who was just translated, or of Jean Jacques,

of whom he possessed three odd volumes. The day was thus passed alternately in activity and rest, in search and meditation, until the declining sun warned him to take again the road to the city, where he would arrive, his feet torn and dusty, but his heart refreshed for a whole week.

One day, as he was going toward the wood of Viroflay, he met, on the border of it, a stranger who was occupied in sorting the plants he had come from botanizing. He was a man already old, with an honest face, but his eyes, which were somewhat deep set under his eyebrows, had an anxious and timid expression. He was dressed in a brown cloth coat, a gray waistcoat, black breeches, and milled stockings, and held an ivory-headed cane under his arm. His appearance was that of a small retired citizen who was living on his means, and rather below the golden mean of Horace.

My father, who had great respect for age, politely saluted him as he passed. In doing so, a plant he held fell from his hand; the stranger stooped to take it up, and recognized it.

"It is a *Deutaria heptaphyllos*," said he; "I have not yet seen one in these woods; did you find it near here, sir?"

My father replied that it, as well as the *Laserpitium*, was to be found in abundance on the top of the hill, toward Sèvres.

"That, too!" repeated the old man, more briskly. "Ah! I wish to find them; I have gathered them formerly on the hill-side of Robaila."

My father proposed to guide him. The stranger accepted with thanks, and hastened to collect together the plants he had gathered; but all of a sudden he appeared seized with a scruple. He observed to his companion that the road he was going was halfway up the hill, and led towards the castle of the Royal Dames at Bellevue; that by going over the top he would consequently turn out of his road, and that it was not just he should take this trouble for a stranger.

My father insisted upon it with his habitual good nature; but, the more eagerness he showed, the more obstinately the old man refused; it even seemed to my father that his good intention ended by exciting suspicion. He therefore decided only to point out the direction to the stranger, whom he saluted, and soon lost sight of.

Several hours passed, and he thought no more of the meeting. He had reached the copses of Chaville, where, stretched on the moss in a clearing, he re-read the last volume of

"Émile." The delight of reading it had so completely absorbed him, that he had ceased to hear or see anything around him. With flushed cheeks and moist eye, he read aloud a passage which had particularly touched him.

An exclamation uttered close by him arrested his ecstasy; he raised his head, and perceived the citizen he had met before at the crossroad of the Viroflay.

He was loaded with plants, the selection of which seemed to have put him into good humor.

"A thousand thanks, sir," said he to my father. "I have found all that you told me of, and I am indebted to you for a charming walk."

My father respectfully rose and made a civil reply. The stranger became quite familiar, and even asked if his *young brother* did not propose to take the road to Paris. My father replied in the affirmative, and opened his tin box to replace his book.

The stranger asked him with a smile if he might, without indiscretion, ask the title. My father answered that it was Rousseau's "Émile."

The stranger immediately became grave.

They walked for some time side by side, my father expressing, with the warmth of an emotion still vibrating, all that this reading had made him feel; his companion always cold and silent. The former extolled the glory of the great Genevese writer, whose genius had made him a citizen of the world; he exulted in this privilege of great thinkers, who reign in spite of time and space, and gather together a race of willing subjects out of all nations; but the stranger suddenly interrupted him:—

"And do you know," said he, mildly, "if Jean Jacques would not exchange the celebrity which you seem to envy for the life of one of the woodcutters whose hut smoke we see? What use has fame been to him except to bring persecution? The unknown friends whom his books may have made for him content themselves with blessing him in their hearts, while the declared enemies that they have drawn upon him pursue him with their fury and calumny! His pride has been flattered by success: how often has it been wounded by satire! And be assured that human pride always resembles the sybarite, who was prevented from sleeping by a crease in a rose leaf! The activity of a vigorous mind, by which the world profits, almost

always turns against him who possesses it. He exacts more from it as he ages; the ideal he pursues continually disgusts him with the reality; he is like a man whose sight is too keen, and who discerns blemishes and wrinkles in the most beautiful face. I will not speak of stronger temptations and of deeper downfalls. Genius, you have said, is a kingdom; but what virtuous man is not afraid of being a king? He who feels only much power is, with our weakness and passion, preparing for great failure. Believe me, sir, do not admire or envy the unhappy man who wrote this book; but, if you have a feeling heart, pity him!"

My father, astonished at the excitement with which his companion pronounced these last words, did not know what to answer.

Just then they reached the paved road which runs from the castle of Meudon and of the Dames of France to that of Versailles; a carriage was passing.

The ladies who were in it perceived the old man, uttered a cry of surprise, and leaning out of the window repeated, —

"There is Jean Jacques — there is Rousseau!"

Then the carriage disappeared.

My father remained motionless, stupefied and astonished, his eyes wide open, his hands before him.

Rousseau, who had shuddered on hearing his name spoken, turned from him: —

"You see," said he, with the savage bitterness which his later misfortunes had given him, "Jean Jacques cannot even hide himself; he is an object of curiosity to some, of malignity to others, to all he is a public thing, at which they point the finger. Yet it is not a question of submitting to the impertinence of the idle; but, as soon as a man has had the misfortune to make a name for himself, he becomes public property. Every one digs into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings; he becomes like those walls which every passer-by may deface with some offensive inscription. Perhaps you will say that I have myself assisted this curiosity in publishing my 'Memoirs.' But the world forced me to it. They looked into my house through the chinks, and they slandered me; I have opened the doors and windows, so that they should know me at least such as I am. Adieu, sir; always remember that you have seen Rousseau in order to know what celebrity is."

Nine o'clock. — Ah! to-day I understand my father's story! It contains the answer to one of the questions I asked myself a week ago. Yes, I now feel that fame and power are gifts dearly bought; and that, if they shed fame about the soul, both of them are oftenest, as Madame de Staël says, but "a glittering grief of happiness."

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

April 9th. — The fine evenings are come back; the trees begin to put forth their buds; hyacinths, jonquils, violets, and lilacs perfume the baskets of the flower girls; all the world have begun their walks again on the quays and boulevards. After dinner, I, too, descend from my attic to breathe the evening air.

It is the hour when Paris is seen in all its beauty. During the day the plaster fronts of the houses weary the eye by their monotonous whiteness; heavily laden carts make the street shake under their colossal wheels; the eager crowd, taken up by the one fear of losing a moment from business, cross and jostle one another; the aspect of the city altogether has something harsh, restless, and flurried about it. But, as soon as the stars appear, everything is changed; the glare of the white houses is subdued by the gathering shades; you hear no more any rolling but that of the carriages on their way to some fête; you see only the loungee or the light-hearted passing by; work has given place to leisure. Now each one may breathe after the fierce race through the business of the day, and whatever strength remains is given to pleasure! See the ballrooms lighted up, the theaters open, the eating shops along the walks set out with dainties, and the newspaper criers who make their lanterns twinkle. Decidedly Paris has laid aside the pen, the ruler, and the apron; after the day spent in work, it must have the evening for enjoyment: like the masters of Thebes, it has put off all serious matter till to-morrow.

I love to take part in this happy hour; not to mix in the general gayety, but to contemplate it. If the enjoyments of others embitter jealous minds, they strengthen the humble spirit; they are the beams of sunshine, which open the two beautiful flowers called *trust* and *hope*.

Although alone in the midst of the smiling multitude, I do not feel myself isolated from it, for its gayety is reflected upon

me: it is my own family who are enjoying life, and I take a brother's share in their happiness. Fellow-soldiers in this earthly battle, what does it matter to whom the honors of victory fall? If Fortune passes by without seeing us, and pours her favors on others, let us console ourselves, like the friend of Parmenio, by saying, "Those, too, are Alexanders."

While making these reflections, I was going on as chance took me. I crossed from one pavement to another, I retraced my steps, I stopped before the shops and posters. How many things there are to learn in the streets of Paris! What a museum it is! Unknown fruits, foreign arms, furniture of old times or other lands, animals of all climates, statues of great men, costumes of distant nations! It is the world seen in samples!

Let us then look at this people, whose knowledge is gained from the shop windows and the tradesman's display of goods. Nothing has been taught them, but they have a rude notion of everything. They have seen the pineapples at Chevet's, a palm tree in the Jardin des Plantes, sugar canes selling on the Pont-Neuf. The Redskins, exhibited in the Valentine Hall, have taught them to mimic the dance of the bison, and to smoke the calumet; they have seen Carter's lions fed; they know the principal national costumes in Babin's collection; Goupil's display of prints has placed the tiger hunts of Africa and the sittings of the English Parliament before their eyes; they have become acquainted with Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Austria, and Kossuth, by looking through the illustrated journals. We can certainly instruct them, but not astonish them; for nothing is completely new to them. You may take the Paris ragamuffin through the five quarters of the world, and at every wonder with which you think to surprise him, he will answer with that favorite and conclusive word — *I know*.

But this variety of exhibitions, which makes Paris the fair of the world, does not merely offer a means of instruction to him who walks through it; it is a continual spur for rousing the imagination, a first step of the ladder always set up before our dreams. When we see them, how many voyages do we take in imagination, what adventures do we dream of, what pictures do we sketch! I never look at that shop near the Chinese Baths, with its tapestry of Florida jasmine, and filled with magnolias, without seeing the forest glades of the new

world, described by the author of "Atala," opening out before me.

Then, when this study of things and this discourse of reason begin to tire you, look around you! What contrasts of figures and faces in the crowd! What a vast field for the exercise of meditation! A half-seen glance, a few words caught as the speaker passes by, open a thousand perspectives. You wish to comprehend what these imperfect disclosures mean, as the antiquary endeavors to decipher the mutilated inscription on some old monument; you build up a history on a gesture or on a word! These are the excitations of the mind which finds in fiction a relief from the wearisome dullness of the actual.

Alas! as I was just now passing by the carriage entrance of a great house, I noticed a sad subject for one of these histories. A man was sitting in the darkest corner, with his head bare, and holding out his hat for the charity of those who passed. His threadbare coat had that look of neatness which marks destitution long combated. He had carefully buttoned it up to hide the want of a shirt. His face was half hid under his long gray hair, and his eyes closed, as if he wished to escape the sight of his own humiliation, and he remained mute and motionless. Those who passed him took no notice of the beggar, who sat in silence and darkness! Glad to escape the importunity of his condition, they were turning away their eyes.

All at once the great gate turned on its hinges, and a very low carriage, lighted with silver lamps, and drawn by two black horses, came slowly out, and took the road toward the Faubourg St. Germain. I could just distinguish within the sparkling diamonds and the flowers of a ball dress. The reflection of the lamps passed like a bloody streak over the pale face of the beggar, his eyes opened and followed the rich man's equipage with a glare until it disappeared in the night.

I dropped a small piece of money into the hat he was holding out, and passed on quickly.

I had just fallen unexpectedly upon the two saddest secrets of the disease which troubles the age we live in: the envious hatred of him who suffers want, and the selfish forgetfulness of him who lives in affluence.

All the enjoyment of my walk was gone; I left off looking about me, and retired into myself. The animated and moving sight in the streets gave place to inward meditation upon all the painful problems which have been written for the last four

thousand years at the bottom of each human struggle, but which are propounded more clearly than ever in our days.

I pondered on the uselessness of so many contests, in which defeat and victory only displace each other alternately, and on the mistaken zealots who have repeated from generation to generation the bloody history of Cain and Abel; and saddened with these mournful reflections I walked on as chance took me, until the silence all around insensibly brought me back from my own preoccupation.

I had reached one of the remote streets, in which those who would live in comfort and without ostentation, and who love serious reflection, delight to find a home. There were no shops along the dimly lit pavement; one heard no sounds but of the distant carriages, and of the steps of some of the inhabitants returning quietly home.

I instantly recognized the street, though I had only been there once before.

That was two years ago. I was walking at the time by the side of the Seine, whose banks, swallowed up in the shadow, allowed the gaze to stretch in every direction, and to which the lights on the quays and bridges gave the aspect of a lake surrounded by a garland of stars. I had reached the Louvre, when I was stopped by a crowd collected near the parapet: they had gathered round a child of about six, who was crying. I asked the cause of his tears.

"It seems that he was sent to walk in the Tuileries," said a mason, who was returning from his work with his trowel in his hand; "the servant who took care of him met with some friends there, and told the child to wait for him while he went to get a drink; but I suppose the drink made him more thirsty, for he has not come back, and the child cannot find his way home."

"Why do they not ask him his name and where he lives?"

"They have been doing it for the last hour; but all he can say is that he is called Charles, and that his father is M. Duval — there are twelve hundred Duvals in Paris."

"Then he does not know in what part of the town he lives?"

"I should think not, indeed! Don't you see that he is a gentleman's child? He has never gone out except in a carriage or with a servant; he does not know how to find his way alone."

Here the mason was interrupted by some of the voices rising above the others.

"We cannot leave him in the street," said some.

"The child stealers would carry him off," continued others.

"We must take him to the overseer."

"Or to the police office."

"That's the thing. Come, little one!"

But the child, frightened by these suggestions of danger, and at the names of the police and overseer, cried louder, and drew back toward the parapet. In vain they tried to persuade him; his resistance increased with his fear, and the most eager began to get weary, when the voice of a little boy was heard in the midst of the discussion.

"I know him well — I do," said he, looking at the lost child; "he belongs to our part of the town."

"What quarter?"

"Yonder, on the other side of the Boulevards — Rue des Magasins."

"And you have seen him before?"

"Yes, yes! he is the child of the great house at the end of the street where there is an iron gate with gilt points."

The child quickly raised his head and stopped crying. The little boy answered all the questions that were put to him, and gave such details as left no room for doubt. The other child understood him, for he went up to him as if to put himself under his protection.

"Then you can take him to his parents?" asked the mason, who had listened with real interest to the account.

"That's all right," replied he; "it's the way I'm going."

"Then you will take charge of him?"

"He has only to come with me."

And taking up the basket he had put down on the pavement, he set off toward the postern gate of the Louvre.

The lost child followed him.

"I hope he will take him right," said I, when I saw them go away.

"Never fear," replied the mason; "the little one in the blouse is the same age as the other; but, as the saying is, 'he knows black from white;' poverty, you see, is a famous school-mistress!"

The crowd dispersed. For my part, I went toward the

Louvre: the thought came into my head to follow the two children, so as to guard against any mistake.

I was not long in overtaking them; they were walking side by side, talking, and already quite familiar with one another. The contrast in their dress then struck me. Little Duval wore one of those fanciful children's dresses which are expensive as well as in good taste; his coat was skillfully fitted to his figure, his trousers came down in plaits from his waist to his boots of polished leather with mother-of-pearl buttons, and his ringlets were half hid by a velvet cap. The appearance of his guide, on the contrary, indicated the last limits of poverty, but of poverty which resists and does not surrender.

His old blouse, patched with pieces of different shades, indicated the perseverance of an industrious mother struggling against the wear and tear of time; his trousers were too short, and showed his stockings darned over and over again; and it was evident that his shoes were not primarily destined for his use.

The countenances of the two children were not less different than their dresses. That of the first was delicate and refined: his clear blue eye, his fair skin, and his smiling mouth gave him a charming look of innocence and happiness. The features of the other, on the contrary, had something rough in them: his eye was quick and lively, his complexion dark, his smile less merry than shrewd; all showed a mind sharpened by too early experience; he walked with confidence through the middle of the streets thronged by carriages, and followed their countless turnings without hesitation.

I found, on asking him, that every day he carried dinner to his father, who was then working on the left bank of the Seine; and this responsible duty had made him careful and prudent. He had learned those hard but forcible lessons of necessity which nothing can equal or supply the place of. Unfortunately the wants of his poor family had kept him from school, and he seemed to regret it; for he often stopped before the print shops and asked his companion to read him the inscriptions. In this way we reached the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, which the little wanderer seemed to know again: notwithstanding his fatigue, he hurried on; he was agitated by mixed feelings; at the sight of his house he uttered a cry, and ran toward the iron gate with the gilt points; a lady who was standing at the entrance received him in her arms, and from the exclamations of joy, and the sound of kisses, I soon perceived she was his mother.

Not seeing either the servant or child return, she had sent in search of them in every direction, and was waiting for them in intense anxiety.

I explained to her in a few words what had happened. She thanked me warmly, and looked around for the little boy who had recognized and brought back her son ; but while we were talking, he had disappeared.

It was the first time since then that I had come into this part of Paris. Did the mother continue grateful? Had the children met again, and had the happy chance of their first meeting lowered between them that barrier which may mark the different ranks of men, but should not divide them?

While putting these questions to myself, I slackened my pace, and fixed my eyes on the great gate, which I just perceived. All at once I saw it open, and two children appeared at the entrance. Although much grown, I recognized them at first sight: they were the child who was found near the parapet of the Louvre, and his young guide. But the dress of the latter was greatly changed: his blouse of gray cloth was neat, and even fine, and was fastened round the waist by a polished leather belt ; he wore strong shoes, but made to his feet, and had on a new cloth cap.

Just at the moment I saw him he held in his two hands an enormous bunch of lilacs, to which his companion was trying to add narcissuses and primroses ; the two children laughed, and parted with a friendly good-by. M. Duval's son did not go in till he had seen his companion turn the corner of the street.

Then I accosted the latter, and reminded him of our former meeting ; he looked at me for a moment, and then seemed to recollect me.

"Forgive me if I do not make you a bow," said he, gayly ; "but I want both my hands for the bouquet M. Charles has given me."

"You are, then, become great friends?" said I.

"Oh! I should think so," said the child ; "and now my father is rich too!"

"How's that?"

"M. Duval lent him a little money ; he has taken a shop, where he works on his own account ; and as for me I go to school."

"Yes," replied I, remarking for the first time the cross

which decorated his little coat; "and I see that you are head boy!"

"M. Charles helps me to learn, and so I am come to be the first in the class."

"Are you now going to your lessons?"

"Yes, and he has given me some lilacs; for he has a garden where we play together, and which furnishes flowers to my mother."

"Then it is the same as if it were partly your own."

"So it is! Ah! they are good neighbors indeed! But here I am; good-by, sir."

He nodded to me with a smile, and disappeared.

I went on with my walk, still pensive, but with a feeling of relief. If I had elsewhere witnessed the painful contrast between affluence and want, here I had found the true union of riches and poverty. Good will had smoothed down the more rugged inequalities on both sides, and had opened a road of true neighborhood between the humble workshop and the stately mansion. Instead of hearkening to the voice of interest, each had listened to that of self-sacrifice, and there was no place left for contempt or envy. Thus, instead of the beggar in rags, that I had seen at the other door cursing the rich man, I had found here the happy child of the laborer loaded with flowers and blessing him! The problem, so difficult and so dangerous to examine into, with no regard but for the rights of it, I had just seen solved by love.



HOW'S MY BOY?

By SYDNEY DOBELL.

[1824-1874.]

"Ho, sailor of the sea!

How's my Boy, my Boy?"

"What's your boy's name? good wife!

And in what good ship sailed he?"

"My boy John!

He that went to sea—

What care I for the ship? sailor!

My boy's my boy to me,

"You come back from sea,
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish,
 But he knows my John.

"How's my boy, my boy?
 And unless you let me know,
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,—
 Brass buttons or no, sailor!
 Anchor and crown or no.
 Sure his ship was the 'Jolly Briton'!"
 —"Speak low, woman! speak low!"

"And why should I speak low, sailor!
 About my own boy John?
 If I was loud as I am proud,
 I'd sing him over the town:
 Why should I speak low? sailor!"
 —"That good ship went down."

"How's my boy? how's my boy?
 What care I for the ship? sailor!
 I was never aboard her:
 Be she afloat or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
 Her owners can afford her.
 I say, how's my John?"
 —"Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

"How's my boy, my boy?
 What care I for the men? sailor!
 I'm not their mother.
 How's my boy, my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy, my boy?"

COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[ALFRED TENNYSON, BARON TENNYSON: English poet; born at Somersby, England, August 6, 1809; died at Aldworth, October 6, 1892. His first poems were published with his brother Charles' in a small volume entitled "Poems of Two Brothers," in 1827. Two years later he won the chancellor's gold medal for his prize poem, "Timbuctoo." The following year came his "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." In 1832 a new volume of miscellaneous poems was published, and was attacked savagely by the *Quarterly Review*. Ten years afterward another volume of miscellaneous verse was collected. In 1847 he published "The Princess," which was warmly received. In 1850 came "In Memoriam," and he was appointed poet laureate to succeed Wordsworth. Among his other works may be mentioned: "Idylls of the King," 1859; "Enoch Arden" and "The Holy Grail," 1869; "Queen Mary," 1875; "Harold," 1876; "The Cup," 1884; "Tiresias," 1885; "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," 1886; "The Foresters" and "The Death of Ænone," 1892.]

I.

Come into the garden, Maud,
 For the black bat, night, has flown,
 Come into the garden, Maud,
 I am here at the gate alone;
 And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
 And the musk of the rose is blown.

II.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light, and to die.

III.

All night have the roses heard
 The flute, violin, bassoon;
 All night has the casement jessamine stirred
 To the dancers dancing in tune;
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
 And a hush with the setting moon.

IV.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
 With whom she has heart to be gay,

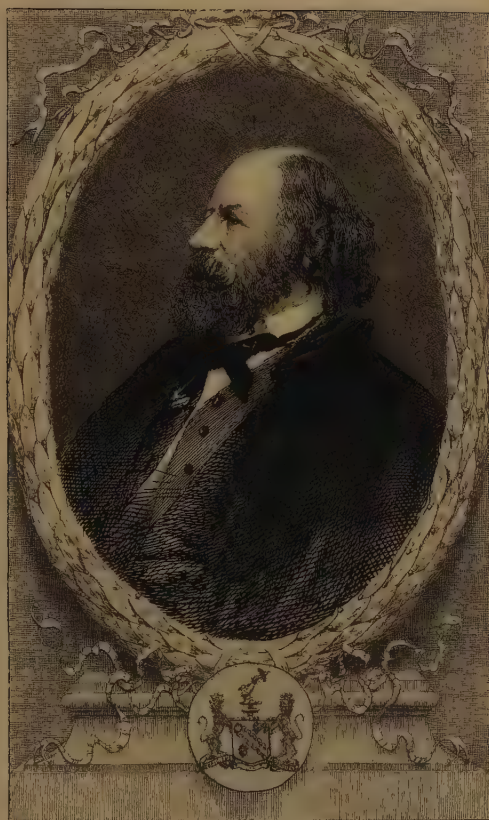
W. Somerset,
The best poems
of Thomas
Hardy

Alfred Tennyson
Etching by C. X. Harris

...and my nerves,
...on high,
...that she loves

...stirred
to music
waking blind
...and my nerves

...the
...empty



C. HARRIS SC.

When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

V.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"Forever and ever, mine."

VI.

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

VII.

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March wind sighs
He sets the jewel print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

VIII.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk bloom on the tree;
The white lake blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

IX.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
 Queen lily and rose in one;
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls
 To the flowers, and be their sun.

X.

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion flower at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear;
 She is coming, my life, my fate:
 The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."

XI.

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.



TOM BROWN'S FIRST FIGHT.

By THOMAS HUGHES.

(From "Tom Brown's School Days.")

[THOMAS HUGHES, English judge and man of letters, was born in Berkshire, October 20, 1823. He was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, — his own famous book, "Tom Brown's School Days" (1856), idealizes this experience, — and at Oriel College, Oxford. He has been active in movements for social reform, and helped to found a coöperative colony in Tennessee. His other books include "Tom Brown at Oxford," "A Layman's Faith," and "Our Old Church: What shall We do with It?" • Died in 1896.]

THERE is a certain sort of fellow — we who are used to studying boys all know him well enough — of whom you can predicate with almost positive certainty, after he has been a

month at school, that he is sure to have a fight, and with almost equal certainty that he will have but one. Tom Brown was one of these; and as it is our well-weighed intention to give a full, true, and correct account of Tom's only single combat with a schoolfellow in the manner of our old friend *Bell's Life*, let those young persons whose stomachs are not strong, or who think a good set-to with the weapons which God has given to us all, an uncivilized, unchristian, or ungentlemanly affair, just skip this chapter at once, for it won't be to their taste.

It was not at all usual in those days for two schoolhouse boys to have a fight. Of course there were exceptions, when some crossgrained, hard-headed fellow came up who would never be happy unless he was quarreling with his nearest neighbors, or when there was some class dispute between the fifth form and the fags for instance, which required blood-letting; and a champion was picked out on each side tacitly, who settled the matter by a good, hearty mill. But for the most part the constant use of those surest keepers of the peace, the boxing gloves, kept the schoolhouse boys from fighting one another. Two or three nights in every week the gloves were brought out, either in the hall or fifth-form room; and every boy who was ever likely to fight at all, knew all his neighbors' prowess perfectly well, and could tell to a nicety what chance he would have in a stand-up fight with any other boy in the house. But of course no such experience could be gotten as regarded boys in other houses; and as most of the other houses were more or less jealous of the schoolhouse, collisions were frequent.

After all, what would life be without fighting, I should like to know? From the cradle to the grave, fighting, rightly understood, is the business, the real, highest, honestest business of every son of man. Every one who is worth his salt has his enemies, who must be beaten, be they evil thoughts and habits in himself, or spiritual wickedness in high places, or Russians, or border ruffians, or Bill, Tom, or Harry, who will not let him live his life in quiet till he has thrashed them.

It is no good for Quakers, or any other body of men, to uplift their voices against fighting. Human nature is too strong for them, and they don't follow their own precepts. Every soul of them is doing his own piece of fighting, somehow and somewhere. The world might be a better world

without fighting, for anything I know, but it wouldn't be our world ; and therefore I am dead against crying peace when there is no peace, and isn't meant to be. I am as sorry as any man to see folk fighting the wrong people and the wrong things, but I'd a deal sooner see them doing that, than that they should have no fight in them. So having recorded, and being about to record, my hero's fights of all sorts, with all sorts of enemies, I shall now proceed to give an account of his passage at arms with the only one of his schoolfellows whom he ever had to encounter in this manner.

It was drawing toward the close of Arthur's first half-year, and the May evenings were lengthening out. Locking-up was not till eight o'clock, and everybody was beginning to talk about what he would do in the holidays. The shell, in which form all our *dramatis personæ* now are, were reading among other things the last book of Homer's Iliad, and had worked through it as far as the speeches of the women over Hector's body. It is a whole school day, and four or five of the school-house boys (among whom are Arthur, Tom, and East) are preparing third lesson together. They have finished the regulation forty lines, and are for the most part getting very tired, notwithstanding the exquisite pathos of Helen's lamentation. And now several long four-syllabled words come together, and the boy with the dictionary strikes work.

"I am not going to look out any more words," says he ; "we've done the quantity. Ten to one we shan't get so far. Let's go out into the close."

"Come along, boys," cries East, always ready to leave the grind, as he called it ; "our old coach is laid up, you know, and we shall have one of the new masters, who's sure to go slow and let us down easy."

So an adjournment to the close was carried *nem. con.*, little Arthur not daring to uplift his voice ; but, being deeply interested in what they were reading, stayed quietly behind, and learned on for his own pleasure.

As East had said, the regular master of the form was unwell, and they were to be heard by one of the new masters, quite a young man, who had only just left the university. Certainly it would be hard lines, if, by dawdling as much as possible in coming in and taking their places, entering into long-winded explanations of what was the usual course of the regular master of the form, and others of the stock contriv-

ances of boys for wasting time in school, they could not spin out the lesson so that he should not work them through more than the forty lines ; as to which quantity there was a perpetual fight going on between the master and his form, the latter insisting, and enforcing by passive resistance, that it was the prescribed quantity of Homer for a shell lesson, the former that there was no fixed quantity, but that they must always be ready to go on to fifty or sixty lines if there were time within the hour. However, notwithstanding all their efforts, the new master got on horribly quick ; he seemed to have the bad taste to be really interested in the lesson, and to be trying to work them up into something like appreciation of it, giving them good spirited English words, instead of the wretched bald stuff into which they rendered poor old Homer ; and construing over each piece himself to them, after each boy, to show them how it should be done.

Now the clock strikes the three quarters ; there is only a quarter of an hour more ; but the forty lines are all but done. So the boys, one after another, who are called up, stick more and more, and make balder and ever more bald work of it. The poor young master is pretty near beat by this time, and feels ready to knock his head against the wall, or his fingers against somebody else's head. So he gives up altogether the lower and middle parts of the form, and looks round in despair at the boys on the top bench to see if there is one out of whom he can strike a spark or two, and who will be too chivalrous to murder the most beautiful utterances of the most beautiful woman of the old world. His eye rests on Arthur, and he calls him up to finish construing Helen's speech. Whereupon all the other boys draw long breaths, and begin to stare about and take it easy. They are all safe ; Arthur is the head of the form, and sure to be able to construe, and that will tide on safely till the hour strikes.

Arthur proceeds to read out the passage in Greek before construing it, as the custom is. Tom, who isn't paying much attention, is suddenly caught by the falter in his voice as he reads the two lines : —

ἀλλὰ σὺ τὸν γ' ἐπέεσσιν μαραιφάμενος κατέρυκες,
Σῆ τ' ἀγανοφροσύνη καὶ σοῖς ἀγανοῖς ἐπέεσσιν.

He looks up at Arthur. "Why, bless us," thinks he, "what can be the matter with the young 'un? He's never going to

get floored. He's sure to have learned to the end." Next moment he is reassured by the spirited tone in which Arthur begins construing, and betakes himself to drawing dogs' heads in his notebook, while the master evidently enjoying the change, turns his back on the middle bench and stands before Arthur, beating a sort of time with his hand and foot and saying "Yes, yes," "very well," as Arthur goes on.

But as he hears the fatal two lines, Tom catches that falter and again looks up. He sees that there is something the matter — Arthur can hardly get on at all. What can it be?

Suddenly at this point Arthur breaks down altogether, and fairly bursts out crying, and dashes the cuff of his jacket across his eyes, blushing up to the roots of his hair, and feeling as if he should like to go down suddenly through the floor. The whole form are taken aback; most of them stare stupidly at him, while those who are gifted with presence of mind find their places and look steadily at their books, in hopes of not catching the master's eye and getting called up in Arthur's place.

The master looks puzzled for a moment, and then seeing, as the fact is, that the boy is really affected to tears by the most touching thing in Homer, perhaps in all profane poetry put together, steps up to him and lays his hand kindly on his shoulder, saying, "Never mind, my little man, you've construed very well. Stop a minute, there's no hurry."

Now, as luck would have it, there sat next above Tom that day, in the middle bench of the form, a big boy, by name Williams, generally supposed to be the cock of the shell, therefore, of all the school below the fifths. The small boys, who are great speculators on the prowess of their elders, used to hold forth to one another about Williams' great strength, and to discuss whether East or Brown would take a licking from him. He was called Slogger Williams, from the force with which it was supposed he could hit. In the main, he was a rough, good-natured fellow enough, but very much alive to his own dignity. He reckoned himself the king of the form, and kept up his position with a strong hand, especially in the matter of forcing boys not to construe more than the legitimate forty lines. He had already grunted and grumbled to himself when Arthur went on reading beyond the forty lines. But now that he had broken down just in the middle of all the long words, the slogger's wrath was fairly roused.

"Sneaking little brute," muttered he, regardless of prudence, "clapping on the waterworks just in the hardest place; see if I don't punch his head after fourth lesson."

"Whose?" said Tom, to whom the remark seemed to be addressed.

"Why, that little sneak, Arthur's," replied Williams.

"No, you shan't," said Tom.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Williams, looking at Tom with great surprise for a moment, and then giving him a sudden dig in the ribs with his elbow, which sent Tom's books flying on the floor, and called the attention of the master, who turned suddenly round, and seeing the state of things said:—

"Williams, go down three places, and then go on."

The slogger found his legs very slowly, and proceeded to go below Tom and two other boys with great disgust, and then turning round and facing the master, said, "I haven't learned any more, sir; our lesson is only forty lines."

"Is that so?" said the master, appealing generally to the top bench. No answer.

"Who is the head boy of the form?" said he, waxing wroth.

"Arthur, sir," answered three or four boys, indicating our friend.

"Oh, your name's Arthur. Well now, what is the length of your regular lesson?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, and then said, "We call it only forty lines, sir."

"How do you mean, you call it?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Graham says we ain't to stop there, when there's time to construe more."

"I understand," said the master. "Williams, go down three more places, and write me out the lesson in Greek and English. And now, Arthur, finish construing."

"Oh! would I be in Arthur's shoes after fourth lesson?" said the little boys to one another; but Arthur finished Helen's speech without any further catastrophe, and the clock struck four, which ended third lesson.

Another hour was occupied in preparing and saying fourth lesson, during which Williams was bottling up his wrath; and when five struck, and the lessons for the day were over, he prepared to take summary vengeance on the innocent cause of his misfortune.

Tom was detained in school a few minutes after the rest, and on coming out into the quadrangle, the first thing he saw was a small ring of boys, applauding Williams, who was holding Arthur by the collar.

"There, you young sneak," said he, giving Arthur a cuff on the head with his other hand, "what made you say that——"

"Hullo!" said Tom, shouldering into the crowd, "you drop that, Williams; you shan't touch him."

"Who'll stop me?" said the slogger, raising his hand again.

"I," said Tom; and suiting the action to the word, struck the arm which held Arthur's arm so sharply, that the slogger dropped it with a start, and turned the full current of his wrath on Tom.

"Will you fight?"

"Yes, of course."

"Huzza, there's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

The news ran like wildfire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights come off.

"Just run and tell East to come and back me," said Tom to a small schoolhouse boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the schoolhouse hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and sing out, "Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams."

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves. The greater part of the remainder follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip.

Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt sleeves for him: "Now, old boy, don't you open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit, we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the slogger." Martin meanwhile folded

the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails ; and now Tom, with East to handle him and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, and is ready for all that may come : and here is the slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance : Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders ; "peels well," as the little knot of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs, say ; who stand outside the ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means ; no spring from the loins, and feebleish, not to say shipwrecked, about the knees. Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye, and fresh bright look of his skin, that he is in tiptop training, able to do all he knows ; while the slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck. The timekeeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom'll only condescend to fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word ; the two stand to one another like men ; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand. "Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and counter-shouts, of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy—keep away, let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round with wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up," calls the timekeeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all !" growls East as his man is at it again as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of slogger's house, and the schoolhouse are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

"Two to one in half-crowns on the big 'un," says Rattle, one of the amateurs, a tall fellow, in thunder-and-lightning waistcoat, and puffy, good-natured face.

"Done!" says Groove, another amateur of quieter look, taking out his notebook to enter it—for our friend Rattle sometimes forgets these little things.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponges for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

"Tom, old boy," whispers he, "this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch. Feint him—use your legs! draw him about! he'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body too, we'll take care of his frontispiece by and by."

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw already that he couldn't go in and finish the slogger off at mere hammer and tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautious, getting away from and parrying the slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him. "He's funking; go in, Williams," "Catch him up," "Finish him off," scream the small boys of the slogger party.

"Just what we want," thinks East, chuckling to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get to close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

"Now then, Tom," sings out East, dancing with delight. Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body blows, and gets away again before the slogger can catch his wind; which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skillfully parried and avoided, overreaches himself and falls on his face, amid terrific cheers from the schoolhouse boys.

"Double your two to one?" says Groove to Rattle, notebook in hand.

"Stop a bit," says that hero, looking uncomfortably at Williams, who is puffing away on his second's knee, winded enough, but little the worse in any other way.

After another round the slogger too seems to see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head and tries to make Tom lose patience and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one, and now the other, getting a trifling pull.

Tom's face begins to look very one-sided — there are little queer bumps on his forehead, and his mouth is bleeding; but East keeps the wet sponge going so scientifically, that he comes up looking as fresh and bright as ever. Williams is only slightly marked in the face, but by the nervous movement of his elbows you can see that Tom's body blows are telling. In fact, half the vice of the slogger's hitting is neutralized, for he daren't lunge out freely for fear of exposing his sides. It is too interesting by this time for much shouting, and the whole ring is very quiet.

"All right, Tommy," whispers East; "hold on's the horse that's to win. We've got the last. Keep your head, old boy."

But where is Arthur all this time? Words cannot paint the poor little fellow's distress. He couldn't muster courage to come up to the ring, but wandered up and down from the great fives court to the corner of the chapel rails. Now trying to make up his mind to throw himself between them, and try to stop them; then thinking of running in and telling his friend Mary, who he knew would instantly report it to the doctor. The stories he had heard of men being killed in prize fights rose up horribly before him.

Once only, when the shouts of "Well done, Brown!" "Huzza for the schoolhouse!" rose higher than ever, he ventured up to the ring, thinking the victory was won. Catching sight of Tom's face in the state I have described, all fear of consequences vanishing out of his mind, he rushed straight off to the matron's room, beseeching her to get the fight stopped, or he should die.

But it's time for us to get back to the close. What is this fierce tumult and confusion? The ring is broken, and high and angry words are being bandied about: "It's all fair,"—"It isn't,"—"No hugging;" the fight is stopped. The combatants, however, sit there quietly, tended by their seconds, while

their adherents wrangle in the middle. East can't help shouting challenges to two or three of the other side, though he never leaves Tom for a moment, and plies the sponges as fast as ever.

The fact is, that at the end of the last round, Tom, seeing a good opening, had closed with his opponent, and after a moment's struggle had thrown him heavily, by the help of the fall he had learned from his village rival in the vale of White Horse. Williams hadn't the ghost of a chance with Tom at wrestling; and the conviction broke at once on the slogger faction, that if this were allowed their man must be licked. There was a strong feeling in the school against catching hold and throwing, though it was generally ruled all fair within certain limits; so the ring was broken and the fight stopped.

The schoolhouse are overruled—the fight is on again, but there is to be no throwing; and East in high wrath threatens to take his man away after next round (which he doesn't mean to do, by the way), when suddenly young Brooke comes through the small gate at the end of the chapel. The schoolhouse faction rush to him. "Oh, hurra! now we shall get fair play."

"Please, Brooke, come up, they won't let Tom Brown throw him."

"Throw whom?" says Brooke, coming up to the ring. "Oh! Williams, I see. Nonsense! of course he may throw him if he catches him fairly above the waist."

Now, young Brooke, you're in the sixth, you know, and you ought to stop all fights. He looks hard at both boys. "Anything wrong?" says he to East, nodding at Tom.

"Not a bit."

"Not beat at all?"

"Bless you, no! heaps of fight in him. Ain't there, Tom?"

Tom looks at Brooke and grins.

"How's he?" nodding at Williams.

"So, so; rather done, I think, since his last fall. He won't stand above two more."

"Time's up!" the boys rise again and face one another. Brooke can't find it in his heart to stop them just yet, so the round goes on, the slogger waiting for Tom, and reserving all his strength to hit him out should he come in for the wrestling dodge again, for he feels that that must be stopped, or his sponge will soon go up in the air.

And now another newcomer appears on the field, to wit, the under porter, with his long brush and great wooden re-

ceptacle for dust under his arm. He has been sweeping out the schools.

"You'd better stop, gentlemen," he says; "the doctor knows that Brown's fighting — he'll be out in a minute."

"You go to Bath, Bill," is all that that excellent servitor gets by his advice. And being a man of his hands, and a staunch upholder of the schoolhouse, can't help stopping to look on for a bit, and see Tom Brown, their pet craftsman, fight a round.

It is grim earnest now, and no mistake. Both boys feel this, and summon every power of head, hand, and eye to their aid. A piece of luck on either side, a foot slipping, a blow getting well home, or another fall, may decide it. Tom works slowly round for an opening; he has all the legs, and can choose his own time: the slogger waits for the attack, and hopes to finish it by some heavy right-handed blow. As they quarter slowly over the ground, the evening sun comes out from behind a cloud and falls full on Williams' face. Tom starts in; the heavy right hand is delivered, but only grazes his head. A short rally at close quarters, and they close: in another moment the slogger is thrown again heavily for the third time.

"I'll give you three to two on the little one in half-crowns," said Groove to Rattle.

"No, thank 'ee," answers the other, diving his hands further into his coat tails.

Just at this stage of the proceedings, the door of the turret which leads to the doctor's library suddenly opens, and he steps into the close, and makes straight for the ring, in which Brown and the slogger are both seated on their seconds' knees for the last time.

"The doctor! the doctor!" shouts some small boy who catches sight of him, and the ring melts away in a few seconds, the small boys tearing off, Tom collaring his jacket and waistcoat, and slipping through the little gate by the chapel, and round the corner to Harrowell's with his backers, as lively as need be; Williams and his backers making off not quite so fast across the close; Groove, Rattle, and the other bigger fellows trying to combine dignity and prudence in a comical manner, and walking off fast enough, they hope, not to be recognized, and not fast enough to look like running away.

Young Brooke alone remains on the ground by the time

the doctor gets there, and touches his hat, not without a slight inward qualm.

"Hah! Brooke. I am surprised to see you here. Don't you know that I expect the sixth to stop fighting?"

Brooke felt much more uncomfortable than he had expected, but he was rather a favorite with the doctor for his openness and plainness of speech; so blurted out, as he walked by the doctor's side, who had already turned back:—

"Yes, sir, generally. But I thought you wished us to exercise a discretion in the matter, too—not to interfere too soon."

"But they have been fighting this half-hour and more," said the doctor.

"Yes, sir, but neither was hurt. And they're the sort of boys who'll be all the better friends now, which they wouldn't have been if they had been stopped any earlier—before it was so equal."

"Who was fighting with Brown?" said the doctor.

"Williams, sir, of Thompson's. He is bigger than Brown, and had the best of it at first, but not when you came up, sir. There's a good deal of jealousy between our house and Thompson's, and there would have been more fights if this hadn't been let go on, or if either of them had had much the worst of it."

"Well but, Brooke," said the doctor, "doesn't this look a little as if you exercised your discretion by only stopping a fight when the schoolhouse boy is getting the worst of it?"

Brooke, it must be confessed, felt rather graveled.

"Remember," added the doctor, as he stopped at the turret door, "this fight is not to go on—you'll see to that. And I expect you to stop all fights in future at once."

"Very well, sir," said young Brooke, touching his hat, and not sorry to see the turret door close behind the doctor's back.

Meanwhile Tom and the stanchest of his adherents had reached Harrowell's, and Sally was bustling about to get them a late tea, while Stumps had been sent off to Tew, the butcher, to get a piece of raw beef for Tom's eye, which was to be healed offhand, so that he might show well in the morning. He was not a bit the worse except a slight difficulty in his vision, a singing in his ears, and a sprained thumb, which he kept in a cold-water bandage, while he drank lots of tea, and listened to the babel of voices talking and speculating of nothing but the fight, and how Williams would have given in after another fall

(which he didn't in the least believe), and how on earth the doctor could have gotten to know of it—such bad luck! He couldn't help thinking to himself that he was glad he hadn't won; he liked it better as it was, and felt very friendly to the slogger. And then poor little Arthur crept in and sat down quietly near him, and kept looking at him and the raw beef with such plaintive looks, that Tom at last burst out laughing.

"Don't make such eyes, young 'un," said he, "there's nothing the matter."

"Oh, but Tom, are you much hurt? I can't bear thinking it was all for me."

"Not a bit of it, don't flatter yourself. We were sure to have had it out sooner or later."

"Well, but you won't go on, will you? You'll promise me you won't go on?"

"Can't tell about that—all depends on the houses. We're in the hands of our countrymen, you know. Must fight for the schoolhouse flag, if so be."

However, the lovers of the science were doomed to disappointment this time. Directly after locking-up, one of the night fags knocked at Tom's door.

"Brown, young Brooke wants you in the sixth-form room."

Up went Tom to the summons, and found the magnates sitting at their supper.

"Well, Brown," said young Brooke, nodding to him, "how do you feel?"

"Oh, very well, thank you, only I've sprained my thumb, I think."

"Sure to do that in a fight. Well, you hadn't the worst of it, I could see. Where did you learn that throw?"

"Down in the country, when I was a boy."

"Hullo! why what are you now? Well, never mind, you're a plucky fellow. Sit down and have some supper."

Tom obeyed, by no means loath. And the fifth-form boy next him filled him a tumbler of bottled beer, and he ate and drank, listening to the pleasant talk, and wondering how soon he should be in the fifth, and one of that much-envied society.

As he got up to leave, Brooke said, "You must shake hands to-morrow morning; I shall come and see that done after first lesson."

And so he did. And Tom and the slogger shook hands

with great satisfaction and mutual respect. And for the next year or two, whenever fights were being talked of, the small boys who had been present shook their heads wisely, saying, "Ah! but you should just have seen the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

And now, boys all, three words before we quit the subject. I have put in this chapter on fighting of malice prepense, partly because I want to give you a true picture of what everyday school life was in my time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture; and partly because of the cant and twaddle that's talked of boxing and fighting with fists nowadays. Even Thackeray has given in to it; and only a few weeks ago there was some rampant stuff in the *Times* on the subject, in an article on field sports.

Boys will quarrel, and when they quarrel will sometimes fight. Fighting with fists is the natural and English way for English boys to settle their quarrels. What substitute for it is there, or ever was there, among any nation under the sun? What would you like to see take its place?

Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and football. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there's no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

As to fighting, keep out of it if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if it ever should, that you have to say "Yes" or "No" to a challenge to fight, say "No" if you can — only take care you make it clear to yourselves why you say "No." It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say "No" because you fear a licking, and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see.

BITTER-SWEET.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

[JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND, novelist, editor, and poet, was born at Belchertown, Mass., in 1819; physician for three years; superintendent of schools in Vicksburg, Miss., for one; then 1849-1866 one of the editors of the *Springfield Republican*, for which he wrote the famous "Timothy Titecomb" letters to the young (collected 1858); in 1870, founded with Roswell Smith *Scribner's Magazine*, now the *Century*; was president of the New York Board of Education; and died in 1881. His chief books were the letters above; the poems "Bitter-Sweet" (1858) and "Kathrina" (1867); and the novels "Miss Gilbert's Career" (1861), "Arthur Bonnicastle" (1873), "Story of Sevenoaks" (1875), and "Nicholas Minturn" (1876).]

ISRAEL —

Meetings like this are rare this side of Heaven,
And seem to me the best mementoes left
Of Eden's hours.

Grace —

Most certainly the best,
And quite the rarest, but unluckily
The weakest, as we know; for sin and pain
And evils multiform, that swarm the earth,
And poison all our joys and all our hearts,
Remind us most of Eden's forfeit bliss.

David —

Forfeit through woman.

Grace —

Forfeit through her power; —
A power not lost, as most men know, I think,
Beyond the knowledge of their trustful wives.

Mary —

[*Rising, and walking hurriedly to the window.*
'Tis a wild night without.

Ruth —

And getting wild
Within. Now Grace, I — all of us — protest
Against a scene to-night. Look! You have driven
One to the window blushing, and your lord,
With lowering brow, is making stern essay
To stare the fire-dogs out of countenance.
These honest brothers, with their honest wives,
Grow glum and solemn, too, as if they feared
At the next gust to see the windows burst,
Or a riven poplar crashing through the roof.
And think of me! — a simple-hearted maid
Who learned from Cowper only yesterday
(Or a schoolmaster, with a handsome face
And a strange passion for the text), the fact
That wedded bliss alone survives the fall.

I'm shocked ; I'm frightened ; and I'll never wed
Unless I — change my mind !

Israel —

And I consent.

David —

And the schoolmaster with the handsome face
Propose.

Ruth —

Your pardon, father, for the jest !

But I have never patience with the ills
That make intrusion on my happy hours.
I know the world is full of evil things,
And shudder with the consciousness. I know
That care has iron crowns for many brows ;
That Calvaries are everywhere, whereon
Virtue is crucified, and nails and spears
Draw guiltless blood ; that sorrow sits and drinks
At sweetest hearts, till all their life is dry ;
That gentle spirits on the rack of pain
Grow faint or fierce, and pray and curse by turns ;
That Hell's temptations, clad in Heavenly guise
And armed with might, lie evermore in wait
Along life's path, giving assault to all —
Fatal to most ; that Death stalks through the earth,
Choosing his victims, sparing none at last ;
That in each shadow of a pleasant tree
A grief sits sadly sobbing to its leaves ;
And that beside each fearful soul there walks
The dim, gaunt phantom of uncertainty,
Bidding it look before, where none may see,
And all must go ; but I forget it all —
I thrust it from me always when I may ;
Else I should faint with fear, or drown myself
In pity. God forgive me ! but I've thought
A thousand times that if I had His power,
Or He my love, we'd have a different world
From this we live in.

Israel —

Those are sinful thoughts,

My daughter, and too surely indicate
A willful soul, unreconciled to God.

Ruth —

So you have told me often. You have said
That God is just, and I have looked around
To seek the proof in human lot, in vain.
The rain falls kindly on the just man's fields,
But on the unjust man's more kindly still ;
And I have never known the winter's blast,

Or the quick lightning, or the pestilence,
Make nice discriminations when let slip
From God's right hand.

Israel—

'Tis a great mystery;
Yet God is just, and, — blessed be His name!
Is loving too. I know that I am weak,
And that the pathway of His Providence
Is on the hills where I may never climb.
Therefore my reason yields her hand to Faith,
And follows meekly where the angel leads.
I see the rich man have his portion here,
And Lazarus, in glorified repose,
Sleep like a jewel on the breast of Faith
In Heaven's broad light. I see that whom God loves
He chastens sorely, but I ask not why.
I only know that God is just and good:
All else is mystery. Why evil lives
Within His universe, I may not know.
I know it lives, and taints the vital air;
And that in ways inscrutable to me —
Yet compromising not his soundless love
And boundless power—it lives against His will.

Ruth—

I am not satisfied. If evil live
Against God's will, evil is king of all,
And they do well who worship Lucifer.
I am not satisfied. My reason spurns
Such prostitution to absurdities.
I know that you are happy; but I shrink
From your blind faith with loathing and with fear,
And feel that I must win it, if I win,
With the surrender, not of will alone,
But of the noblest faculty that God
Has crowned me with.

Israel—

O blind and stubborn child!
My light, my joy, my burden and my grief!
How would I lead you to the wells of peace,
And see you dip your fevered palms and drink!
Gladly to purchase this would I lay down
The precious remnant of my life, and sleep,
Wrapped in the faith you spurn, till the archangel
Sounds the last trump. But God's good will be done.
I leave you with Him. . . . God will help you, Ruth.

Ruth—

To quench my reason? Can I ask the boon?
My lips would blister with the blasphemy.

I cannot take your faith; and that is why
I would forget that I am in a world
Where evil lives, and why I guard my joys
With such a jealous care.

David — There, Ruth, sit-down!

'Tis the old question, with the old reply.
You fly along the path, with bleeding feet,
Where many feet have flown and bled before;
And he who seeks to guide you to the goal,
Has (let me say it, father) stopped far short,
And taken refuge at a wayside inn,
Whose haunted halls and mazy passages
Receive no light, save through the riddled roof,
Pierced thick by pilgrim staves, that Faith may lie
Upon its back, and only gaze on Heaven.
I would not banish evil if I could;
Nor would I be so deep in love with joy
As to seek for it in forgetfulness,
Through faith or fear.

Ruth — Teach me the better way.

And every expiration from my lips
Shall be a grateful blessing on your head;
And in the coming world I'll seek the side
Of no more gracious angel than the man
Who gives me brotherhood by leading me
Home with himself to heaven.

Israel — My son,
Be careful of your words! 'Tis no light thing
To take the guidance of a straying soul.

David—

I mark the burden well, and love it too,
Because I love the girl and love her lord,
And seek to vindicate His love to her
And waken hers for Him. Be this my plea:
God is almighty — all-benevolent;
And naught exists save by His loving will.
Evil, or what we reckon such, exists,
And not against His will; else the Supreme
Is subject, and we have in place of God
A phantom nothing, with a phantom name.
Therefore I care not whether He ordain
That evil live, or whether He permit;
Therefore I ask not why, in either case,
As if He meant to curse me, but I ask
What He would have this evil do for me?
What is its mission? what its ministry?

What golden fruit lies hidden in its husk?
 How shall it nurse my virtue, nerve my will,
 Chasten my passions, purify my love,
 And make me in some goodly sense like Him
 Who bore the cross of evil while He lived,
 Who hung and bled upon it when He died,
 And now, in glory, wears the victor's crown?

Israel —

If evil, then, have privilege and part
 In the economy of holiness,
 Why came the Christ to save us from its power
 And bring us restoration of the bliss
 Lost in the lapse of Eden?

David —

And would you
 Or Ruth have restoration of that bliss,
 And welcome transplantation to the state
 Associate with it?

Ruth —

Would I? Would I not!
 Oh, I have dreamed of it a thousand times,
 Sleeping and waking, since the torch of thought
 Flashed into flame at Revelation's touch,
 And filled my spirit with its quenchless fire.
 Most envious dreams of innocence and joy
 Have haunted me, — dreams that were born in sin,
 Yet swathed in stainless snow. . . .

And I have dreamed

Of sinless men and maids, mated in heaven,
 Ere yet their souls had sought for beauteous forms
 To give them human sense and residence,
 Moving through all this realm of choice delights
 For ever and for aye; with hands and hearts
 Immaculate as light; without a thought
 Of evil, and without a name for fear.
 Oh, when I wake from happy dreams like these,
 To the old consciousness that I must die,
 To the old presence of a guilty heart,
 To the old fear that haunts me night and day,
 Why should I not deplore the graceless fall
 That makes me what I am, and shuts me out
 From a condition and society
 As much above a sinful maiden's dreams
 As Eden blest surpasses Eden curst?

David —

So you would be another Eve, and so —
 Fall with the first temptation, like herself!
 God seeks for virtue; you for innocence.

You'll find it in the cradle — nowhere else —
 Save in your dreams, among the grown-up babes
 That dwelt in Eden — powerless, pulpy souls
 That showed a dimple for each touch of sin.
 God seeks for virtue, and, that it may live,
 It must resist, and that which it resists
 Must live. Believe me, God has other thought
 Than restoration of our fallen race
 To its primeval innocence and bliss. . . .

Ruth —

You're very bold, my brother, very bold.
 Did I not know you for an earnest man,
 When sacred themes move you to utterance,
 I'd chide you for those most irreverent words,
 Which make essential to the Christian scheme
 That which the scheme was made to kill, or cure.

David —

Yet they do save some very awkward words,
 That limp to make apology for God,
 And, while they justify Him, half confess
 The adverse verdict of appearances.
 I am ashamed that in this Christian age
 The pious throng still hug the fallacy
 That this dear world of ours was not ordained
 The theater of evil; for no law
 Declared of God from all eternity
 Can live a moment save by lease of pain.
 Law cannot live, e'en in God's inmost thought,
 Save by the side of evil. What were law
 But a weak jest without its penalty?
 Never a law was born that did not fly
 Forth from the bosom of Omnipotence
 Matched, wing-and-wing, with evil and with good,
 Avenger and rewarder — both of God.

Ruth —

I face your thought and give it audience;
 But I cannot embrace it till it come
 With some of truth's credentials in its hands —
 The fruits of gracious ministries.

David —

Does he

Who, driven to labor by the threatening weeds,
 And forced to give his acres light and air
 And traps for dew and reservoirs for rain,
 Till, in the smoky light of harvest time,
 The ragged husks reveal the golden corn,
 Ask truth's credentials of the weeds? Does he

Who prunes the orchard boughs, or tills the field,
 Or fells the forests, or pursues their prey,
 Until the gnarly muscles of his limbs
 And the free blood that thrills in all his veins
 Betray the health that toil alone secures,
 Ask truth's credentials at the hand of toil?
 Do you ask truth's credentials of the storm,
 Which, while we entertain communion here,
 Makes better music for our huddling hearts
 Than choirs of stars can sing in fairest nights?
 Yet weeds are evils — evils toil and storm.
 We may suspect the fair, smooth face of good;
 But evil, that assails us undisguised,
 Bears evermore God's warrant in its hands.



TITBOTTOM'S SPECTACLES.

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

(From "Prue and I.")

[GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the distinguished American author and lecturer, was born at Providence, R.I., February 24, 1824. In his youth he worked on a farm, and a portion of the time was a member of the Brook Farm Community. After a four years' visit to Europe and the Orient, he obtained a position on the *New York Tribune*; assumed the editorship of *Putnam's Magazine*; and in 1853 entered the lecture field, in which he acquired immediate popularity. After the suspension of *Putnam's*, he became editor of the "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Monthly* (1858), and in 1860 the leading editorial writer of *Harper's Weekly*, in which he advocated the cause of the Union and emancipation. He was a prominent figure in political as well as literary circles, being twice a delegate to Republican national conventions, presidential elector (1868), and president of the National Civil Service Reform League. He died at his home on Staten Island, August 31, 1892. "Nile Notes of a Howadji," "Lotus-Eating," "Potiphar Papers," and "Prue and I" are his chief books.]

PRUE and I do not entertain much; our means forbid it. In truth, other people entertain for us. We enjoy that hospitality of which no account is made. We see the show, and hear the music, and smell the flowers, of great festivities, tasting, as it were, the drippings from rich dishes.

Our own dinner service is remarkably plain, our dinners, even on state occasions, are strictly in keeping, and almost our only guest is Titbottom. I buy a handful of roses as I come up from the office, perhaps, and Prue arranges them so prettily in a glass dish for the center of the table, that, even when I have hurried out to see Aurelia step into her carriage to go out

to dine, I have thought that the bouquet she carried was not more beautiful because it was more costly.

I grant that it was more harmonious with her superb beauty and her rich attire. And I have no doubt that if Aurelia knew the old man, whom she must have seen so often watching her, and his wife, who ornaments her sex with as much sweetness, although with less splendor, than Aurelia herself, she would also acknowledge that the nosegay of roses was as fine and fit upon their table, as her own sumptuous bouquet is for herself. I have so much faith in the perception of that lovely lady.

It is my habit, — I hope I may say, my nature, — to believe the best of people, rather than the worst. If I thought that all this sparkling setting of beauty, — this fine fashion, — these blazing jewels, and lustrous silks, and airy gauzes, embellished with gold-threaded embroidery and wrought in a thousand exquisite elaborations, so that I cannot see one of those lovely girls pass me by, without thanking God for the vision, — if I thought that this was all, and that, underneath her lace flounces and diamond bracelets, Aurelia was a sullen, selfish woman, then I should turn sadly homeward, for I should see that her jewels were flashing scorn upon the object they adorned, that her laces were of a more exquisite loveliness than the woman whom they merely touched with a superficial grace. It would be like a gayly decorated mausoleum, — bright to see, but silent and dark within.

“Great excellences, my dear Prue,” I sometimes allow myself to say, “lie concealed in the depths of character, like pearls at the bottom of the sea. Under the laughing, glancing surface, how little they are suspected! Perhaps love is nothing else than the sight of them by one person. Hence every man’s mistress is apt to be an enigma to everybody else.

“I have no doubt that when Aurelia is engaged, people will say she is a most admirable girl, certainly; but they cannot understand why any man should be in love with her. As if it were at all necessary that they should! And her lover, like a boy who finds a pearl in the public street, and wonders as much that others did not see it as that he did, will tremble until he knows his passion is returned; feeling, of course, that the whole world must be in love with this paragon, who cannot possibly smile upon anything so unworthy as he.

“I hope, therefore, my dear Mrs. Prue,” I continue, and my wife looks up, with pleased pride, from her work, as if I were

such an irresistible humorist, "you will allow me to believe that the depth may be calm, although the service is dancing. If you tell me that Aurelia is but a giddy girl, I shall believe that you think so. But I shall know, all the while, what profound dignity, and sweetness, and peace, lie at the foundation of her character."

I say such things to Titbottom, during the dull season, at the office. And I have known him sometimes to reply, with a kind of dry, sad humor, not as if he enjoyed the joke, but as if the joke must be made, that he saw no reason why I should be dull because the season was so.

"And what do I know of Aurelia, or any other girl?" he says to me with that abstracted air; "I, whose Aurelias were of another century, and another zone."

Then he falls into a silence which it seems quite profane to interrupt. But as we sit upon our high stools, at the desk, opposite each other, I leaning upon my elbows, and looking at him, he, with sidelong face, glancing out of the window, as if it commanded a boundless landscape, instead of a dim, dingy office court, I cannot refrain from saying:—

"Well!"

He turns slowly, and I go chatting on,—a little too loquacious perhaps, about those young girls. But I know that Titbottom regards such an excess as venial, for his sadness is so sweet that you could believe it the reflection of a smile from long, long years ago.

One day, after I had been talking for a long time, and we had put up our books, and were preparing to leave, he stood for some time by the window, gazing with a drooping intentness, as if he really saw something more than the dark court, and said slowly:—

"Perhaps you would have different impressions of things, if you saw them through my spectacles."

There was no change in his expression. He still looked from the window, and I said:—

"Titbottom, I did not know that you used glasses. I have never seen you wearing spectacles."

"No, I don't often wear them. I am not very fond of looking through them. But sometimes an irresistible necessity compels me to put them on, and I cannot help seeing."

Titbottom sighed.

"Is it so grievous a fate to see?" inquired I.

"Yes; through my spectacles," he said, turning slowly, and looking at me with wan solemnity.

It grew dark as we stood in the office talking, and, taking our hats, we went out together. The narrow street of business was deserted. The heavy iron shutters were gloomily closed over the windows. From one or two offices struggled the dim gleam of an early candle, by whose light some perplexed accountant sat belated, and hunting for his error. A careless clerk passed, whistling. But the great tide of life had ebbed. We heard its roar far away, and the sound stole into that silent street like the murmur of the ocean into an inland dell.

"You will come and dine with us, Titbottom?"

He assented by continuing to walk with me, and I think we were both glad when we reached the house, and Prue came to meet us, saying:—

"Do you know I hoped you would bring Mr. Titbottom to dine?"

Titbottom smiled gently, and answered:—

"He might have brought his spectacles with him, and have been a happier man for it."

Prue looked a little puzzled.

"My dear," I said, "you must know that our friend, Mr. Titbottom, is the happy possessor of a pair of wonderful spectacles. I have never seen them, indeed; and, from what he says, I should be rather afraid of being seen by them. Most short-sighted persons are very glad to have the help of glasses; but Mr. Titbottom seems to find very little pleasure in his."

"It is because they make him too farsighted, perhaps," interrupted Prue, quietly, as she took the silver soup ladle from the sideboard.

We sipped our wine after dinner, and Prue took her work. Can a man be too farsighted? I did not ask the question aloud. The very tone in which Prue had spoken, convinced me that he might.

"At least," I said, "Mr. Titbottom will not refuse to tell us the history of his mysterious spectacles. I have known plenty of magic in eyes (and I glanced at the tender blue eyes of Prue), but I have not heard of any enchanted glasses."

"Yet you must have seen the glass in which your wife looks every morning, and, I take it, that glass must be daily enchanted," said Titbottom, with a bow of quaint respect to my wife.

I do not think I have seen such a blush upon Prue's cheek since—well, since a great many years ago.

"I will gladly tell you the history of my spectacles," began Titbottom. "It is very simple; and I am not at all sure that a great many other people have not a pair of the same kind. I have never, indeed, heard of them by the gross, like those of our young friend, Moses, the son of the Vicar of Wakefield. In fact, I think a gross would be quite enough to supply the world. It is a kind of article for which the demand does not increase with use. If we should all wear spectacles like mine, we should never smile any more. Or—I am not quite sure—we should all be very happy."

"A very important difference," said Prue, counting her stitches.

"You know my grandfather Titbottom was a West Indian. A large proprietor, and an easy man, he basked in the tropical sun, leading his quiet, luxurious life. He lived much alone, and was what people call eccentric—by which I understand, that he was very much himself, and, refusing the influence of other people, they had their revenges, and called him names. It is a habit not exclusively tropical. I think I have seen the same thing even in this city.

"But he was greatly beloved—my bland and bountiful grandfather. He was so large-hearted and open-handed. He was so friendly, and thoughtful, and genial, that even his jokes had the air of graceful benedictions. He did not seem to grow old, and he was one of those who never appear to have been very young. He flourished in a perennial maturity, an immortal middle age.

"My grandfather lived upon one of the small islands—St. Kitt's, perhaps—and his domain extended to the sea. His house, a rambling West Indian mansion, was surrounded with deep, spacious piazzas, covered with luxurious lounges, among which one capacious chair was his peculiar seat. They tell me, he used sometimes to sit there for the whole day, his great, soft, brown eyes fastened upon the sea, watching the specks of sails that flashed upon the horizon, while the evanescent expressions chased each other over his placid face, as if it reflected the calm and changing sea before him.

"His morning costume was an ample dressing gown of gorgeously flowered silk, and his morning was very apt to last all day. He rarely read; but he would pace the great piazza for

hours, with his hands buried in the pockets of his dressing gown, and an air of sweet reverie, which any book must be a very entertaining one to produce.

"Society, of course, he saw little. There was some slight apprehension that, if he were bidden to social entertainments, he might forget his coat, or arrive without some other essential part of his dress; and there is a sly tradition in the Titbottom family, that once, having been invited to a ball in honor of a new governor of the island, my grandfather Titbottom sauntered into the hall towards midnight, wrapped in the gorgeous flowers of his dressing gown, and with his hands buried in the pockets, as usual. There was great excitement among the guests, and immense deprecation of gubernatorial ire. Fortunately, it happened that the governor and my grandfather were old friends, and there was no offense. But, as they were conversing together, one of the distressed managers cast indignant glances at the brilliant costume of my grandfather, who summoned him, and asked courteously:—

"'Did you invite me, or my coat?'

"'You, in a proper coat,' replied the manager.

"The governor smiled approvingly, and looked at my grandfather.

"'My friend,' said he to the manager, 'I beg your pardon, I forgot.'

"The next day, my grandfather was seen promenading in full ball dress along the streets of the little town.

"'They ought to know,' said he, 'that I have a proper coat, and that not contempt, nor poverty, but forgetfulness, sent me to a ball in my dressing gown.'

"He did not much frequent social festivals after this failure, but he always told the story with satisfaction and a quiet smile.

"To a stranger, life upon those little islands is uniform even to weariness. But the old native dons, like my grandfather, ripen in the prolonged sunshine, like the turtle upon the Bahama banks, nor know of existence more desirable. Life in the tropics, I take to be a placid torpidity.

"During the long warm mornings of nearly half a century, my grandfather Titbottom had sat in his dressing gown, and gazed at the sea. But one calm June day, as he slowly paced the piazza after breakfast, his dreamy glance was arrested by a little vessel, evidently nearing the shore. He called for his spy-glass, and, surveying the craft, saw that she came from the

neighboring island. She glided smoothly, slowly, over the summer sea. The warm morning air was sweet with perfumes, and silent with heat. The sea sparkled languidly, and the brilliant blue sky hung cloudlessly over. Scores of little island vessels had my grandfather seen coming over the horizon, and cast anchor in the port. Hundreds of summer mornings had the white sails flashed and faded, like vague faces through forgotten dreams. But this time he laid down the spyglass, and leaned against a column of the piazza, and watched the vessel with an intentness that he could not explain. She came nearer and nearer, a graceful specter in the dazzling morning.

“‘Decidedly, I must step down and see about that vessel,’ said my grandfather Titbottom.

“He gathered his ample dressing gown about him, and stepped from the piazza, with no other protection from the sun than the little smoking cap upon his head. His face wore a calm, beaming smile, as if he loved the whole world. He was not an old man; but there was almost a patriarchal pathos in his expression, as he sauntered along in the sunshine towards the shore. A group of idle gazers was collected, to watch the arrival. The little vessel furled her sails, and drifted slowly landward, and, as she was of very light draught, she came close to the shelving shore. A long plank was put out from her side, and the debarkation commenced.

“My grandfather Titbottom stood looking on, to see the passengers as they passed. There were but a few of them, and mostly traders from the neighboring island. But suddenly the face of a young girl appeared over the side of the vessel, and she stepped upon the plank to descend. My grandfather Titbottom instantly advanced, and, moving briskly, reached the top of the plank at the same moment; and with the old tassel of his cap flashing in the sun, and one hand in the pocket of his dressing gown, with the other he handed the young lady carefully down the plank. That young lady was afterwards my grandmother Titbottom.

“For, over the gleaming sea which he had watched so long, and which seemed thus to reward his patient gaze, came his bride that sunny morning.

“‘Of course, we are happy,’ he used to say to her, after they were married: ‘for you are the gift of the sun I have loved so long and so well.’ And my grandfather Titbottom would lay his hand so tenderly upon the golden hair of his

young bride, that you could fancy him a devout Parsee, caressing sunbeams.

"There were endless festivities upon occasion of the marriage ; and my grandfather did not go to one of them in his dressing gown. The gentle sweetness of his wife melted every heart into love and sympathy. He was much older than she, without doubt. But age, as he used to say with a smile of immortal youth, is a matter of feeling, not of years.

"And if, sometimes, as she sat by his side on the piazza, her fancy looked through her eyes upon that summer sea, and saw a younger lover, perhaps some one of those graceful and glowing heroes who occupy the foreground of all young maidens' visions by the sea, yet she could not find one more generous and gracious, nor fancy one more worthy and loving, than my grandfather Titbottom.

"And if, in the moonlit midnight, while he lay calmly sleeping, she leaned out of the window, and sank into vague reveries of sweet possibility, and watched the gleaming path of the moonlight upon the water, until the dawn glided over it — it was only that mood of nameless regret and longing, which underlies all human happiness ; or it was the vision of that life of cities and the world, which she had never seen, but of which she had often read, and which looked very fair and alluring across the sea, to a girlish imagination, which knew that it should never see that reality.

"These West Indian years were the great days of the family," said Titbottom, with an air of majestic and regal regret, pausing, and musing, in our little parlor, like a late Stuart in exile, remembering England.

Prue raised her eyes from her work, and looked at him with subdued admiration ; for I have observed that, like the rest of her sex, she has a singular sympathy with the representative of a reduced family.

Perhaps it is their finer perception which leads these tender-hearted women to recognize the divine right of social superiority so much more readily than we ; and yet, much as Titbottom was enhanced in my wife's admiration by the discovery that his dusky sadness of nature and expression was, as it were, the expiring gleam and late twilight of ancestral splendors, I doubt if Mr. Bourne would have preferred him for bookkeeper a moment sooner upon that account. In truth, I have observed, down town, that the fact of your ancestors

doing nothing, is not considered good proof that you can do anything.

But Prue and her sex regard sentiment more than action, and I understand easily enough why she is never tired of hearing me read of Prince Charlie. If Titbottom had been only a little younger, a little handsomer, a little more gallantly dressed—in fact, a little more of a Prince Charlie, I am sure her eyes would not have fallen again upon her work so tranquilly, as he resumed his story.

“I can remember my grandfather Titbottom, although I was a very young child, and he was a very old man. My young mother and my young grandmother are very distinct figures in my memory, ministering to the old gentleman, wrapped in his dressing gown, and seated upon the piazza. I remember his white hair, and his calm smile, and how, not long before he died, he called me to him, and laying his hand upon my head, said to me:—

“‘My child, the world is not this great sunny piazza, nor life the fairy stories which the women tell you here, as you sit in their laps. I shall soon be gone, but I want to leave with you some memento of my love for you, and I know of nothing more valuable than these spectacles, which your grandmother brought from her native island, when she arrived here one fine summer morning, long ago. I cannot tell whether, when you grow older, you will regard them as a gift of the greatest value, or as something that you had been happier never to have possessed.’

“‘But, grandpapa, I am not shortsighted.’

“‘My son, are you not human?’ said the old gentleman; and how shall I ever forget the thoughtful sadness with which, at the same time, he handed me the spectacles.

“Instinctively I put them on, and looked at my grandfather. But I saw no grandfather, no piazza, no flowered dressing gown; I saw only a luxuriant palm tree, waving broadly over a tranquil landscape, pleasant homes clustered around it; gardens teeming with fruit and flowers; flocks quietly feeding; birds wheeling and chirping. I heard children’s voices, and the low lullaby of happy mothers. The sound of cheerful singing came wafted from distant fields upon the light breeze. Golden harvests glistened out of sight, and I caught their rustling whispers of prosperity. A warm, mellow atmosphere bathed the whole.

“I have seen copies of the landscapes of the Italian painter Claude, which seemed to me faint reminiscences of that calm.

and happy vision. But all this peace and prosperity seemed to flow from the spreading palm as from a fountain.

"I do not know how long I looked, but I had, apparently, no power, as I had no will, to remove the spectacles. What a wonderful island must Nevis be, thought I, if people carry such pictures in their pockets, only by buying a pair of spectacles! What wonder that my dear grandmother Titbottom has lived such a placid life, and has blessed us all with her sunny temper, when she has lived surrounded by such images of peace!

"My grandfather died. But still, in the warm morning sunshine upon the piazza, I felt his placid presence, and as I crawled into his great chair, and drifted on in reverie through the still tropical day, it was as if his soft dreamy eye had passed into my soul. My grandmother cherished his memory with tender regret. A violent passion of grief for his loss was no more possible than for the pensive decay of the year.

"We have no portrait of him, but I see always, when I remember him, that peaceful and luxuriant palm. And I think that to have known one good old man — one man who, through the chances and rubs of a long life, has carried his heart in his hand, like a palm branch, waving all discords into peace, helps our faith in God, in ourselves, and in each other, more than many sermons. I hardly know whether to be grateful to my grandfather for the spectacles; and yet when I remember that it is to them I owe the pleasant image of him which I cherish, I seem to myself sadly ungrateful.

"Madam," said Titbottom to Prue, solemnly, "my memory is a long and gloomy gallery, and only remotely, at its further end, do I see the glimmer of soft sunshine, and only there are the pleasant pictures hung. They seem to me very happy along whose gallery the sunlight streams to their very feet, striking all the pictured walls into unfading splendor."

Prue had laid her work in her lap, and as Titbottom paused a moment, and I turned towards her, I found her mild eyes fastened upon my face, and glistening with many tears. I knew that the tears meant that she felt herself to be one of those who seemed to Titbottom very happy.

"Misfortunes of many kinds came heavily upon the family after the head was gone. The great house was relinquished. My parents were both dead, and my grandmother had entire charge of me. But from the moment that I received the gift of the spectacles, I could not resist their fascination, and I with-

drew into myself, and became a solitary boy. There were not many companions for me of my own age, and they gradually left me, or, at least, had not a hearty sympathy with me; for, if they teased me, I pulled out my spectacles and surveyed them so seriously that they acquired a kind of awe of me, and evidently regarded my grandfather's gift as a concealed magical weapon which might be dangerously drawn upon them at any moment. Whenever, in our games, there were quarrels and high words, and I began to feel about my dress and to wear a grave look, they all took the alarm, and shouted, 'Look out for Titbottom's spectacles,' and scattered like a flock of scared sheep.

"Nor could I wonder at it. For, at first, before they took the alarm, I saw strange sights when I looked at them through the glasses.

"If two were quarreling about a marble or a ball, I had only to go behind a tree where I was concealed and look at them leisurely. Then the scene changed, and it was no longer a green meadow with boys playing, but a spot which I did not recognize, and forms that made me shudder, or smile. It was not a big boy bullying a little one, but a young wolf with glistening teeth and a lamb cowering before him; or, it was a dog faithful and famishing — or a star going slowly into eclipse — or a rainbow fading — or a flower blooming — or a sun rising — or a waning moon.

"The revelations of the spectacles determined my feeling for the boys, and for all whom I saw through them. No shyness, nor awkwardness, nor silence, could separate me from those who looked lovely as lilies to my illuminated eyes. But the vision made me afraid. If I felt myself warmly drawn to any one, I struggled with the fierce desire of seeing him through the spectacles, for I feared to find him something else than I fancied. I longed to enjoy the luxury of ignorant feeling, to love without knowing, to float like a leaf upon the eddies of life, drifted now to a sunny point, now to a solemn shade — now over glittering ripples, now over gleaming calms, — and not to determined ports, a trim vessel with an inexorable rudder.

"But sometimes, mastered after long struggles, as if the unavoidable condition of owning the spectacles were using them, I seized them and sauntered into the little town. Putting them to my eyes I peered into the houses and at the people who passed me. Here sat a family at breakfast, and I stood at the window

looking in. O motley meal ! fantastic vision ! The good mother saw her lord sitting opposite, a grave, respectable being, eating muffins. But I saw only a bank bill, more or less crumbled and tattered, marked with a larger or lesser figure. If a sharp wind blew suddenly, I saw it tremble and flutter ; it was thin, flat, impalpable. I removed my glasses, and looked with my eyes at the wife. I could have smiled to see the humid tenderness with which she regarded her strange *vis-à-vis*. Is life only a game of blindman's buff ? of droll cross-purposes ?

"Or I put them on again, and then looked at the wives. How many stout trees I saw, — how many tender flowers, — how many placid pools ; yes, and how many little streams winding out of sight, shrinking before the large, hard, round eyes opposite, and slipping off into solitude and shade, with a low, inner song for their own solace.

"In many houses I thought to see angels, nymphs, or, at least, women, and could only find broomsticks, mops, or kettles, hurrying about, rattling and tinkling, in a state of shrill activity. I made calls upon elegant ladies, and after I had enjoyed the gloss of silk, and the delicacy of lace, and the glitter of jewels, I slipped on my spectacles, and saw a peacock's feather, flounced, and furbelowed, and fluttering ; or an iron rod, thin, sharp, and hard ; nor could I possibly mistake the movement of the drapery for any flexibility of the thing draped.

"Or, mysteriously chilled, I saw a statue of perfect form, or flowing movement, it might be alabaster, or bronze, or marble, — but sadly often it was ice, and I knew that after it had shone a little, and frozen a few eyes with its despairing perfection, it could not be put away in the niches of palaces for ornament and proud family tradition, like the alabaster, or bronze, or marble statues, but would melt, and shrink, and fall coldly away in colorless and useless water, be absorbed in the earth and utterly forgotten.

"But the true sadness was rather in seeing those who, not having the spectacles, thought that the iron rod was flexible, and the ice statue warm. I saw many a gallant heart, which seemed to me brave and loyal as the crusaders, pursuing, through days and nights, and a long life of devotion, the hope of lighting at least a smile in the cold eyes, if not a fire in the icy heart. I watched the earnest, enthusiastic sacrifice. I saw the pure resolve, the generous faith, the fine scorn of doubt, the impatience of suspicion. I watched the grace, the ardor, the

glory of devotion. Through those strange spectacles how often I saw the noblest heart renouncing all other hope, all other ambition, all other life, than the possible love of some one of those statues.

"Ah me! it was terrible, but they had not the love to give. The face was so polished and smooth, because there was no sorrow in the heart,—and drearily, often, no heart to be touched. I could not wonder that the noble heart of devotion was broken, for it had dashed itself against a stone. I wept, until my spectacles were dimmed, for those hopeless lovers; but there was a pang beyond tears for those icy statues.

"Still a boy, I was thus too much a man in knowledge,—I did not comprehend the sights I was compelled to see. I used to tear my glasses away from my eyes, and, frightened at myself, run to escape my own consciousness. Reaching the small house where we then lived, I plunged into my grandmother's room, and, throwing myself upon the floor, buried my face in her lap, and sobbed myself to sleep with premature grief.

"But when I awakened, and felt her cool hand upon my hot forehead, and heard the low sweet song, or the gentle story, or the tenderly told parable from the Bible, with which she tried to soothe me, I could not resist the mystic fascination that lured me, as I lay in her lap, to steal a glance at her through the spectacles.

"Pictures of the Madonna have not her rare and pensive beauty. Upon the tranquil little islands her life had been eventless, and all the fine possibilities of her nature were like flowers that never bloomed. Placid were all her years; yet I have read of no heroine, of no woman great in sudden crises, that it did not seem to me she might have been. The wife and widow of a man who loved his home better than the homes of others, I have yet heard of no queen, no belle, no imperial beauty, whom in grace, and brilliancy, and persuasive courtesy she might not have surpassed.

"Madam," said Titbottom to my wife, whose heart hung upon his story, "your husband's young friend, Aurelia, wears sometimes a camelia in her hair, and no diamond in the ball-room seems so costly as that perfect flower, which women envy, and for whose least and withered petal men sigh; yet, in the tropical solitudes of Brazil, how many a camelia bud drops from the bush that no eye has ever seen, which, had it flowered and been noticed, would have gilded all hearts with its memory.

"When I stole these furtive glances at my grandmother, half fearing that they were wrong, I saw only a calm lake, whose shores were low, and over which the sun hung unbroken, so that the least star was clearly reflected. It had an atmosphere of solemn twilight tranquillity, and so completely did its unruffled surface blend with the cloudless, star-studded sky, that, when I looked through my spectacles at my grandmother, the vision seemed to me all heaven and stars.

"Yet, as I gazed and gazed, I felt what stately cities might well have been built upon those shores, and have flashed prosperity over the calm, like coruscations of pearls. I dreamed of gorgeous fleets, silken-sailed, and blown by perfumed winds, drifting over those depthless waters and through those spacious skies. I gazed upon the twilight, the inscrutable silence, like a God-fearing discoverer upon a new and vast sea bursting upon him through forest glooms, and in the fervor of whose impassioned gaze a millennial and poetic world arises, and man need no longer die to be happy.

"My companions naturally deserted me, for I had grown wearily grave and abstracted : and, unable to resist the allurements of my spectacles, I was constantly lost in the world, of which those companions were part, yet of which they knew nothing.

"I grew cold and hard, almost morose ; people seemed to me so blind and unreasonable. They did the wrong thing. They called green, yellow ; and black, white. Young men said of a girl, 'What a lovely, simple creature !' I looked, and there was only a glistening wisp of straw, dry and hollow. Or they said, 'What a cold, proud beauty !' I looked, and lo ! a Madonna, whose heart held the world. Or they said, 'What a wild, giddy girl !' and I saw a glancing, dancing mountain stream, pure as the virgin snows whence it flowed, singing through sun and shade, over pearls and gold dust, slipping along unstained by weed or rain, or heavy foot of cattle, touching the flowers with a dewy kiss, — a beam of grace, a happy song, a line of light, in the dim and troubled landscape.

"My grandmother sent me to school, but I looked at the master and saw that he was a smooth round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in, one day, I saw the stars.

"That one gave me all my schooling. With him I used to walk by the sea, and, as we strolled and the waves plunged in long legions before us, I looked at him through the spectacles, and as his eyes dilated with the boundless view, and his chest heaved with an impossible desire, I saw Xerxes and his army, tossed and glittering, rank upon rank, multitude upon multitude, out of sight, but ever regularly advancing, and with confused roar of ceaseless music prostrating themselves in abject homage. Or, as with arms outstretched and hair streaming on the wind, he chanted full lines of the resounding Iliad, I saw Homer pacing the Ægean sands of the Greek sunsets of forgotten times.

"My grandmother died, and I was thrown into the world without resources, and with no capital but my spectacles. I tried to find employment, but everybody was shy of me. There was a vague suspicion that I was either a little crazed, or a good deal in league with the prince of darkness. My companions, who would persist in calling a piece of painted muslin, a fair and fragrant flower, had no difficulty; success waited for them around every corner, and arrived in every ship.

"I tried to teach, for I loved children. But if anything excited a suspicion of my pupils, and putting on my spectacles, I saw that I was fondling a snake, or smelling at a bud with a worm in it, I sprang up in horror and ran away; or, if it seemed to me through the glasses, that a cherub smiled upon me, or a rose was blooming in my buttonhole, then I felt myself imperfect and impure, not fit to be leading and training what was so essentially superior to myself, and I kissed the children and left them weeping and wondering.

"In despair I went to a great merchant on the island, and asked him to employ me.

" 'My dear young friend,' said he, 'I understand that you have some singular secret, some charm, or spell, or amulet, or something, I don't know what, of which people are afraid. Now you know, my dear,' said the merchant, swelling up, and apparently prouder of his great stomach than of his large fortune, 'I am not of that kind. I am not easily frightened. You may spare yourself the pain of trying to impose upon me. People who propose to come to time before I arrive, are accustomed to arise very early in the morning,' said he, thrusting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and spreading the fingers like two fans, upon his bosom. 'I think I have heard some-

thing of your secret. You have a pair of spectacles, I believe, that you value very much, because your grandmother brought them as a marriage portion to your grandfather. Now, if you think fit to sell me those spectacles, I will pay you the largest market price for them. What do you say?’

“I told him I had not the slightest idea of selling my spectacles.

“‘My young friend means to eat them, I suppose,’ said he, with a contemptuous smile.

“I made no reply, but was turning to leave the office, when the merchant called after me :—

“‘My young friend, poor people should never suffer themselves to get into pets. Anger is an expensive luxury, in which only men of a certain income can indulge. A pair of spectacles and a hot temper are not the most promising capital for success in life, Master Titbottom.’

“I said nothing, but put my hand upon the door to go out, when the merchant said, more respectfully :—

“‘Well, you foolish boy, if you will not sell your spectacles, perhaps you will agree to sell the use of them to me. That is, you shall only put them on when I direct you, and for my purposes. Hallo! you little fool!’ cried he, impatiently, as he saw that I intended to make no reply.

“But I had pulled out my spectacles and put them on for my own purposes, and against his wish and desire. I looked at him, and saw a huge, bald-headed wild boar, with gross chaps and a leering eye—only the more ridiculous for the high-arched, gold-bowed spectacles, that straddled his nose. One of his fore hoofs was thrust into the safe, where his bills receivable were hived, and the other into his pocket, among the loose change and bills there. His ears were pricked forward with a brisk, sensitive smartness. In a world where prize pork was the best excellence, he would have carried off all the premiums.

“I stepped into the next office in the street, and a mild-faced, genial man, also a large and opulent merchant, asked me my business in such a tone that I instantly looked through my spectacles, and saw a land flowing with milk and honey. There I pitched my tent, and stayed till the good man died, and his business was discontinued.

“But while there,” said Titbottom, and his voice trembled away into a sigh, “I first saw Preciosa. Despite the spectacles, I saw Preciosa. For days, for weeks, for months, I did not take

my spectacles with me. I ran away from them, I threw them up on high shelves, I tried to make up my mind to throw them into the sea, or down the well. I could not, I would not, I dared not, look at Preciosa through the spectacles. It was not possible for me deliberately to destroy them; but I awoke in the night, and could almost have cursed my dear old grandfather for his gift.

"I sometimes escaped from the office, and sat for whole days with Preciosa. I told her the strange things I had seen with my mystic glasses. The hours were not enough for the wild romances which I raved in her ear. She listened, astonished and appalled. Her blue eyes turned upon me with sweet deprecation. She clung to me, and then withdrew, and fled fearfully from the room.

"But she could not stay away. She could not resist my voice, in whose tones burnt all the love that filled my heart and brain. The very effort to resist the desire of seeing her as I saw everybody else gave a frenzy and an unnatural tension to my feeling and my manner. I sat by her side, looking into her eyes, smoothing her hair, folding her to my heart, which was sunken deep and deep—why not forever?—in that dream of peace. I ran from her presence, and shouted, and leaped with joy, and sat the whole night through, thrilled into happiness by the thought of her love and loveliness, like a wind harp, tightly strung, and answering the airiest sigh of the breeze with music.

"Then came calmer days—the conviction of deep love settled upon our lives—as after the hurrying, heaving days of spring comes the bland and benignant summer.

"‘It is no dream, then, after all, and we are happy,’ I said to her, one day; and there came no answer, for happiness is speechless.

"‘We are happy, then,’ I said to myself; ‘there is no excitement now. How glad I am that I can now look at her through my spectacles.’

"I feared lest some instinct should warn me to beware. I escaped from her arms, and ran home and seized the glasses, and bounded back again to Preciosa. As I entered the room I was heated, my head was swimming with confused apprehensions, my eyes must have glared. Preciosa was frightened, and rising from her seat, stood with an inquiring glance of surprise in her eyes.

"But I was bent with frenzy upon my purpose. I was merely aware that she was in the room. I saw nothing else. I heard nothing. I cared for nothing, but to see her through that magic glass, and feel at once all the fullness of blissful perfection which that would reveal. Preciosa stood before the mirror, but alarmed at my wild and eager movements, unable to distinguish what I had in my hands, and seeing me raise them suddenly to my face, she shrieked with terror, and fell fainting upon the floor, at the very moment that I placed the glasses before my eyes, and beheld—*myself*, reflected in the mirror before which she had been standing.

"Dear madam," cried Titbottom, to my wife, springing up and falling back again in his chair, pale and trembling, while Prue ran to him and took his hand, and I poured out a glass of water—"I saw myself."

There was silence for many minutes. Prue laid her hand gently upon the head of our guest, whose eyes were closed, and who breathed softly like an infant in sleeping. Perhaps, in all the long years of anguish since that hour, no tender hand had touched his brow, nor wiped away the damps of a bitter sorrow. Perhaps the tender, maternal fingers of my wife soothed his weary head with the conviction that he felt the hand of his mother playing with the long hair of her boy in the soft West India morning. Perhaps it was only the natural relief of expressing a pent-up sorrow.

When he spoke again, it was with the old subdued tone, and the air of quaint solemnity.

"These things were matters of long, long ago, and I came to this country soon after. I brought with me premature age, a past of melancholy memories, and the magic spectacles. I had become their slave. I had nothing more to fear. Having seen myself, I was compelled to see others, properly to understand my relations to them. The lights that cheer the future of other men had gone out for me; my eyes were those of an exile turned backwards upon the receding shore, and not forwards with hope upon the ocean.

"I mingled with men, but with little pleasure. There are but many varieties of a few types. I did not find those I came to clearer-sighted than those I had left behind. I heard men called shrewd and wise, and report said they were highly intelligent and successful. My finest sense detected no aroma of purity and principle; but I saw only a fungus that had fat-

tened and spread in a night. They went to the theaters to see actors upon the stage. I went to see actors in the boxes, so consummately cunning, that others did not know they were acting, and they did not suspect it themselves.

"Perhaps you wonder it did not make me misanthropical. My dear friends, do not forget that I had seen myself. That made me compassionate, not cynical.

"Of course, I could not value highly the ordinary standards of success and excellence. When I went to church and saw a thin, blue, artificial flower, or a great sleepy cushion expounding the beauty of holiness to pews full of eagles, half eagles, and threepences, however adroitly concealed they might be in broadcloth and boots: or saw an onion in an Easter bonnet weeping over the sins of Magdalen, I did not feel as they felt who saw in all this, not only propriety, but piety.

"Or when at public meetings an eel stood up on end, and wriggled and squirmed lithely in every direction, and declared that, for his part, he went in for rainbows and hot water—how could I help seeing that he was still black and loved a slimy pool?

"I could not grow misanthropical when I saw in the eyes of so many who were called old, the gushing fountains of eternal youth, and the light of an immortal dawn, or when I saw those who were esteemed unsuccessful and aimless, ruling a fair realm of peace and plenty, either in their own hearts, or in another's—a realm and princely possession for which they had well renounced a hopeless search and a belated triumph.

"I knew one man who had been for years a byword for having sought the philosopher's stone. But I looked at him through the spectacles and saw a satisfaction in concentrated energies, and a tenacity arising from devotion to a noble dream which was not apparent in the youths who pitied him in the aimless effeminacy of clubs, nor in the clever gentlemen who cracked their thin jokes upon him over a gossiping dinner.

"And there was your neighbor over the way, who passes for a woman who has failed in her career, because she is an old maid. People wag solemn heads of pity, and say that she made so great a mistake in not marrying the brilliant and famous man who was for long years her suitor. It is clear that no orange flower will ever bloom for her. The young people make their tender romances about her as they watch her, and think of her solitary hours of bitter regret and wasting longing, never to be satisfied.

“When I first came to town I shared this sympathy, and pleased my imagination with fancying her hard struggle with the conviction that she had lost all that made life beautiful. I supposed that if I had looked at her through my spectacles, I should see that it was only her radiant temper which so illuminated her dress, that we did not see it to be heavy sables.

“But when, one day, I did raise my glasses, and glanced at her, I did not see the old maid whom we all pitied for a secret sorrow, but a woman whose nature was a tropic, in which the sun shone, and birds sang, and flowers bloomed forever. There were no regrets, no doubts and half wishes, but a calm sweetness, a transparent peace. I saw her blush when that old lover passed by, or paused to speak to her, but it was only the sign of delicate feminine consciousness. She knew his love, and honored it, although she could not understand it nor return it. I looked closely at her, and I saw that although all the world had exclaimed at her indifference to such homage, and had declared it was astonishing she should lose so fine a match, she would only say simply and quietly :—

“‘If Shakespeare loved me and I did not love him, how could I marry him?’

“Could I be misanthropical when I saw such fidelity, and dignity, and simplicity?

“You may believe that I was especially curious to look at that old lover of hers, through my glasses. He was no longer young, you know, when I came, and his fame and fortune were secure. Certainly I have heard of few men more beloved, and of none more worthy to be loved. He had the easy manner of a man of the world, the sensitive grace of a poet, and the charitable judgment of a wide traveler. He was accounted the most successful and most unspoiled of men. Handsome, brilliant, wise, tender, graceful, accomplished, rich, and famous, I looked at him, without the spectacles, in surprise, and admiration, and wondered how your neighbor over the way had been so entirely untouched by his homage. I watched their intercourse in society, I saw her gay smile, her cordial greeting; I marked his frank address, his lofty courtesy. Their manner told no tales. The eager world was balked, and I pulled out my spectacles.

“I had seen her already, and now I saw him. He lived only in memory, and his memory was a spacious and stately palace. But he did not oftenest frequent the banqueting hall, where

were endless hospitality and feasting,—nor did he loiter much in the reception rooms, where a throng of new visitors was forever swarming,—nor did he feed his vanity by haunting the apartment in which were stored the trophies of his varied triumphs,—nor dream much in the great gallery hung with pictures of his travels.

“From all these lofty halls of memory he constantly escaped to a remote and solitary chamber, into which no one had ever penetrated. But my fatal eyes, behind the glasses, followed and entered with him, and saw that the chamber was a chapel. It was dim, and silent, and sweet with perpetual incense that burned upon an altar before a picture forever veiled. There, whenever I chanced to look, I saw him kneel and pray; and there, by day and by night, a funeral hymn was chanted.

“I do not believe you will be surprised that I have been content to remain a deputy bookkeeper. My spectacles regulated my ambition, and I early learned that there were better gods than Plutus. The glasses have lost much of their fascination now, and I do not often use them. But sometimes the desire is irresistible. Whenever I am greatly interested, I am compelled to take them out and see what it is that I admire.

“And yet—and yet,” said Titbottom, after a pause, “I am not sure that I thank my grandfather.”

Prue had long since laid away her work, and had heard every word of the story. I saw that the dear woman had yet one question to ask, and had been earnestly hoping to hear something that would spare her the necessity of asking. But Titbottom had resumed his usual tone, after the momentary excitement, and made no further allusion to himself. We all sat silently, — Titbottom’s eyes fastened musingly upon the carpet, Prue looking wistfully at him, and I regarding both.

It was past midnight, and our guest arose to go. He shook hands quietly, made his grave Spanish bow to Prue, and, taking his hat, went towards the front door. Prue and I accompanied him. I saw in her eyes that she would ask her question. And as Titbottom opened the door, I heard the low words:—

“And Preciosa?”

Titbottom paused. He had just opened the door, and the moonlight streamed over him as he stood turning back to us.

“I have seen her but once since. It was in church, and she was kneeling, with her eyes closed, so that she did not see me. But I rubbed the glasses well, and looked at her, and saw a

white lily, whose stem was broken, but which was fresh, and luminous, and fragrant still."

"That was a miracle," interrupted Prue.

"Madam, it was a miracle," replied Titbottom, "and for that one sight I am devoutly grateful for my grandfather's gift. I saw that although a flower may have lost its hold upon earthly moisture, it may still bloom as sweetly, fed by the dews of heaven."

The door closed, and he was gone. But as Prue put her arm in mine, and we went upstairs together, she whispered in my ear:—

"How glad I am that you don't wear spectacles."



LIVING IN THE COUNTRY.

By FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

(From the "Sparrowgrass Papers.")

[FREDERICK SWARTWOUT COZZENS, an American writer, was born in New York city, March 5, 1818; died in Brooklyn, N. Y., December 23, 1869. He was in early life a leading wine merchant of New York and editor of the *Wine Press*, a trade paper for which he wrote articles on the cultivation of the grape and the manufacture of wine. Subsequently he contributed to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, *Putnam's*, etc., and published the popular "Sparrowgrass Papers" (1856), "Prismatics," "Acadia: a Sojourn among the Bluenoses," "True History of Plymouth."]

It is a good thing to live in the country,—to escape from the prison walls of the metropolis—the great brickery we call "the city"—and to live amid blossoms and leaves, in shadow and sunshine, in moonlight and starlight, in rain, mist, dew, hoarfrost, and drought, out in the open campaign, and under the blue dome that is bounded by the horizon only. It is a good thing to have a well with dripping buckets, a porch with honey buds and sweet bells, a hive embroidered with nimble bees, a sundial mossed over, ivy up to the eaves, curtains of dimity, a tumbler of fresh flowers in your bedroom, a rooster on the roof, and a dog under the piazza.

When Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, with our heads full of fresh butter, and cool, crisp radishes for tea, with ideas entirely lucid respecting milk, and a looseness of calculation as to the number in family it would take a good

laying hen to supply with fresh eggs every morning, — when Mrs. Sparrowgrass and I moved into the country, we found some preconceived notions had to be abandoned, and some departures made from the plans we had laid down in the little back parlor of Avenue G.

One of the first achievements in the country is early rising, — with the lark, — with the sun, — while the dew is on the grass, “under the opening eyelids of the morn,” and so forth. Early rising! What can be done with five or six o’clock in town? What may not be done at those hours in the country? — with the hoe, the rake, the dibble, the spade, the watering pot? To plant, prune, drill, transplant, graft, train, and sprinkle! Mrs. S. and I agreed to rise *early* in the country.

Richard and Robin were two pretty men,
They laid in bed till the clock struck ten:
Up jumped Richard and looked at the sky:
O Brother Robin! the sun’s *very* high!

Early rising in the country is not an instinct: it is a sentiment, and must be cultivated.

A friend recommended me to send to the south side of Long Island for some very prolific potatoes, — the real hippopotamus breed. Down went my man, and, what with expenses of horse hire, tavern bills, toll gates, and breaking a wagon, the hippopotami cost as much apiece as pineapples. They were fine potatoes, though, with comely features, and large, languishing eyes, that promised increase of family without delay. As I worked my own garden (for which I hired a landscape gardener, at two dollars per day, to give me instructions), I concluded that the object of my first experiment in early rising should be the planting of the hippopotamuses. I accordingly rose the next morning at five, and it rained! I rose next day at five and it rained! The next and it rained! It rained for two weeks! We had splendid potatoes every day for dinner. “My dear,” said I to Mrs. Sparrowgrass, “where did you get these fine potatoes?” “Why,” said she, innocently, “out of that basket from Long Island!” The last of the hippopotamuses were before me, peeled, and boiled, and mashed, and baked, with a nice thin brown crust on the top.

I was more successful afterwards. I did get some fine seed potatoes in the ground. But something was the matter; at the end of the season I did not get as many out as I had put in.

Mrs. Sparrowgrass, who is a notable housewife, said to me one day, "Now, my dear, we shall soon have plenty of eggs, for I have been buying a lot of young chickens." There they were, each one with as many feathers as a grasshopper, and a chirp not louder. Of course we looked forward with pleasant hopes to the period when the first cackle should announce the milk-white egg, warmly deposited in the hay which we had provided bountifully. They grew finely, and one day I ventured to remark that our hens had remarkably large combs, to which Mrs. S. replied, Yes, indeed, she had observed that; but if I wanted to have a real treat, I ought to get up early in the morning and hear them crow. "Crow!" said I, faintly; "our hens crowing! Then, by 'the cock that crowed in the morn, to wake the priest all shaven and shorn,' we might as well give up all hopes of having any eggs," said I; "for, as sure as you live, Mrs. S., our hens are all roosters!" And so they were roosters! they grew up and fought with the neighbor's chickens, until there was not a whole pair of eyes on either side of the fence.

A *dog* is a good thing to have in the country. I have one which I raised from a pup. He is a good, stout fellow, and a hearty barker and feeder. The man of whom I bought him said he was thoroughbred, but he begins to have a mongrel look about him. He is a good watch dog, though; for the moment he sees any suspicious-looking person about the premises he comes right into the kitchen and gets behind the stove. First we kept him in the house, and he scratched all night to get out. Then we turned him out, and he scratched all night to get in. Then we tied him up at the back of the garden, and he howled so that our neighbor shot at him twice before daybreak. Finally we gave him away, and he came back; and now he is just recovering from a fit, in which he has torn up the patch that has been sown for our spring radishes.

A good, strong gate is a necessary article for your garden, — a good, strong, heavy gate, with a dislocated hinge, so that it will neither open nor shut. Such a one have I. The grounds before my fence are in common, and all the neighbors' cows pasture there. I remarked to Mrs. S., as we stood at the window in a June sunset, how placid and picturesque the cattle looked, as they strolled about, cropping the green herbage. Next morning I found the innocent creatures in my garden. They had not left a green thing in it. The corn in the milk, the beans on the poles, the young cabbages, the tender lettuce,

even the thriving shoots on my young fruit trees had vanished. And there they were, looking quietly on the ruin they had made. Our watch dog, too, was forgathering with them. It was too much: so I got a large stick and drove them all out, except a young heifer, whom I chased all over the flower beds, breaking down my trellises, my woodbines and sweet briars, my roses and petunias, until I cornered her in the hot bed. I had to call for assistance to extricate her from the sashes, and her owner has sued me for damages. I believe I shall move in town.

* * * * *

We have put a dumb waiter in our house. A dumb waiter is a good thing to have in the country, on account of its convenience. If you have company, everything can be sent up from the kitchen without any trouble, and, if the baby gets to be unbearable on account of his teeth, you can dismiss the complainant by stuffing him in one of the shelves and letting him down upon the help. To provide for contingencies, we had all our floors deafened. In consequence, you cannot hear anything that is going on in the story below; and, when you are in the upper room of the house, there might be a Democratic ratification meeting in the cellar and you would not know it. Therefore, if any one should break into the basement, it would not disturb us; but, to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass, I put stout iron bars in all the lower windows. Besides, Mrs. Sparrowgrass had bought a rattle when she was in Philadelphia,—such a rattle as watchmen carry there. This is to alarm our neighbor, who, upon the signal, is to come to the rescue with his revolver. He is a rash man, prone to pull trigger first and make inquiries afterwards.

One evening Mrs. S. had retired, and I was busy writing, when it struck me a glass of ice water would be palatable. So I took the candle and a pitcher and went down to the pump. Our pump is in the kitchen. A country pump, in the kitchen, is more convenient; but a well with buckets is certainly most picturesque. Unfortunately, our well water has not been sweet since it was cleaned out. First I had to open a bolted door that lets you into the basement hall, and then I went to the kitchen door, which proved to be locked. Then I remembered that our girl always carried the key to bed with her and slept with it under her pillow. Then I retraced my steps, bolted the basement door, and went up into the dining room.

As is always the case, I found, when I could not get any water, I was thirstier than I supposed I was. Then I thought I would wake our girl up. Then I concluded not to do it. Then I thought of the well; but I gave that up on account of its flavor. Then I opened the closet doors; there was no water there; and then I thought of the dumb waiter! The novelty of the idea made me smile; I took out two of the movable shelves, stood the pitcher on the bottom of the dumb waiter, got in myself with the lamp, let myself down, until I supposed I was within a foot of the floor below, and then let go.

We came down so suddenly that I was shot out of the apparatus as if it had been a catapult; it broke the pitcher, extinguished the lamp, and landed me in the middle of the kitchen at midnight, with no fire, and the air not much above the zero point. The truth is, I had miscalculated the distance of the descent: instead of falling one foot, I had fallen five. My first impulse was to ascend by the way I came down, but I found that impracticable. Then I tried the kitchen door; it was locked: I tried to force it open; it was made of two-inch stuff, and held its own. Then I hoisted a window, and there were the rigid iron bars. If ever I felt angry at anybody it was at myself, for putting up those bars to please Mrs. Sparrowgrass. I put them up, not to keep people in, but to keep people out.

I laid my cheek against the ice-cold barriers and looked out at the sky: not a star was visible; it was as black as ink overhead. Then I thought of *Bàron Trenck*, and the prisoner of *Chillon*. Then I made a noise. I shouted until I was hoarse, and ruined our preserving kettle with the poker. That brought our dogs out in full bark, and between us we made night hideous. Then I thought I heard a voice, and listened: it was Mrs. Sparrowgrass calling to me from the top of the staircase. I tried to make her hear me, but the infernal dogs united with howl, and growl, and bark, so as to drown my voice, which is naturally plaintive and tender. Besides, there were two bolted doors and double deafened floors between us: how could she recognize my voice, even if she did hear it? Mrs. Sparrowgrass called once or twice, and then got frightened; the next thing I heard was a sound as if the roof had fallen in, by which I understood that Mrs. Sparrowgrass was springing the rattle. That called out our neighbor, already wide awake: he came to the rescue with a bull terrier, a Newfoundland pup, a lantern, and a revolver. The moment he saw me at the window he shot at

me, but fortunately just missed me. I threw myself under the kitchen table and ventured to expostulate with him, but he would not listen to reason. In the excitement I had forgotten his name, and that made matters worse. It was not until he had roused up everybody around, broken in the basement door with an ax, gotten into the kitchen with his cursed savage dogs and shooting iron, and seized me by the collar, that he recognized me; and then he wanted me to explain it! But what kind of an explanation could I make to him? I told him he would have to wait until my mind was composed, and then I would let him understand the whole matter fully. But he never would have had the particulars from me, for I do not approve of neighbors that shoot at you, break in your door, and treat you, in your own house, as if you were a jail-bird. He knows all about it, however: somebody has told him; *somebody* tells everybody everything in our village.



NOTHING TO WEAR.

By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER.

[WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER: An American poet and author, born in Albany, N.Y., in 1825. He is a graduate of the University of New York (1843), a lawyer, and the author of "Nothing to Wear: an Episode in City Life" (1855), a biography of Martin Van Buren (1862), "Domesticus" (1886), a story of labor troubles, and many short poems, grave and juvenile. Died in 1902.]

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
 Has made three separate journeys to Paris;
 And her father assures me, each time she was there,
 That she, and her friend Mrs. Harris,
 (Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
 But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery,)
 Spent six consecutive weeks, without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping:
 Shopping alone, and shopping together,
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
 For all manner of things that a woman can put
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind, above or below:

For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;—
 All of them different in color and pattern —
 Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
 Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
 Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal:
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,
 From ten-thousand-franc robes to twenty-sou frills;
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore —
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills!

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer *Arago*,
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested
 Such particular interest, that they invested
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
 Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
 Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
 Her relations at home all marveled, no doubt,
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout

For an actual belle and a possible bride;
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
 And the truth came to light, and the dry-goods beside
 Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
 Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
 This merchandise went, in twelve carts, up Broadway,
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
 The last time we met was in utter despair,
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,
 I do not assert — this, you know, is between us —

That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
 Like Powers' Greek Slave or the Medici Venus;
 But I do mean to say I have heard her declare,
 When at the same moment she had on a dress
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
 On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
 Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
 And that rather decayed but well-known work of art
 Which Miss Flora persisted in styling her "heart."
 So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted
 Not by moonbeam, nor starbeam, by fountain or grove;
 But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
 Beneath the gas fixtures, we whispered our love,
 Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
 Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
 Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions.
 It was one of the quietest business transactions,
 With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
 And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
 On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
 She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
 And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
 "You know I'm to polka as much as I please,
 And flirt when I like — now stop, don't you speak —
 And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
 Or talk to me either at party or ball,
 But always be ready to come when I call;
 So don't prose to me about duty and stuff, —
 If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
 For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
 That as long as I choose, I am perfectly free —
 For this is a kind of engagement, you see,
 Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
 With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
 I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
 At least in the property, and the best right
 To appear as its escort by day and by night;
 And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball —

Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,
 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe —
 I considered it only my duty to call
 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
 I found her — as ladies are apt to be found,
 When the time intervening between the first sound
 Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
 Than usual — I found (I won't say, I caught) her
 Intent on the pier glass, undoubtedly meaning
 To see if, perhaps, it didn't need cleaning.
 She turned, as I entered — "Why, Harry, you sinner,
 I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
 "So I did," I replied; "but the dinner is swallowed
 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more;
 So being relieved from that duty, I followed
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
 And now, will your ladyship so condescend
 As just to inform me if you intend
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"
 The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
 And answered quite promptly, "Why, Harry, *mon cher*,
 I should like above all things to go with you there;
 But really and truly — I've nothing to wear!"
 "Nothing to wear! Go just as you are:
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
 I engage, the most bright and particular star
 On the Stuckup horizon." She turned up her nose
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
 "How absurd that any sane man should suppose
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"
 So I ventured again — "Wear your crimson brocade."
 (Second turn up of nose) — "That's too dark by a shade."
 "Your blue silk" — "That's too heavy;" "Your pink" — "That's
 too light."
 "Wear tulle over satin" — "I can't endure white."
 "Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch," —
 "I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
 "Your brown *moire-antique*" — "Yes, and look like a Quaker:"
 "The pearl-colored," — "I would, but that plaguy dressmaker
 Has had it a week." "Then that exquisite lilac,
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock"
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation) —

"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."

"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut* ——" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuekup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen;"

"Then that splendid purple, that sweet mazarine;
That superb point d'aguille, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine" —

"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

"Then wear," I exclaimed in a tone which quite crushed

Opposition, "that gorgeous toilet, which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."

The end of the nose was portentously turned up,

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that, and the most of my dresses, are ripped up!"

Here I ripped out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling

Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh! you men have no feeling

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers,

Your silly pretense — why, what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher),

"I suppose if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir — yes, on the spot;

You're a brute and a monster, and — I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words — *Hottentot,*

Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief;

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew, and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed,

To express the abusive; and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
 Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too.
 Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
 In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
 Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
 Then, without going through the form of a bow,
 Found myself in the entry — I hardly knew how —
 On doorstep and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
 At home and upstairs in my own easy chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
 And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
 Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
 Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
 On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,
 If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
 Abroad in society, I've instituted
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
 On this vital subject; and find, to my horror,
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising.

But that there exists the greatest distress
 In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
 With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear!" . . .

Oh! ladies, dear ladies, the next time you meet,
 Please trundle your hoops just outside Regent Street,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt
 Their children have gathered, their city have built;
 Where hunger and vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine brodered skirt,
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half starved and half naked, lie crouched from the cold,
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell

From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor;
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of hell,

As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door!

Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh! if perchance there should be a sphere
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare and the glitter and tinsel of time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;—
O daughters of earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

POEMS OF FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

[THE REVEREND FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, C. M. G., D. S. O., one of Canada's leading poets, was born in Montreal in 1861. He was educated in Canada and England, took orders and has been since 1906 Canon of Holy Trinity Cathedral, Quebec. During the Great War he went to the front as Senior Chaplain of the First Canadian Division. Canon Scott is the author of more than half a dozen volumes of poems. The following are published by permission of the author.]

THE UNNAMED LAKE.

It sleeps among the thousand hills
Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
Go there in Spring to weep,
And there, when Autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
The peaks of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
 Disturb it night or day,
 But sun and shadow, moon and star,
 Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn
 When first the lake we spied,
 And fragments of a cloud were drawn
 Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
 And from a speck on high,
 That hovered in the deepening blue,
 We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
 No sound the silence broke,
 Save when, in whispers down the woods,
 The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
 Returning whence we came,
 We passed in silence, and the lake
 We left without a name.

HYMN OF HUMANITY.

Now to the Monarch, eternal, immortal, invisible,
 Now to the wise God be honour and glory for ever;
 We who breathe breath for a moment and pass to Infinity
 Fall at Thy feet in the darkness and offer Thee worship.

Whirlwinds of passion have caught us and swept us on helplessly,
 Rebels in heart have we been who were made in Thine image;
 Pity us victims of force that was fiercely untameable
 Casting us back in the slime that our souls had emerged from.

Pity us, God, little atoms adrift on immensity.
 Now and anon we are dazzled with gleams of the sunrise,
 Now and anon we are lost in the billowy vastnesses,
 Pity us, Thou who hast moulded our life out of nothing.

Kiss with Thy lightnings, Supreme One, the earth in her mother-
 hood;
 Fill her and fill us with flames of Thine infinite splendour.
 Cast off the robes that conceal Thee; appear in Thy majesty;
 Rend the sky-veil from Thy face; make us blind with Thy beauty.

Humbly we render Thee homage who madest us infinite,
 Giving us wings of the Spirit to mount to Thy presence.
 Now to the Monarch, eternal, immortal, invisible,
 Honour and glory and worship for ever and ever.

REQUIESCANT.

In lonely watches, night by night,
 Great visions burst upon my sight,
 For down the stretches of the sky
 The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,
 Strange bugles sound an awful note,
 And all their faces and their eyes
 Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed
 And peace hath come to them at last;
 But in the stern looks linger still
 The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood
 Of human tears and human blood,
 A weary road these men have trod;
 Oh, house them in the home of God!

In a field near Ypres, May, 1915.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.¹

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

[E(MILY) PAULINE JOHNSON, Canadian poet, was born on the Grand River Indian Reserve in Ontario in 1862. Her father was the chief of the Mohawk Indians and her mother an Englishwoman. Her poems are largely on themes connected with her father's race and show passionate devotion and a rare sense of beauty. Her books include "White Wampum," "Canadian Born," "Flint and Feather," "Legends of Vancouver," and two novels which, however, attracted less attention than her poems. She died in Vancouver in 1913.]

WEST wind, blow from your prairie nest,
 Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.

¹ By permission of L. A. Makovski, Executor.

The sail is idle, the sailor too;
Oh! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow;
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest:
O drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.
The river rolls in its rocky bed,
My paddle is plying its way ahead,
Dip, dip,
When the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow:
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awirl!
And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash,
With a mighty crash,
They seethe and boil, and bound and splash.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel,
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.
We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead;
The river slips through its silent bed.

Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir-tree rocking its lullaby
Swings, swings,
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

POEMS OF DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

[DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT, Canadian poet and official, was born in Ottawa in 1862. He entered the Canadian Civil Service at an early age and became Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs in 1913. In spite of his responsibilities he has found time to produce much excellent poetry. His poems show fine feeling and considerable imaginative power.]

OFF RIVIÈRE DU LOUP.¹

O SHIP incoming from the sea
With all your cloudy tower of sail,
Dashing the water to the lee,
And leaning grandly to the gale;

The sunset pageant in the west
Has filled your canvas curves with rose,
And jewelled every toppling crest
That crashes into silver snows!

You know the joy of coming home,
After long leagues to France or Spain;
You feel the clear Canadian foam
And the gulf water heave again.

Between these sombre purple hills
That cool the sunset's molten bars,
You will go on as the wind wills,
Beneath the river's roof of stars.

You will toss onward toward the lights
That spangle o'er the lonely pier,

¹ By permission of the author.

By hamlets glimmering on the heights,
By level islands black and clear.

You will go on beyond the tide,
Through brimming plains of olive sedge,
Through paler shallows light and wide,
The rapids piled along the ledge.

At evening off some reedy bay
You will swing slowly on your chain,
And catch the scent of dewy hay,
Soft blowing from the pleasant plain.

THE HALF-BREED GIRL.¹

SHE is free of the trap and the paddle,
The portage and the trail,
But something behind her savage life
Shines like a fragile veil.

Her dreams are undiscovered,
Shadows trouble her breast,
When the time for resting cometh
Then least is she at rest.

Oft in the morns of winter,
When she visits the rabbit snares,
An appearance floats in the crystal air
Beyond the balsam firs.

Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

But she cannot learn the meaning
Of the shadows in her soul,
The lights that break and gather,
The clouds that part and roll.

The reek of rock-built cities,
Where her fathers dwelt of yore,
The gleam of loch and shealing,
The mist on the moor,

¹From "Lundy's Lane and Other Poems," by Duncan Campbell Scott, copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Frail traces of kindred kindness,
Of feud by hill and strand,
The heritage of an age-long life
In a legendary land.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam,
Where the air is heavy and wild,
She fears for something or nothing
With the heart of a frightened child.

She sees the stars turn slowly
Past the tangle of the poles,
Through the smoke of the dying embers,
Like the eyes of dead souls.

Her heart is shaken with longing
For the strange, still years,
For what she knows and knows not,
For the wells of ancient tears.

A voice calls from the rapids,
Deep, careless and free,
A voice that is larger than her life
Or than her death shall be.

She covers her face with her blanket,
Her fierce soul hates her breath,
As it cries with a sudden passion
For life or death.



TO ———, AFTER READING A LIFE AND LETTERS.

By ALFRED TENNYSON.

[For biographical sketch, see page 42.]

"Curst be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare's Epitaph.

You might have won the Poet's name,
If such be worth the winning now,
And gained a laurel for your brow
Of sounder leaf than I can claim;

But you have made the wiser choice,
 A life that moves to gracious ends
 Thro' troops of unrecording friends,
 A deedful life, a silent voice:

And you have missed the irreverent doom
 Of those that wear the Poet's crown:
 Hereafter, neither knave nor clown
 Shall hold their orgies at your tomb.

For now the Poet cannot die,
 Nor leave his music as of old,
 But round him ere he scarce be cold
 Begins the scandal and the cry:

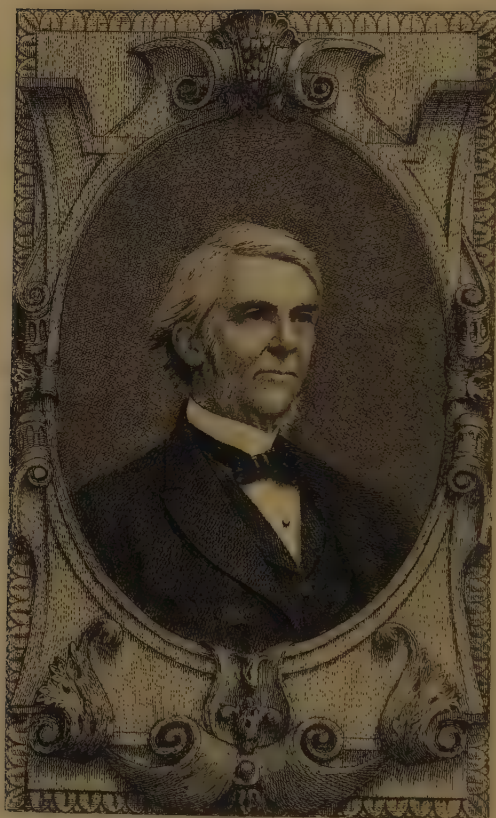
"Proclaim the faults he would not show:
 Break lock and seal: betray the trust:
 Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
 The many-headed beast should know."

Ah shameless! for he did but sing
 A song that pleased us from its worth;
 No public life was his on earth,
 No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

He gave the people of his best:
 His worst he kept, his best he gave.
 My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
 Who will not let his ashes rest!

Who makes it seem more sweet to be
 The little life of bank and brier,
 The bird that pipes his lone desire
 And dies unheard within his tree,

Than he that warbles long and loud
 And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
 For whom the carrion vulture waits
 To tear his heart before the crowd!



A. HARTIE SC.

VOLUME XXVI.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	Oliver Wendell Holmes	13
The Denton's Mustanquies for the Wonderful " One These Sings "	Oliver Wendell Holmes	21
July	Oliver Wendell Holmes	25
The Hound	Oliver Wendell Holmes	27
	Oliver Wendell Holmes	29

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Etching by C. X. Harris

A Man's Love	John R. Richardson	123
The Thwarted Conspiracy	John Richardson	135
Old Scottish Domestic Servant	Dean Ramsay	147
Despotism of Custom	John Stuart Mill	158
Uniformity of Social Laws	H. T. Rogers	171
The	William White	183
House that Decked the Coast	William Rogers	187
The	John R. Richardson	191
Story of Sarah and Adeline	Edmund Gosse	197
The	Thomas Carlyle	203
History and Irish Character	John R. South	207
Cool Days	John R. South	213
The	John R. South	219
The	John R. South	225
The	John R. South	231
The	John R. South	237
The	John R. South	243
The	John R. South	249
The	John R. South	255
The	John R. South	261
The	John R. South	267
The	John R. South	273
The	John R. South	279
The	John R. South	285
The	John R. South	291
The	John R. South	297
The	John R. South	303
The	John R. South	309
The	John R. South	315
The	John R. South	321
The	John R. South	327
The	John R. South	333
The	John R. South	339
The	John R. South	345
The	John R. South	351
The	John R. South	357
The	John R. South	363
The	John R. South	369
The	John R. South	375
The	John R. South	381
The	John R. South	387
The	John R. South	393
The	John R. South	399
The	John R. South	405
The	John R. South	411
The	John R. South	417
The	John R. South	423
The	John R. South	429
The	John R. South	435
The	John R. South	441
The	John R. South	447
The	John R. South	453
The	John R. South	459
The	John R. South	465
The	John R. South	471
The	John R. South	477
The	John R. South	483
The	John R. South	489
The	John R. South	495
The	John R. South	501
The	John R. South	507
The	John R. South	513
The	John R. South	519
The	John R. South	525
The	John R. South	531
The	John R. South	537
The	John R. South	543
The	John R. South	549
The	John R. South	555
The	John R. South	561
The	John R. South	567
The	John R. South	573
The	John R. South	579
The	John R. South	585
The	John R. South	591
The	John R. South	597
The	John R. South	603
The	John R. South	609
The	John R. South	615
The	John R. South	621
The	John R. South	627
The	John R. South	633
The	John R. South	639
The	John R. South	645
The	John R. South	651
The	John R. South	657
The	John R. South	663
The	John R. South	669
The	John R. South	675
The	John R. South	681
The	John R. South	687
The	John R. South	693
The	John R. South	699
The	John R. South	705
The	John R. South	711
The	John R. South	717
The	John R. South	723
The	John R. South	729
The	John R. South	735
The	John R. South	741
The	John R. South	747
The	John R. South	753
The	John R. South	759
The	John R. South	765
The	John R. South	771
The	John R. South	777
The	John R. South	783
The	John R. South	789
The	John R. South	795
The	John R. South	801
The	John R. South	807
The	John R. South	813
The	John R. South	819
The	John R. South	825
The	John R. South	831
The	John R. South	837
The	John R. South	843
The	John R. South	849
The	John R. South	855
The	John R. South	861
The	John R. South	867
The	John R. South	873
The	John R. South	879
The	John R. South	885
The	John R. South	891
The	John R. South	897
The	John R. South	903
The	John R. South	909
The	John R. South	915
The	John R. South	921
The	John R. South	927
The	John R. South	933
The	John R. South	939
The	John R. South	945
The	John R. South	951
The	John R. South	957
The	John R. South	963
The	John R. South	969
The	John R. South	975
The	John R. South	981
The	John R. South	987
The	John R. South	993
The	John R. South	999

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

VOLUME XXVI.

		PAGE
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	13
The Deacon's Masterpiece : or the Wonder- ful " One-Hoss Shay "	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	44
The Last Leaf	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i>	47
Lotus Farm	<i>Frédéric Mistral</i>	48
Duty	<i>Jules Simon</i>	53
The Bread Riot	<i>Dinah Mulock</i>	57
Mrs. Proudie's Reception	<i>Anthony Trollope</i>	71
The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green	<i>Cuthbert Beze</i>	86
The Romance of a Poor Young Man	<i>Octave Feuillet</i>	98
Flowers of Evil	<i>Charles Baudelaire</i>	118
The Blessed Damozel	<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>	119
A Man of Great Projects	<i>Ivan S. Turgenieff</i>	123
The Thwarted Conspiracy	<i>John Richardson</i>	135
The Old Scottish Domestic Servant	<i>Dean Ramsay</i>	147
The Despotism of Custom	<i>John Stuart Mill</i>	158
The Uniformity of Social Laws	<i>H. T. Buckle</i>	173
A Bulwark of Sound Religion	<i>George Eliot</i>	177
Forbearance	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	182
The Ruose that Decked her Breast	<i>William Barnes</i>	183
Cosmos	<i>Alexander von Humboldt</i>	184
The Story of Saïdjah and Adinda	<i>Eduard Douwes Dekker</i>	191
Liberty	<i>William Lloyd Garrison</i>	203
Irish History and Irish Character	<i>Goldwin Smith</i>	204
In School Days	<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	215
The Song of the Camp	<i>Bayard Taylor</i>	216
The Warfare of Life	" <i>Owen Meredith</i> "	218
Dinners	" <i>Owen Meredith</i> "	220
Each and All	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	221
The Rhododendron	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	222
National Hymns	<i>Richard Grant White</i>	223
The Star-Spangled Banner	<i>Francis Scott Key</i>	234
America	<i>Samuel Francis Smith</i>	235
The Marseillaise	<i>Rouget de l'Isle</i>	236
The Departure for Syria	<i>M. de Laborde</i>	237
God Save the King	<i>Henry Carey</i>	238

	PAGE
Recessional	Rudyard Kipling 239
The Watch on the Rhine	Max Schneckenburger 240
If I could only Write	Ramon de Campoamor 241
An Order for a Picture	Alice Cary 242
The Fairies	William Allingham 245
The Convict in the Marshes	Charles Dickens 247
David Copperfield at School	Charles Dickens 252
The Death of Dora	Charles Dickens 258
High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire	Jean Ingelow 263
The Christian Idea of God	James Freeman Clarke 267
Self-Culture	William Ellery Channing 276
A Sermon of Old Age	Theodore Parker 280
The Character of Jesus	Horace Bushnell 284
Nurture of Noble Impulse	Henry Ward Beecher 289
The Right Use of Prayer	Sir Aubrey de Vere 296
Book-Buying	Henry Ward Beecher 296
St. Paul on Marriage and Celibacy	Frederick W. Robertson 300
The Way of All Flesh	Samuel Butler 306
Carcassonne	Gustave Nadaud 311
Poems of Thackeray :	
The White Squall	 313
Little Billee	 316
Sorrows of Werther	 317
The Age of Wisdom	 318
The Brave Old Oak	Henry F. Chorley 319
Woodman, Spare that Tree!	George P. Morris 320
The Ivy Green	Charles Dickens 321
The Experiment in Desiccation	Edmond About 322
Tears, Idle Tears	Alfred Tennyson 336
Fritz and Suzel	Erckmann-Chatrian 336
Shon McGann's Toboggan Ride	Sir Gilbert Parker 348
Partners for a Day	Hamlin Garland 357
The Corn Husking	Hamlin Garland 374
New-Born Death	Dante Gabriel Rossetti 380
The Death of Barnier	E. and J. de Goncourt 380
Poems of Robert Browning :	
Up at a Villa — Down in the City	 388
Love among the Ruins	 391
The Jews' Plea	 393
Any Wife to Any Husband	 394
Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning :	
Lord Walter's Wife	 398
My Heart and I	 401
A Musical Instrument	 402
Psyche and Pan	 403
Sonnets from the Portuguese	 403

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

VOLUME 26.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
THE ONE HOSS SHAY	44
LA MARSEILLAISE	236

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847-1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.]

I.

I WAS just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: $2 + 2 = 4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a + b = c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity student lately come among us to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had made the same observation. — No, sir, I replied, he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that

sounds something like it, and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days.

—If I belong to a society of Mutual Admiration?—I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied; a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray—

Letters four do form his name —

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or, ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, "That's it! that's it!"

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think *a little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men

of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between themselves and a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you, that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont, and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us the *Spectator*? Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company, or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about, when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence, because it is lofty, serene, impregnable and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

— All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called "facts." They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two that they lead after them into decent company like so many bulldogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no "facts" at this table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing,

shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will of course understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

"Do not dull people bore you?" said one of the lady boarders, — the same that sent me her autograph book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that *The Pactolian* pays me five dollars a line for everything I write in its columns.

"Madam," said I (she and the century were in their teens together), "all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man that I would trust with my latchkey."

"Who might that favored person be?"

"Zimmermann."

The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra de capello. You remember what they tell of

William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell and his face flush and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of the thermometer.

— You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage stamps, do you, — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, "Know thyself," never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. "Yes," he replied, "I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing." — Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. "You are constantly going from place to place," she said. — "Yes," he answered, "I am like the Huma," — and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not

true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.

— What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulæ like a cornsheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* "the mathematics." But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it, since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I have not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of "detached lever" arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

— Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean: it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

So you admire conceited people, do you? said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for — the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to "peel" in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: "*Non omnis moriar*," and "I have taken all knowledge to be my province"! Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequaled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

—What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else;—long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

—Do you mean to say the pun question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbiocide*—that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life—are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as

man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *prima facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says that all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, "When it begins to hum." Doe then — and not till then — struck Roe, and his head happening to strike a bound volume of the Monthly Rag Bag and Stolen Miscellany, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied: "Jest so." The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

I will thank you, B. F., to bring down two books, of which I will mark the places on this slip of paper. (While he is gone, I may say that this boy, our landlady's youngest, is called Benjamin Franklin, after the celebrated philosopher of that name. A highly merited compliment.)

I wished to refer to two eminent authorities. Now be so good as to listen. The great moralist says: "To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade

the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion."

And, once more, listen to the historian: "The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The Lords Temporal carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have its Royal quibble. 'Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester.' The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of 'Og, the King of Bashan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier who brought him water for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw 'Othello' performed at the Globe Theater, remarked that the blackamoor was a brute, and not a man. 'Thou hast reason,' replied a great Lord, 'according to Plato his saying; for this be a two-legged animal *with* feathers.' The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The inflection spread to the national conscience. Political double dealings naturally grew out of verbal double meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of the Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts."

Who was that boarder that just whispered something about the Macaulay flowers of literature? — There was a dead silence. — I said calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my boarding house. Do not plead my example. If *I* have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken helot. We have done with them.

— If a logical mind ever found out anything with its logic? — I should say that its most frequent work was to build a *pons asinorum* over chasms that shrewd people can bestride without such a structure. You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove. You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker Hill was ever fought. The great minds are those with a wide span, that couple truths related to, but far removed from, each other. Logicians carry the surveyor's chain over the track of which these are the true explorers. I value a man mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth, — not for any secondary artifice in handling his ideas. Some of

the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment. I should not trust the counsel of a smart debater any more than that of a good chess player. Either may of course advise wisely, but not necessarily because he wrangles or plays well.

The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his fore foot, at the expression, "his relations with truth as I understand truth," and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

Precisely so, my dear sir, I replied; common sense, *as you understand it*. We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own, than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other. It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion, otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down! I have sometimes compared conversation to the Italian game of *mora*, in which one player lifts his hand with so many fingers extended, and the other matches or misses the number, as the case may be, with his own. I show my thought, another his; if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

—What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

When Eve had led her lord away,
 And Cain had killed his brother,
 The stars and flowers, the poets say,
 Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
 And teach the race its duty,
 By keeping on its wicked heart
 Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
 Will be at least a warning;
 And so the flowers would watch by day,
 The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
 Their dewy eyes upturning,
 The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
 Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
 A tale of shame so crushing,
 That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
 And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
 On all their light discovers,
 The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
 The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
 And in the vain endeavor
 We see them twinkling in the skies,
 And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses, my friends? — Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Æt. 19+. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says, "Yes?" when you tell her anything.) — *Oui et non, ma petite*, — Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written offhand; the other two took a week, — that is, were hanging round the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrhymed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le DERNIER pas qui coute*. Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think

they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern foremost, into their "native element," the great ocean of outdoors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the serviceable rhymes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain*, and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many "impromptus" could tell just such a story as the above. — Here, turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. "Madam," I said, "you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years."

One gets tired to death of the old, old rhymes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I don't mean to abuse, or to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top leathers to an old pair of boot soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	youth
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	morning
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	truth
.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	warning.

Nine tenths of the "Juvenile Poems" written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

"Yes?" said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side curl, gummed on each temple, — when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers, — and when she says

“Yes?” with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the “feller” was you saw her with.

“What were you whispering?” said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

“I was only giving some hints on the fine arts.”

“Yes?”

—It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook’s Voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady baskets. When I fling a Bay State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate that the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket* shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

—We are the Romans of the modern world,—the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civilized society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu or the journals of Congress:—

The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish *lance* that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

Dropped from her nerveless grasp the *shattered spear*!

What business had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in “The Pleasures of Hope.”

—Self-made men?—Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman’s house on the marsh at Cambridgeport, which house he built from

drain to chimney top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb, and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a "self-made" carpenter's house, and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little further on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? — O, I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen — among them a member of His Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of topboots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Smibert. The great merchant uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his armchair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hos-

pital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependents. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine*; wisps of curls, like celery tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college students in them, — family names; — you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man that inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books that have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear Professor over there ever read "Poli Synopsis," or consulted "Castelli Lexicon," while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the

man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

—I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they haven't. Perhaps you would like to hear my

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS.

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle — rasp — and straw —
Grow bigger *downwards* through the box, —

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean, —
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee bean, —

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take, —
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake, —

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof, —

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair, —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist, —

When publishers no longer steal
And pay for what they stole before, —
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

The company seemed to like the verses, and I promised them to read others occasionally, if they had a mind to hear them. Of course they would not expect it every morning. Neither must the reader suppose that all these things I have reported were said at any one breakfast time. I have not taken the trouble to date them, as Raspail, *père*, used to date every proof he sent to the printer; but they were scattered over several breakfasts; and I have said a good many more things since which I shall very possibly print some time or other, if I am urged to do it by judicious friends.

II.

Dandies are not good for much, but they are good for something. They invent or keep in circulation those conversational blank checks or counters just spoken of, which intellectual capitalists may sometimes find it worth their while to borrow of them. They are useful, too, in keeping up the standard of dress, which, but for them, would deteriorate, and become, what some old fools would have it, a matter of convenience, and not of taste and art. Yes, I like dandies well enough, — on one condition.

— What is that, Sir? — said the divinity student.

— That they have pluck. I find that lies at the bottom of all true dandyism. A little boy dressed up very fine, who puts his finger in his mouth and takes to crying, if other boys make fun of him, looks very silly. But if he turns red in the face and knotty in the fists, and makes an example of the

biggest of his assailants, throwing off his fine Leghorn and his thickly buttoned jacket, if necessary, to consummate the act of justice, his small toggerly takes on the splendors of the crested helmet that frightened Astyanax. You remember that the Duke said his dandy officers were his best officers. The "Sunday blood," the super-superb sartorial equestrian of our annual Fast day, is not imposing or dangerous. But such fellows as Brummell and D'Orsay and Byron are not to be snubbed quite so easily. Look out for "la main de fer sous le gant de velours" (which I printed in English the other day without quotation marks, thinking whether any *scarabæus criticus* would add this to his globe and roll in glory with it into the newspapers, — which he didn't do it, in the charming pleonasm of the London language, and therefore I claim the sole merit of exposing the same). A good many powerful and dangerous people have had a decided dash of dandyism about them. There was Alcibiades, the "curled son of Clinias," an accomplished young man, but what would be called a "swell" in these days. There was Aristoteles, a very distinguished writer, of whom you have heard, — a philosopher, in short, whom it took centuries to learn, centuries to unlearn, and is now going to take a generation or more to learn over again. Regular dandy, he was. So was Marcus Antonius; and though he lost his game, he played for big stakes, and it wasn't his dandyism that spoiled his chance. Petrarca was not to be despised as a scholar or a poet, but he was one of the same sort. So was Sir Humphry Davy; so was Lord Palmerston, formerly, if I am not forgetful. Yes, — a dandy is good for something as such; and dandies such as I was just speaking of have rocked this planet like a cradle, — aye, and left it swinging to this day. — Still, if I were you, I wouldn't go to the tailor's, on the strength of these remarks, and run up a long bill which will render pockets a superfluity in your next suit. *Elegans "nascitur, non fit."* A man is born a dandy, as he is born a poet. There are heads that can't wear hats; there are necks that can't fit cravats; there are jaws that can't fill out collars — (Willis touched this last point in one of his earlier ambrotypes, if I remember rightly); there are *tournures* nothing can humanize, and movements nothing can subdue to the gracious suavity or elegant languor or stately serenity which belong to different styles of dandyism.

We are forming an aristocracy, as you may observe, in this

country, — not a *gratiâ-Dei*, nor a *jure-divino* one, — but a *de-facto* upper stratum of being, which floats over the turbid waves of common life as the iridescent film you may have seen spreading over the water about our wharves, — very splendid, though its origin may have been tar, tallow, train oil, or other such unctuous commodities. I say, then, we are forming an aristocracy ; and, transitory as its individual life often is, it maintains itself tolerably, as a whole. Of course, money is its corner stone. But now observe this. Money kept for two or three generations transforms a race, — I don't mean merely in manners and hereditary culture, but in blood and bone. Money buys air and sunshine, in which children grow up more kindly, of course, than in close, back streets ; it buys country places to give them happy and healthy summers, good nursing, good doctoring, and the best cuts of beef and mutton. When the spring chickens come to market — I beg your pardon, that is not what I was going to speak of. As the young females of each successive season come on, the finest specimens among them, other things being equal, are apt to attract those who can afford the expensive luxury of beauty. The physical character of the next generation rises in consequence. It is plain that certain families have in this way acquired an elevated type of face and figure, and that in a small circle of city connections one may sometimes find models of both sexes which one of the rural counties would find it hard to match from all its townships put together. Because there is a good deal of running down, of degeneration and waste of life, among the richer classes, you must not overlook the equally obvious fact I have just spoken of, — which in one or two generations more will be, I think, much more patent than just now.

The weak point in our chryso-aristocracy is the same I have alluded to in connection with cheap dandyism. Its thorough manhood, its high-caste gallantry, are not so manifest as the plate glass of its windows and the more or less legitimate heraldry of its coach panels. It is very curious to observe of how small account military folks are held among our Northern people. Our young men must gild their spurs, but they need not win them. The equal division of property keeps the younger sons of rich people above the necessity of military service. Thus the army loses an element of refinement, and the moneyed upper class forgets what it is to count heroism among its virtues. Still I don't believe in any aristocracy without

pluck as its backbone. Ours may show it when the time comes, if it ever does come.

— These United States furnish the greatest market for intellectual *green fruit* of all the places in the world. I think so, at any rate. The demand for intellectual labor is so enormous, and the market so far from nice, that young talent is apt to fare like unripe gooseberries, — get plucked to make a fool of. Think of a country which buys eighty thousand copies of the “Proverbial Philosophy,” while the author’s admiring countrymen have been buying twelve thousand ! How can one let his fruit hang in the sun until it gets fully ripe, while there are eighty thousand such hungry mouths ready to swallow it and proclaim its praises ? Consequently, there never was such a collection of crude pippins and half-grown windfalls as our native literature displays among its fruits. There are literary greengroceries at every corner, which will buy anything, from a button pear to a pineapple. It takes a long apprenticeship to train a whole people to reading and writing. The temptation of money fame is too great for young people. Do I not remember that glorious moment when the late Mr. — we won’t say who, — editor of the — we won’t say what, offered me the sum of fifty cents *per* double-columned quarto page for shaking my young boughs over his foolscap apron ? Was it not an intoxicating vision of gold and glory ? I should doubtless have reveled in its wealth and splendor, but for learning the fact that the *fifty cents* was to be considered a rhetorical embellishment, and by no means a literal expression of past fact or present intention.

— Beware of making your moral staple consist of the negative virtues. It is good to abstain, and teach others to abstain, from all that is sinful or hurtful. But making a business of it leads to emaciation of character, unless one feeds largely also on the more nutritious diet of active sympathetic benevolence.

— I don’t believe one word of what you are saying, — spoke up the angular female in black bombazine.

I am sorry you disbelieve it, Madam, — I said, and added softly to my next neighbor, — but you prove it.

The young fellow sitting near me winked ; and the divinity student said, in an undertone, — *Optime dictum*.

Your talking Latin, — said I, — reminds me of an odd trick of one of my old tutors. He read so much of that language, that his English half turned into it. He got caught in town,

one hot summer, in pretty close quarters, and wrote, or began to write, a series of city pastorals. Eclogues he called them, and meant to have published them by subscription. I remember some of his verses, if you want to hear them. — You, Sir, (addressing myself to the divinity student,) and all such as have been through college, or, what is the same thing, received an honorary degree, will understand them without a dictionary. The old man had a great deal to say about “æstivation,” as he called it, in opposition, as one might say, to *hibernation*. In-tramural æstivation, or town life in summer, he would say, is a peculiar form of suspended existence or semi-asphyxia. One wakes up from it about the beginning of the last week in September. This is what I remember of his poem : —

•
ÆSTIVATION.

An Unpublished Poem, by my late Latin Tutor.

In candent ire the solar splendor flames;
The foles, languescant, pend from arid rames;
His humid front the cive, anhelant, wipes,
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,
Carp the suave berries from the crescent vine,
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum, —
No concave vast repeats the tender hue
That laves my milk jug with celestial blue.

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine shades!
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous clump, —
Depart, — be off, — excede, — evade, — erump!

— I have lived by the seashore and by the mountains. — No, I am not going to say which is best. The one where your place is is the best for you. But this difference there is: you can domesticate mountains, but the sea is *feræ naturæ*. You may have a hut, or know the owner of one, on the mountain side; you see a light halfway up its ascent in the evening, and you

know there is a home, and you might share it. You have noted certain trees, perhaps; you know the particular zone where the hemlocks look so black in October, when the maples and beeches have faded. All its reliefs and intaglios have electrotyped themselves in the medallions that hang round the walls of your memory's chamber.—The sea remembers nothing. It is feline. It licks your feet,—its huge flanks purr very pleasantly for you; but it will crack your bones and eat you, for all that, and wipe the crimsoned foam from its jaws as if nothing had happened. The mountains give their lost children berries and water; the sea mocks their thirst and lets them die. The mountains have a grand, stupid, lovable tranquillity; the sea has a fascinating, treacherous intelligence. The mountains lie about like huge ruminants, their broad backs awful to look upon, but safe to handle. The sea smooths its silver scales until you cannot see their joints,—but their shining is that of a snake's belly, after all.—In deeper suggestiveness I find as great a difference. The mountains dwarf mankind and foreshorten the procession of its long generations. The sea drowns out humanity and time; it has no sympathy with either; for it belongs to eternity, and of that it sings its monotonous song forever and ever.

Yet I should love to have a little box by the seashore. I should love to gaze out on the wild feline element from a front window of my own, just as I should love to look on a caged panther, and see it stretch its shining length, and then curl over and lap its smooth sides, and by and by begin to lash itself into rage and show its white teeth and spring at his bars, and howl the cry of its mad, but, to me, harmless fury.—And then, —to look at it with that inward eye,—who does not love to shuffle off time and its concerns, at intervals,—to forget who is President and who is Governor, what race he belongs to, what language he speaks, which golden-headed nail of the firmament his particular planetary system is hung upon, and listen to the great liquid metronome as it beats its solemn measure, steadily swinging when the solo or duet of human life began, and to swing just as steadily after the human chorus has died out and man is a fossil on its shores?

—What should decide one, in choosing a summer residence? —Constitution, first of all. How much snow could you melt in an hour, if you were planted in a hogshead of it? Comfort is essential to enjoyment. All sensitive people should remem-

ber that persons in easy circumstances suffer much more from cold in summer — that is, the warm half of the year — than in winter, or the other half. You must cut your climate to your constitution, as much as your clothing to your shape. After this, consult your taste and convenience. But if you would be happy in Berkshire, you must carry mountains in your brain; and if you would enjoy Nahant, you must have an ocean in your soul. Nature plays at dominoes with you; you must match her piece, or she will never give it up to you.

— The schoolmistress said, in rather a mischievous way, that she was afraid some minds or souls would be a little crowded, if they took in the Rocky Mountains or the Atlantic.

Have you ever read the little book called “The Stars and the Earth”? — said I. — Have you seen the Declaration of Independence photographed in a surface that a fly’s foot would cover? The forms or conditions of Time and Space, as Kant will tell you, are nothing in themselves, — only our way of looking at things. You are right, I think, however, in recognizing the category of Space as being quite as applicable to minds as to the outer world. Every man of reflection is vaguely conscious of an imperfectly defined circle which is drawn about his intellect. He has a perfectly clear sense that the fragments of his intellectual circle include the curves of many other minds of which he is cognizant. He often recognizes these as manifestly concentric with his own, but of less radius. On the other hand, when we find a portion of an arc outside of our own, we say it *intersects* ours, but are very slow to confess or to see that it *circumscribes* it. Every now and then a man’s mind is stretched by a new idea or sensation, and never shrinks back to its former dimensions. After looking at the Alps, I felt that my mind had been stretched beyond the limits of its elasticity, and fitted so loosely on my old ideas of space that I had to spread these to fit it.

— If I thought I should ever see the Alps! — said the schoolmistress.

Perhaps you will, some time or other, — I said.

It is not very likely, — she answered. — I have had one or two opportunities, but I had rather be anything than governess in a rich family.

[Proud, too, you little soft-voiced woman! Well, I can’t say I like you any the worse for it. How long will school keeping take to kill you? Is it possible the poor thing works with

her needle, too? I don't like those marks on the side of her forefinger.

Tableau. Chamouni. Mont Blanc in full view. Figures in the foreground; two of them standing apart; one of them a gentleman of—oh,—ah,—yes! the other a lady in a white cashmere, leaning on his shoulder.—The ingenuous reader will understand that this was an internal, private, personal, subjective diorama, seen for one instant on the background of my own consciousness, and abolished into black nonentity by the first question which recalled me to actual life, as suddenly as if one of those iron shop blinds (which I always pass at dusk with a shiver, expecting to stumble over some poor but honest shop boy's head, just taken off by its sudden and unexpected descent, and left outside upon the sidewalk) had come down "by the run."]

—Should you like to hear what moderate wishes life brings one to at last? I used to be very ambitious,—wasteful, extravagant, and luxurious in all my fancies. Read too much in the "Arabian Nights." Must have the lamp,—couldn't do without the ring. Exercise every morning on the brazen horse. Plump down into castles as full of little milk-white princesses as a nest is of young sparrows. All love me dearly at once.—Charming idea of life, but too high-colored for the reality. I have outgrown all this; my tastes have become exceedingly primitive,—almost, perhaps, ascetic. We carry happiness into our condition, but must not hope to find it there. I think you will be willing to hear some lines which embody the subdued and limited desires of my maturity.

CONTENTMENT.

"Man wants but little here below."

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,) That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!

I always thought cold victual nice; —
My *choice* would be vanilla ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —
Give me a mortgage here and there, —
Some good bank stock, — some note of hand
Or trifling railroad share; —
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names; —
I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —
But only near St. James; —
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things; —
One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;) —
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; —
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone, —
One Turner, and no more
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt;
The sunshine painted with a squirt).

Of books but few, — some fifty score
 For daily use, and bound for wear;
 The rest upon an upper floor; —
 Some *little* luxury *there*
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,
 Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
 And selfish churls deride; —
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,
 Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —
 Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
 But *all* must be of buhl?
 Give grasping pomp its double share, —
 I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
 Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
 If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
 I shall not miss them *much*, —
 Too grateful for the blessing lent
 Of simple tastes and mind content!

MY LAST WALK WITH THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

(*A Parenthesis.*)

I can't say just how many walks she and I had taken together before this one. I found the effect of going out every morning was decidedly favorable on her health. Two pleasing dimples, the places for which were just marked when she came, played, shadowy, in her freshening cheeks when she smiled and nodded good morning to me from the schoolhouse steps.

I am afraid I did the greater part of the talking. At any rate, if I should try to report all that I said during the first half-dozen walks we took together, I fear that I might receive a gentle hint from my friends the publishers, that a separate volume, at my own risk and expense, would be the proper method of bringing them before the public.

— I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real

lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world, where she can have an angel for a governess, and feed on strange fruits which will make her all over again, even to her bones and marrow. — Whether gifted with the accident of beauty or not, she should have been molded in the rose-red clay of Love, before the breath of life made a moving mortal of her. Love capacity is a congenital endowment; and I think, after a while, one gets to know the warm-hued natures it belongs to from the pretty pipe-clay counterfeits of it. — Proud she may be, in the sense of respecting herself; but pride, in the sense of contemning others less gifted than herself, deserves the two lowest circles of a vulgar woman's Inferno, where the punishments are Smallpox and Bankruptcy. — She who nips off the end of a brittle courtesy, as one breaks the tip of an icicle, to bestow upon those whom she ought cordially and kindly to recognize, proclaims the fact that she comes not merely of low blood, but of bad blood. Consciousness of unquestioned position makes people gracious in proper measure to all; but if a woman puts on airs with her real equals, she has something about herself or her family she is ashamed of, or ought to be. Middle, and more than middle, aged people, who know family histories, generally see through it. An official of standing was rude to me once. Oh, that is the maternal grandfather, — said a wise old friend to me, — he was a boor. — Better too few words, from the woman we love, than too many: while she is silent, Nature is working for her; while she talks, she is working for herself. — Love is sparingly soluble in the words of men; therefore they speak much of it; but one syllable of woman's speech can dissolve more of it than a man's heart can hold.

— Whether I said any or all of these things to the schoolmistress, or not, — whether I stole them out of Lord Bacon, — whether I cribbed them from Balzac, — whether I dipped them from the ocean of Tupperian wisdom, — or whether I have just found them in my head, laid there by that solemn fowl, Experience, (who, according to my observation, cackles oftener than she drops real live eggs,) I cannot say. Wise men have said more foolish things, and foolish men, I don't doubt, have said as wise things. Anyhow, the schoolmistress and I had pleasant walks and long talks, all of which I do not feel bound to report.

— You are a stranger to me, Ma'ani. — I don't doubt you

would like to know all I said to the schoolmistress. — I shan't do it; — I had rather get the publishers to return the money you have invested in this. Besides, I have forgotten a good deal of it. I shall tell only what I like of what I remember.

— My idea was, in the first place, to search out the picturesque spots which the city affords a sight of, to those who have eyes. I know a good many, and it was a pleasure to look at them in company with my young friend. There were the shrubs and flowers in the Franklin Place front yards or borders; Commerce is just putting his granite foot upon them. Then there are certain small seraglio gardens, into which one can get a peep through the crevices of high fences, — one in Myrtle Street, or backing on it, — here and there one at the North and South Ends. Then the great elms in Essex Street. Then the stately horse-chestnuts in that vacant lot in Chambers Street, which hold their outspread hands over your head, (as I said in my poem the other day,) and look as if they were whispering “May grace, mercy, and peace be with you!” — and the rest of that benediction. Nay, there are certain patches of ground, which, having lain neglected for a time, Nature, who always has her pockets full of seeds, and holes in all her pockets, has covered with hungry plebeian growths, which fight for life with each other, until some of them get broad-leaved and succulent, and you have a coarse vegetable tapestry which Raphael would not have disdained to spread over the foreground of his masterpiece. The Professor pretends that he found such a one in Charles Street, which, in its dare-devil impudence of rough-and-tumble vegetation, beat the pretty-behaved flower beds of the Public Garden as ignominiously as a group of young tatterdemalions playing pitch and toss beats a row of Sunday-school boys with their teacher at their head.

But then the Professor has one of his burrows in that region, and puts everything in high colors relating to it. That is his way about everything. — I hold any man cheap, — he said, — of whom nothing stronger can be uttered than that all his geese are swans. — How is that, Professor? — said I; — I should have set you down for one of that sort. — Sir, — said he, — I am proud to say that Nature has so far enriched me, that I cannot own so much as a *duck* without seeing in it as pretty a swan as ever swam the basin in the garden of the Luxembourg. And the Professor showed the whites of his eyes devoutly, like one returning thanks after a dinner of many courses.

I don't know anything sweeter than this leaking in of Nature through all the cracks in the walls and floors of cities. You heap up a million tons of hewn rocks on a square mile or two of earth which was green once. The trees look down from the hillsides and ask each other, as they stand on tiptoe, — "What are these people about?" And the small herbs at their feet look up and whisper back, — "We will go and see." So the small herbs pack themselves up in the least possible bundles, and wait until the wind steals to them at night and whispers, — "Come with me." Then they go softly with it into the great city, — one to a cleft in the pavement, one to a spout on the roof, one to a seam in the marbles over a rich gentleman's bones, and one to the grave without a stone where nothing but a man is buried, — and there they grow, looking down on the generations of men from moldy roofs, looking up from between the less-trodden pavements, looking out through iron cemetery railings. Listen to them, when there is only a light breath stirring, and you will hear them saying to each other, — "Wait awhile!" The words run along the telegraph of those narrow green lines that border the roads leading from the city, until they reach the slope of the hills, and the trees repeat in low murmurs to each other, — "Wait awhile!" By and by the flow of life in the street ebbs, and the old leafy inhabitants — the smaller tribes always in front — saunter in, one by one, very careless seemingly, but very tenacious, until they swarm so that the great stones gape from each other with the crowding of their roots, and the feldspar begins to be picked out of the granite to find them food. At last the trees take up their solemn line of march, and never rest until they have encamped in the market place. Wait long enough and you will find an old doting oak hugging a huge worn block in its yellow underground arms; that was the corner stone of the State House. Oh, so patient she is, this imperturbable Nature!

— Let us cry! —

But all this has nothing to do with my walks and talks with the schoolmistress. I did not say that I would not tell you something about them. Let me alone, and I shall talk to you more than I ought to, probably. We never tell our secrets to people that pump for them.

Books we talked about, and education. It was her duty to know something of these, and of course she did. Perhaps

I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it, — but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. — Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman, (of the right kind,) reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat.

But it was in talking of Life that we came most nearly together. I thought I knew something about that, — that I could speak or write about it somewhat to the purpose.

To take up this fluid earthly being of ours as a sponge sucks up water, — to be steeped and soaked in its realities as a hide fills its pores lying seven years in a tan pit, — to have winnowed every wave of it as a mill wheel works up the stream that runs through the flume upon its float boards, — to have curled up in the keenest spasms and flattened out in the laxest languors of this breathing sickness which keeps certain parcels of matter uneasy for three or four score years, — to have fought all the devils and clasped all the angels of its delirium, — and then, just at the point when the white-hot passions have cooled down to cherry-red, plunge our experience into the ice-cold stream of some human language or other, one might think would end in a rhapsody with something of spring and temper in it. All this I thought my power and province.

The schoolmistress had tried life, too. Once in a while one meets with a single soul greater than all the living pageant that passes before it. As the pale astronomer sits in his study with sunken eyes and thin fingers, and weighs Uranus or Neptune as in a balance, so there are meek, slight women who have weighed all that this planetary life can offer, and hold it like a bauble in the palm of their slender hands. This was one of them. Fortune had left her, sorrow had baptized her; the routine of labor and the loneliness of almost friendless city life were before her. Yet, as I looked upon her tranquil face, gradually regaining a cheerfulness that was often sprightly, as she became interested in the various matters we talked about and places we visited, I saw that eye and lip and **every** shifting lineament were

made for love,—unconscious of their sweet office as yet, and meeting the cold aspect of Duty with the natural graces which were meant for the reward of nothing less than the Great Passion.

—I never spoke one word of love to the schoolmistress in the course of these pleasant walks. It seemed to me that we talked of everything but love on that particular morning. There was, perhaps, a little more timidity and hesitancy on my part than I have commonly shown among our people at the boarding house. In fact, I considered myself the master of the breakfast table; but, somehow, I could not command myself just then so well as usual. The truth is, I had secured a passage to Liverpool in the steamer which was to leave at noon,—with the condition, however, of being released in case circumstances occurred to detain me. The schoolmistress knew nothing about all this, of course, as yet.

It was on the Common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of our Common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy Street southward across the whole length of the Common to Boylston Street. We called it the long path, and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question,—Will you take the long path with me?—Certainly,—said the schoolmistress,—with much pleasure.—Think,—I said,—before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more!—The schoolmistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by,—the one you may still see close by the Gingko tree.—Pray, sit down,—I said.—No, no,—she answered softly,—I will walk the *long path* with you!

—The old gentleman who sits opposite met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly,—“Good morning, my dears!”

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE:

OR THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES: An American humorist and poet; born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809; died in Boston, October 7, 1894. He graduated at Harvard in 1829; became professor of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth; then at Harvard 1847-1882, when he retired as professor emeritus. His first work to attract general attention was "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," in the *Atlantic Monthly* (1857-1858), followed by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "The Poet at the Breakfast Table." His other prose works include the novels "Elsie Venner," "The Guardian Angel," and "A Mortal Antipathy"; memoirs of Motley and Emerson; "One Hundred Days in Europe"; "Over the Teacups." His poems have been collected in "Songs in Many Keys," "Songs of Many Seasons," "Humorous Poems," "Before the Curfew," etc.]

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, fellow, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will,—

The "One Hoss Shay"
From the etching by W. H. Shelton

It was the year of '54,
When Sherman was in the field,
And he was in the town of German Hill,
That was the year when Lisbon town
Was taken and its people were down,
And Lincoln's army was there so brown,
And with its eagle to its crown,
And on the terrible Earthquake day
Then the Union finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in this line of studies, I tell you what
There is always something weaker than —
In hub, and spoke, and spring or tire,
In panel, or crossbar, or door, or sill,
In screw, bolt, or hinge, or nail, — looking still
Find it somewhere you must and will, —



W. H. Hulton 1884

Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown :
— "Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
To make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"
Last of its timber, — they couldn't sell 'em, —
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips;
Step and prop iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way "he put her through." —
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon Earthquake day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
 The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they call it then:
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.
 Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day. —
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavor of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be, — for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*,
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'house on the hill.

— First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'house clock, —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
 — What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once, —
 All at once, and nothing first, —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.



THE LAST LEAF.

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

I SAW him once before
 As he passed by the door,
 And again
 The pavement stones resound,
 As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
 Ere the pruning knife of Time
 Cut him down,
 Not a better man was found
 By the crier on his round
 Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
 And he looks at all he meets,
 Sad and wan.
 And he shakes his feeble head
 That it seems as if he said,
 " They are gone."

LOTUS FARM.

The mossy marbles rest
 On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom.
 And the names he loved to hear
 Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.;

My grandmamma has said —
 Poor old lady! she is dead
 Long ago —
 That he had a Roman nose,
 And his cheek was like a rose
 In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
 And it rests upon his chin
 Like a staff.
 And a crook is in his back,
 And a melancholy crack
 In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
 For me to sit and grin
 At him here;
 But the old three-cornered hat,
 And the breeches, and all that,
 Are so queer.

And if I should live to be
 The last leaf upon the tree
 In the spring,
 Let them smile as I do now,
 At the old forsaken bough
 Where I cling.

LOTUS FARM.¹

BY FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL.

(From "Mirèio": translated by Harriet W. Preston.)

[FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL is one of a group of writers called "Les Félibriges," whose aim is the "restoration" of the Provençal literature. He was born near Maillane, in the department of Bouches-du-Rhône, September 8, 1830, and

¹ Copyright, 1872, by Roberts Brothers. Published by permission of Little, Brown & Co.

studied law at Avignon. His masterpiece is the epic "Mirèio" (1859), which gained the poet's prize of the French Academy and secured for the author the Cross of the Legion of Honor. Other works are : the poems "Calendau" and "The Golden Isles," "Nerto," a novel, and a Provençal-French lexicon. Died in 1914.]

I SING the love of a Provençal maid;
How through the wheat fields of La Crau she strayed
Following the fate that drew her to the sea.
Unknown beyond remote La Crau was she;
And I, who tell the rustic tale of her,
Would fain be Homer's humble follower.

What though youth's aureole was her only crown?
And never gold she wore nor damask gown?
I'll build her up a throne out of my song,
And hail her queen in our despised tongue.
Mine be the simple speech that ye all know,
Shepherds and farmer folk of lone La Crau.

God of my country, who didst have Thy birth
Among poor shepherds when Thou wast on earth,
Breathe fire into my song! Thou knowest, my God,
How, when the lusty summer is abroad,
And figs turn ripe in sun and dew, comes he, —
Brute, greedy man, — and quite despoils the tree.

Yet on that ravaged tree thou savest oft
Some little branch inviolate aloft,
Tender and airy up against the blue,
Which the rude spoiler cannot win unto:
Only the birds shall come and banquet there,
When, at St. Magdalene's, the fruit is fair.

Methinks I see yon airy little bough:
It mocks me with its freshness even now;
The light breeze lifts it, and it waves on high
Fruitage and foliage that cannot die.
Help me, dear God, on our Provençal speech,
To soar until the birds' own home I reach!

Once, then, beside the poplar-bordered Rhone,
There lived a basket weaver and his son,
In a poor hut set round with willow trees
(For all their humble wares were made from these);
And sometimes they from farm to farm would wend,
And horses' cribs and broken baskets mend.

And so one evening, as they trudged their round
With osier bundles on their shoulders bound,
"Father," young Vincen said, "the clouds look wild
About old Magalouno's tower upiled.
If that gray rampart fell, 'twould do us harm:
We should be drenched ere we had gained the farm."

"Nay, nay!" the old man said, "no rain to-night!
'Tis the sea breeze that shakes the trees. All right!
A western gale were different." Vincen mused:
"Are many plows at Lotus farmstead used?"
"Six plows!" the basket weaver answered slow:
"It is the finest freehold in La Crau.

"Look! There's their olive orchard, intermixt
With rows of vines and almond trees betwixt.
The beauty of it is, that vineyard hath
For every day in all the year a path!
There's ne'er another such the beauty is;
And in each path are just so many trees."

"O heavens! How many hands at harvest tide
So many trees must need!" young Vincen cried.
"Nay: for 'tis almost Hallowmas, you know,
When all the girls come flocking in from Baux,
And, singing, heap with olives green and dun
The sheets and sacks, and call it only fun."

The sun was sinking, as old Ambroi said;
On high were little clouds aflush with red;
Sideways upon their yokèd cattle rode
The laborers slowly home, each with his goad
Erect. Night darkened on the distant moor;
'Twas supper time, the day of toil was o'er.

"And here we are!" the boy cried. "I can see
The straw-heaped threshing floor, so hasten we!"
"But stay!" the other. "Now, as I'm alive,
The Lotus Farm's the place for sheep to thrive—
The pine woods all the summer, and the sweep
Of the great plain in winter. Lucky sheep!

"And look at the great trees that shade the dwelling,
And look at that delicious stream forth welling
Inside the vivary! And mark the bees!
Autumn makes havoc in their colonies;

But every year, when comes the bright May weather,
Yon lotus grove a hundred swarms will gather."

"And one thing more!" cried Vincen, eagerly,
"The very best of all, it seems to me, —
I mean the maiden, father, who dwells here.
Thou canst not have forgotten how, last year,
She bade us bring her olive baskets two,
And fit her little one with handles new."

So saying, they drew the farmhouse door anigh,
And, in the dewy twilight, saw thereby
The maid herself. Distaff in hand she stood,
Watching her silkworms at their leafy food.
Then Master Ambroi let his osiers fall,
And sang out cheerily, "Good even, all!"

"Father, the same to you!" the damsel said.
"I had come out my distaff point to thread,
It grows so dark. Whence come you now, I pray?
From Valabrègo?" Ambroi answered, "Yea.
I said, when the fast-coming dark I saw,
'We'll sleep at Lotus Farm, upon the straw.'"

Whereat, with no more words, father and son
Hard by upon a roller sat them down,
And fell to their own work right busily.
A half-made cradle chanced the same to be.
Fast through the nimble fingers of the two
The supple osier bent and crossed and flew.

Certes, our Vincen was a comely lad.
A bright face and a manly form he had,
Albeit that summer he was bare sixteen.
Swart were his cheeks; but the dark soil, I ween,
Bears the fine wheat, and black grapes make the wine
That sets our feet adance, our eyes ashine.

Full well he knew the osier to prepare,
And deftly wrought: but ofttimes to his share
Fell coarser work; for he the panniers made
Wherewith the farmers use their beasts to lade,
And divers kinds of baskets, huge and rough,
Handy and light. Ay, he had skill enough!

And likewise brooms of millet grass, and such, —
And baskets of split cane. And still his touch
Was sure and swift; and all his wares were strong,
And found a ready sale the farms among.
But now, from fallow field and moorland waste,
The laborers were trooping home at last.

Then hasted sweet Mirèio to prepare,
With her own hands and in the open air,
Their evening meal. There was a broad flat stone
Served for a table, and she set thereon
One mighty dish, where each man plunged his ladle.
Our weavers wrought meanwhile upon their cradle.

Until Ramoun, the master of the farm,
Cried, "How is this?" — brusque was his tone and warm
"Come to your supper, Ambroi: no declining!
Put up the crib, my man: the stars are shining.
And thou, Mirèio, run and fetch a bowl:
The travelers must be weary, on my soul!"

Wherefore the basket weaver, well-content,
Rose with his son and to the table went,
And sat him down and cut the bread for both;
While bright Mirèio hasted, nothing loath,
Seasoned a dish of beans with olive oil,
And came and sat before them with a smile.

Not quite fifteen was this same fair Mirèio.
Ah, me! the purple coast of Font Vièio,
The hills of Baux, the desolate Crau plain,
A shape like her will hardly see again.
Child of the merry sun, her dimpled face
Bloomed into laughter with ingenuous grace.

Eyes had she limpid as the drops of dew;
And, when she fixed their tender gaze on you,
Sorrow was not. Stars in a summer night
Are not more softly, innocently bright:
And beauteous hair, all waves and rings of jet;
And breasts, a double peach, scarce ripened yet.

DUTY.

By JULES SIMON.

[JULES FRANÇOIS SUISSE SIMON, French publicist and author, was born at Lorient, Bay of Biscay, in 1814; educated there and at Vannes; tutor at Caën in 1836; disciple of Victor Cousin, and succeeded him in philosophy at the Sorbonne, writing on Plato's and Aristotle's Theodicy (1840), and the Alexandrian School (1844-1845). Entering politics in 1846, he was deputy in 1848, councillor of state 1849. Refusing the oath to Louis Napoleon, he was suspended from the Sorbonne. Sent to the Corps Legislatif in 1863, he was the recognized republican leader till 1870; after Sedan was of the Provisional Government, and minister of public instruction in Thiers' cabinet; in 1875 created life senator and elected to the Academy; premier 1876-1877. He died in 1896. He wrote also "Duty" (1854), "Natural Religion" (1856), "Liberty of Conscience" (1859), "The Workingwoman" (1863), "The School" (1864), "Labor" (1866), "Free Trade" (1870), "Reform of Secondary Education" (1874), "The Twentieth Century Woman" (1891), and "Four Portraits" — Lamartine, Lavigerie, Renan, and William II. (1896).]

IT IS a mistake to consider oneself an honest man, when he has merely earned the right to say, in the words of the popular proverb, that he has never harmed a fellow-creature. The moral law obliges us not only to do no harm to our fellow-men, it obliges us to aid them. It is not enough that we do not kill them, we must help them to live; nor to respect their property, for we should share ours with them. In a word, we owe them in equal measure justice and help.

Civil law, so minute, so precise in what it forbids, is timorous, scrupulous, incomplete in what it prescribes. It commands a father to educate his son; a son, to furnish an allowance to his father; a husband, to support his wife as befits her station; in certain cases it punishes ingratitude, but only by withdrawal of the benefit conferred; everywhere it establishes a system of taxation, which serves in certain countries, under different names, for various objects: and that is about all it has ventured on. There is this difference between the prohibitions which the law enforces and its prescriptions: the former are all favorable to liberty, while the latter are all contrary to that principle. Law, by forbidding that I shall be harmed, sanctions my independence; by ordering me to aid my fellow-citizens, it lessens my liberty. The tendency of absolute constitutions is to prescribe many duties, giving but few securities to our rights; while the tendency of liberal constitutions is to multiply our securities, leaving duties to the individual conscience; and that is the reason that theorists in favor of absolute monarchy are in a position to assert that this form of government fosters

human brotherhood, while liberty, by strengthening the rights of the individual, leads to isolation, to egotism, to dissension. Our own belief is that we must look for the development of human brotherhood in civil institutions, in education, in faith and moral conduct; and that penal law should be limited almost exclusively to assuring us justice—that is to say, liberty. As soon as penal law undertakes to control our actions, it destroys free will; and as soon as it undertakes to dispose of property, or only of its benefits, it attacks ownership. So one should not complain of a necessary reserve; but the more timid the written law should be when a question of aid occurs, so much the more should we insist on the duties prescribed by moral law.

A brigand attacks a traveler on the highway. I am the sole witness of the crime, and I do not attempt to prevent it: am I innocent of the murder? A man seduces a woman in my presence. I might warn the victim, open her eyes, save her—and I am silent: am I innocent of her ruin? A slander is repeated before me; I know the truth and refrain from stating it: am I not now an accomplice of the slanderer? Merely to ask these questions is to answer them. A man who deceives his fellow-men is an enemy of God; but the man who might enlighten them, and who, through indifference or pride, locks up within himself his learning, does this man fulfill his rightful destiny? A beggar must die of hunger at the baker's door, without touching the bread which does not belong to him: such is the right of ownership, in all its terrible rigor. The written law sanctions it in this form, and does not oblige the rich to give to a dying man; but the moral law obliges him imperiously so to do. If he enjoy his superfluity in the presence of the dying man, he is responsible for his death. Christian morality teaches us eloquently that the rich are only the treasurers of the poor: a truly divine saying, and enough in itself, if engraved in every heart, to prove the salvation of society.

When we reflect on what man is, on the place he occupies in creation, the faculties with which he has been endowed, the treasures he has received, we can no longer be reconciled to the thought that all this love, all this force, all this intelligence, should be employed only in the service of their possessor; that God asks of us only that we should not mar his plan, should not cut each other's throats, should not persecute one another; but it is clear, on the other hand, that God has saved us from

nothingness that we may be fellow-workers in his sublime task ; that he has commanded us to love and to aid our brothers, and to consecrate our forces, our talents, all that we possess and all that we are, to protect them, to feed, to enlighten, to do them good. When he shall call us to him (for we must consider death and its consequences), shall we say to him merely, "I have done no harm" ? Of what avail then are thought and will, if to have been useless is Virtue enough ? Why this burning heart, if prudence allow the flame to flicker out ? Of what avail are men of genius, if God allow this genius to be silent, to become as naught ? Far from having destined us to a passive rôle, he has measured our obligations according to our force, and our worthiness according to our obligations. To live is to act ; to fight at one's post the battle of life ; leader or soldier, it matters little, so long as one does one's duty valiantly. The strength which God has given us, be it great or small, is a gift truly divine ; we should neither let it perish, nor profane it by unworthy uses.

As there are men who consider themselves honest enough because they harm no one, and who speak with conviction of their probity and their honor, while they allow their fellow-men to suffer and to die in their midst, without holding out a helping hand, there are others who, from ostentation, from preference, from kindness of heart perhaps, love to give, to be active in charity, putting to a generous use an ill-acquired fortune. Benevolence is more attractive than justice, above all when the kind deed is such as to win us personal devotion, or of those which pass for heroic, gaining for the benefactor universal esteem and admiration. We take a complacent delight in the thought of these generous acts ; feeling ourselves capable of self-devotion, we place ourselves without hesitancy among the chosen souls, without reflecting that the time given to some protégé, to some favorite case, is due to another ; that the money we spend so gladly in this relief belongs by right to another ; that another has a prior claim, and that an absolute one, to this fortune spent in bountiful giving. We should first of all establish matters on a rightful footing, accomplish the austere task imposed upon us by strict equity, thus earning the right of yielding to the desires of our own hearts. No doubt it is a duty to give ; but in order to give a thing we must before all make it legitimately our own. Justice is absolute, inexorable ; with her no compromise is possible. All that she ordains must be

executed at once and loyally, without hypocrisy, without second thought, because the decree is just, and not because it is profitable or may do us credit. When by mischance our heart is not in accord with justice, it should be silenced. It must be conquered, subdued by the yoke of duty. To fail in one's duty, because by so failing one may accomplish great things, may be called according to circumstances heroic or grand; it is given this name by the feeble-souled many, but philosophers call it failing in one's duty. The rules of justice are not like those of military tactics, nor yet like those which govern the art of poetry, above which genius may soar free. They are written by the hand of God himself, and whosoever infringes them violates God's law and profanes within himself the most sacred quality of humanity. Could a just law admit of an exception, justice ceases to be justice. If there be two moralities, true morality no longer exists.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by acclamations from without. Men naturally love all that comes from the heart, all that is grand, all which dazzles, and even all that is new and strange. A heroic action or a simple act of generosity is sure to move them and to provoke their enthusiasm. They see the acts, but fail to see the justice which rules the heart of the just. Be a hero like D'Assas, and one moment of sublime courage renders your name immortal. But Aristides, if no longer destined to be at the head of the Republic, may carry with him to the tomb but a faint esteem. There is no character on the stage more admired than Charles Moor. To seize in order to give away again; to tread beneath one's feet all vulgar duties; to be always ready to protect the poor, to avenge their insults, to relieve their sufferings; to revolt against social order, but for passion's sake, not egotistically; to make the heart a guide, in spite of reason, and the heart must be loyal and chivalrous: all this is enough and more than enough to make many faults, nay crimes, forgotten, and to enable one to pass through life as a triumphant conqueror. Strength alone, success without generosity, suffice at times to blind the multitude, and to throw dust in the eyes of History, so great is the fascination of strength! Who would deny his title of Great to Alexander, the unjust conqueror of Asia? Who but admires Cæsar and Augustus? Augustus pardoned Cinna, perhaps by policy; it was enough to make the proscriptions forgotten. In one day fell twenty thousand victims, but

on another occasion he spared one man, with public show and ceremony; and so a poem is written entitled "On the Clemency of Augustus." And so it is with the judgments of men, the voice of the majority, and the moral principle that underlies success in life. But of what concern are all these human follies to truth, to justice? There can be no majority against the voice of conscience. If between you and noble deeds there stands only death, brave death and be a hero! but if there be a teaching of the divine law, pause, and die obscure and honest!



THE BREAD RIOT.

By DINAH MULOCK.

(From "John Halifax, Gentleman.")

[DINAH MARIA MULOCK (CRAIK), English novelist, was born at Stoke-upon-Trent in 1826; and began to write as a means of support for her widowed mother and two younger brothers. She was married in 1865 to George Lillie Craik, nephew of the famous Scottish author and professor of the same name. She published many books, the more famous of which are: "The Ogilvies" (1849), her first; "Agatha's Husband" (1852); "John Halifax, Gentleman" (1857); "A Life for a Life" (1859); "Young Mrs. Jardine"; "Mistress and Maid" (1863); "A Noble Life" (1866); "A Brave Lady" (1870); "Hannah" (1872), a "purpose novel" on the deceased wife's sister question; "The Little Lane Prince" (1874); "My Mother and I" (1874); "Plain Speaking" (1882); "Miss Tommy" (1884); and "King Arthur" (1886). She died in 1887.]

THE mill was a queer, musty, silent place, especially the machinery room, the sole flooring of which was the dark, dangerous stream. We stood there a good while—it was the safest place, having no windows. Then we followed my father to the top story, where he kept his bags of grain. There were very many; enough, in these times, to make a large fortune by,—a cursed fortune wrung out of human lives.

"Oh! how could my father ———"

"Hush!" whispered John, "he has *a son*, you know."

But while we stood, and with a meaning but rather grim smile Abel Fletcher counted his bags, worth almost as much as bags of gold, we heard a hammering at the door below. The rioters were come.

Miserable rioters! A handful of weak, starved men, pelting us with stones and words! One pistol shot might have routed them all, but my father was a man of peace. Small as

their force seemed, there was something at once formidable and pitiful in the low howl that reached us at times.

"Bring out the bags! Us mun have bread! Throw down thy corn, Abel Fletcher!"

"Abel Fletcher will throw it down to ye, ye knaves," said my father, leaning out of the upper window; while a sound, half-curses, half-cheers of triumph, answered him from below.

"That is well," exclaimed John, eagerly. "Thank you, thank you, Mr. Fletcher; I knew you would yield at last."

"Didst thee, lad?" said my father, stopping short.

"Not because they forced you, not to save your life, but because it was right."

"Help me with this bag," was all the reply.

It was a great weight, but not too great for John's young arm, nervous and strong. He hauled it up.

"Now open the window, — dash the panes through, — it matters not. On to the window, I tell thee."

"But if I do, the bag will fall into the river. You cannot, oh, no! you cannot mean that."

"Haul it up to the window, John Halifax."

But John remained immovable.

"I must do it myself, then;" and in the desperate effort he made, somehow the bag of grain fell, and fell on his lame foot. Tortured into frenzy with the pain, — or else, I will still believe, my old father would not have done such a deed, — his failing strength seemed doubled and trebled. In an instant more he had got the bag half through the window, and the next sound we heard was its heavy splash in the river below.

Flung into the river, the precious wheat, and in the very sight of the famished rioters! A howl of fury and despair arose. Some plunged into the water ere the eddies left by the falling mass had ceased; but it was too late. A sharp substance in the river's bed had cut the bag, and we saw thrown up to the surface, and whirled down the Avon, thousands of dancing grains. A few of the men swam or waded after them, clutching a handful here or there; but by the mill pool the river ran swift, and the wheat had all soon disappeared, except what remained in the bag when it was drawn on shore. Over even that they fought like demons.

We could not look at them — John and I. He put his hand over his eyes, muttering the name that, young man as he

was, I had never yet heard irreverently and thoughtlessly on his lips. It was a sight that would move any one to cry unto the Great Father of the human family.

Abel Fletcher sat on his remaining bags in an exhaustion that I think was not all physical pain. The paroxysm of anger past, he, ever a just man, could not fail to be struck with what he had done. He seemed subdued, even to something like remorse.

John looked at him, and looked away. For a minute he listened in silence to the shouting outside, and then turned to my father.

"Sir, you must come now. Not a second to lose; they will fire the mill next."

"Let them."

"Let them? and Phineas is here!"

My poor father! He rose at once.

We got him downstairs,—he was very lame,—his ruddy face all drawn and white with pain; but he did not speak one word of opposition, or utter a groan of complaint.

The flour mill was built on piles in the center of the narrow river. It was only a few steps of bridge work to either bank. The little door was on the Norton Bury side, and was hid from the opposite shore, where the rioters had now collected. In a minute we had crept forth and dashed out of sight in the narrow path which had been made from the mill to the tanyard.

"Will you take my arm? we must get on fast."

"Home?" said my father, in a strangely quiet tone, as John led him passively along.

"No, sir, not home; they are there before you. Your life's not safe an hour—unless, indeed, you get soldiers to guard it."

Abel Fletcher made a decisive, negative gesture. The stern old Quaker held to his principles still.

"Then you must hide for a time, both of you. Come to my room. You will be secure there. Urge him, Phineas, for your sake and his own."

But my poor, broken-down father needed no urging. Grasping more tightly both John's arm and mine, which for the first time in his life he leaned upon, he submitted to be led whither we chose. So, after this long interval of time, I once more stood in Sally Watkins' small attic, where, ever since I first brought him there, John Halifax had lived.

Sally knew not of our entrance ; she was out watching the rioters. No one saw us but Jem, and Jem's honor was as safe as a rock. I knew that in the smile with which he pulled off his cap to "Mr. Halifax."

"Now," said John, hastily smoothing his bed so that my father might lie down, and wrapping his cloak round me, "you must both be very still. You will likely have to spend the night here. Jem shall bring you a light and supper. You will make yourself easy, Abel Fletcher?"

"Ay." It was strange to see how decidedly, yet respectfully, John spoke, and how quietly my father answered.

"And Phineas," — he put his arm round my shoulder in his old way, — "you will take care of yourself. Are you any stronger than you were?"

I clasped his hand without reply.

"Now good-by ; I must be off."

"Whither?" said my father, rousing himself.

"To try and save the house and the tanyard ; I fear we must give up the mill. "No, don't hold me, Phineas. I run no risk ; everybody knows me. Besides, I am young. There ! see after your father. I shall come back in good time."

He grasped my hands warmly, then unloosed them ; and I heard his step descending the staircase. . . .

After midnight, — I know not how long, for I lost count of the hours by the abbey chimes, and our light had gone out, — after midnight I heard, by my father's breathing, that he was asleep. I was thankful to see it for his sake, and also for another reason.

I could not sleep ; all my faculties were preternaturally alive. My weak body and timid soul became strong and active, able to compass anything. For that one night, at least, I felt myself a man.

My father was a very sound sleeper. I knew nothing would disturb him till daylight, therefore my divided duty was at an end. I left him and crept downstairs into Sally Watkins' kitchen. It was silent ; only the faithful warder Jem dozed over the dull fire. I touched him on the shoulder, at which he collared me and nearly knocked me down.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Phineas ; hope I didn't hurt 'ee, sir?" cried he, all but whimpering ; for Jem, a big lad of fifteen, was the most tender-hearted fellow imaginable. "I thought it were some of them folk that Mr. Halifax ha' gone among."

"Where is Mr. Halifax?"

"Doan't know, sir; wish I did! wouldn't be long a finding out, though, on'y he says, 'Jem, you stop 'ere wi' they (pointing his thumb up the staircase). So, Master Phineas, I stop."

And Jem settled himself, with a doggedly obedient but most dissatisfied air, down by the fireplace. It was evident nothing would move him thence; so he was as safe a guard over my poor old father's slumber as the mastiff in the tanyard, who was as brave as a lion and as docile as a child. My last lingering hesitation ended.

"Jem, lend me your coat and hat; I'm going out into the town."

Jem was so astonished that he stood with open mouth, while I took the said garments from him and unbolted the door. At last it seemed to occur to him that he ought to intercept me.

"But, sir, Mr. Halifax said ——"

"I am going to look for Mr. Halifax."

And I escaped outside. Anything beyond his literal duty did not strike the faithful Jem. He stood on the doorsill and gazed after me with a hopeless expression.

"I s'pose you mun have your way, sir; but Mr. Halifax said, 'Jem, you stop y'ere' — and y'ere I stop."

He went in, and I heard him bolting the door with a sullen determination, as if he would have kept guard behind it — waiting for John — until doomsday.

I stole along the dark alley into the street. It was very silent. I need not have borrowed Jem's exterior in order to creep through a throng of maddened rioters. There was no sign of any such, except that under one of the three oil lamps that lit the night darkness of Norton Bury lay a few smouldering hanks of hemp, well resined. They, then, had thought of that dreadful engine of destruction, — fire. Had my terrors been true? Our house, and perhaps John within it!

On I ran, speeded by a dull murmur which I fancied I heard; but still there was no one in the street, — no one except the abbey watchman lounging in his box. I roused him, and asked if all was safe? where were the rioters?

"What rioters?"

"At Abel Fletcher's mill; they may be at his house now ——"

"Ay, I think they be."

"And will not one man in the town help him; no constables, no law?"

"Oh, he's a Quaker! the law don't help Quakers."

That was the truth, — the hard, grinding truth in those days. Liberty, justice, were idle names to Nonconformists of every kind; and all they knew of the glorious constitution of English law was when its iron hand was turned against them.

I had forgotten this; bitterly I remembered it now. So, wasting no more words, I flew along the churchyard until I saw, shining against the boles of the chestnut trees, a red light. It was one of the hempen torches. Now, at last, I had got in the midst of that small body of men, — "the rioters."

A mere handful they were, not above two score, apparently the relics of the band which had attacked the mill, joined with a few plow lads from the country round; but they were desperate. They had come up the Coltham road so quietly that, except this faint murmur, neither I nor any one in the town could have told they were near. Wherever they had been ransacking, as yet they had not attacked my father's house; it stood up on the other side the road, — barred, black, silent.

I heard a muttering: "Th' old man bean't there" — "Nobody knows where he be." No, thank God!

"Be us all y'ere?" said the man with the torch, holding it up so as to see round him. It was well then that I appeared as Jem Watkins. But no one noticed me, except one man, who skulked behind a tree, and of whom I was rather afraid, as he was apparently intent on watching.

"Ready, lads? Now for the rosin! Blaze 'un out."

But in the eager scuffle, the torch, the only one alight, was knocked down and trodden out. A volley of oaths arose, though whose fault it was no one seemed to know; but I missed my man from behind the tree, nor found him till after the angry throng had rushed on to the nearest lamp. One of them was left behind, standing close to our own railings. He looked around to see if none were by, and then sprang over the gate. Dark as it was, I thought I recognized him.

"John?"

"Phineas?" He was beside me in a bound. "How could you do ——"

"I could do anything to-night. But you are safe; no one has harmed you? Oh, thank God, you are not hurt!"

"Now, Phineas, we have not a minute's time. I must have you safe; we must get into the house."

"Who is there?"

"Jael; she is as good as a staff of constables; she has braved them once to-night, but they're back again, or will be directly."

"And the mill?"

"Safe, as yet; I have had three of the tanyard men there since yesterday morning, though your father did not know. I have been going to and fro all night between there and here, waiting till the rioters should come back from the Severn mills. Hist! there they are! — I say, Jael!"

He tapped at the window. In a few seconds Jael had unbarred the door, let us in, and closed it again securely, mounting guard behind it with something that looked very like my father's pistols, though I would not discredit her among our peaceful Society by positively stating the fact.

"Bravo!" said John, when we stood all together in the barricaded house and heard the threatening murmur of voices and feet outside. "Bravo, Jael! The wife of Heber the Kenite was no braver woman than you."

She looked gratified, and followed John obediently from room to room.

"I have done all as thee bade me; thee art a sensible lad, John Halifax. We are secure, I think."

Secure? bolts and bars secure against fire? for that was threatening us now.

"They can't mean it, — surely they can't mean it," repeated John, as the cry of "Burn 'un out!" rose louder and louder.

But they did mean it. From the attic window we watched them light torch after torch, sometimes throwing one at the house; but it fell harmless against the stanch oaken door, and blazed itself out on our stone steps. All it did was to show more plainly than even daylight had shown the gaunt, ragged forms and pinched faces, furious with famine.

John, as well as I, recoiled at that miserable sight.

"I'll speak to them," he said. "Unbar the window, Jael;" and before I could hinder, he was leaning right out. "Holloa, there!"

At his loud and commanding voice a wave of upturned faces surged forward, expectant.

"My men, do you know what you are about? To burn down a gentleman's house is — hanging."

There was a hush, and then a shout of derision.

"Not a Quaker's! nobody'll get hanged for burning out a Quaker!"

"That be true enough," muttered Jael, between her teeth. "We must e'en fight, as Mordecai's people fought, hand to hand, until they slew their enemies."

"Fight!" repeated John, half to himself, as he stood at the now closed window, against which more than one blazing torch began to rattle. "Fight with these? What are you doing, Jael?" For she had taken down a large book, the last book in the house she would have taken under less critical circumstances, and with it was trying to stop up a broken pane.

"No, my good Jael, not this;" and he carefully put back the volume in its place, — that volume in which he might have read, as day after day, and year after year, we Christians generally do read, such plain words as these: "Love your enemies; bless them that curse you; . . . pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you."

A minute or two John stood by the book shelves, thinking. Then he touched me on the shoulder.

"Phineas, I'm going to try a new plan, — at least, one so old that it's almost new. Whether it succeeds or no, you'll bear me witness to your father that I did for the best and did it because I thought it right. Now for it."

To my horror, he threw up the window wide, and leaned out.

"My men, I want to speak to you."

He might as well have spoken to the roaring sea. The only answer was a shower of missiles, which missed their aim. The rioters were too far off, our spiked iron railings, eight feet high or more, being a barrier which none had yet ventured to climb. But at length one random stone hit John on the chest.

I pulled him in, but he declared he was not hurt. Terrified, I implored him not to risk his life.

"Life is not always the first thing to be thought of," said he, gently. "Don't be afraid, I shall come to no harm. But I *must* do what I think right, if it is to be done."

While he spoke, I could hardly hear him for the bellowings outside. More savage still grew the cry.

"Burn 'em out! burn 'em out! they be only Quakers!"

"There's not a minute to lose, — stop, let me think, — Jael, is that a pistol?"

"Loaded," she said, handing it over to him with a kind of stern delight. Certainly Jael was not born to be a Friend.

John ran downstairs, and before I guessed his purpose had unbolted the hall door, and stood on the top of the flight of steps, in full view of the mob.

There was no bringing him back, so of course I followed. A pillar sheltered me; I do not think he saw me, though I stood close behind him.

So sudden had been his act, that even the rioters did not seem to have noticed or clearly understood it, till the next lighted torch showed them the young man standing there, with his back to the door — *outside* the door.

The sight fairly confounded them. Even I felt that for the moment he was safe. They were awed, nay, paralyzed, by his daring.

But the storm raged too fiercely to be lulled except for one brief minute. A confusion of voices burst out afresh.

"Who be thee?" — "It's one o' the Quakers." — "No, he bean't." — "Burn 'un, anyhow." — "Touch 'un, if ye dare."

There was evidently a division rising. One big man, who had made himself very prominent all along, seemed trying to calm the tumult.

John stood his ground. Once a torch was flung at him; he stooped and picked it up. I thought he was going to hurl it back again, but he did not; he only threw it down, and stamped it out safely with his foot. This simple action had a wonderful effect on the crowd.

The big fellow advanced to the gate, and called John by his name.

"Is that you, Jacob Baines? I am sorry to see you here."

"Be ye, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"Naught wi' thee. We wants Abel Fletcher. Where is 'un?"

"I shall certainly not tell you."

As John said this, again the noise arose, and again Jacob Baines seemed to have power to quiet the rest.

John Halifax never stirred. Evidently he was pretty well known. I caught many a stray sentence, such as "Don't hurt the lad." — "He were kind to my lad, he were." — "He be a

real gentleman." — "No, he comed here, as poor as us," and the like. At length, one voice, sharp and shrill, was heard above the rest.

"I zay, young man, didst ever know what it was to be pretty nigh vanished?"

"Ay, many a time."

The answer, so brief, so unexpected, struck a great hush into the throng. Then the same voice cried : —

"Speak up, man! we won't hurt 'ee! You be one o' we!"

"No, I am not one of you. I'd be ashamed to come in the night to burn my master's house down."

I expected an outbreak, but none came. They listened, as it were by compulsion, to the clear, manly voice that had not in it one shade of fear.

"What do you do it for?" John continued. "All because he would not sell you, or give you, his wheat. Even so; it was *his* wheat, not yours. May not a man do what he likes with his own?"

That argument seemed to strike home. There is always a lurking sense of rude justice in a mob,—at least a British mob.

"Don't you see how foolish you were? You tried threats, too. Now you all know Mr. Fletcher; you are his men—some of you. He is not a man to be threatened."

This seemed to be taken rather angrily; but John went on speaking, as if he did not observe the fact.

"Nor am I one to be threatened either. Look here—the first one of you who attempted to break into Mr. Fletcher's house I should most certainly have shot. But I'd rather not shoot you, poor, starving fellows! I know what it is to be hungry. I'm sorry for you,—sorry from the bottom of my heart."

There was no mistaking that compassionate accent, nor the murmur which followed it.

"But what must us do, Mr. Halifax?" cried Jacob Baines; "us be starved a'most. What's the good o' talking to we?"

John's countenance relaxed. I saw him lift his head and shake his hair back with that pleased gesture I remember so well of old. He went down to the locked gate.

"Suppose I give you something to eat, would you listen to me afterward?"

There rose up a frenzied shout of assent. Poor wretches ! they were fighting for no principle, true or false, only for bare life. They would have bartered their very souls for a mouthful of bread.

"You must promise to be peaceable," said John again, very resolutely, as soon as he could obtain a hearing. "You are Norton Bury folk. I know you. I could get every one of you hanged, even though Abel Fletcher is a Quaker. Mind, you'll be peaceable?"

"Ay, ay ! Some'at to eat ; give us some'at to eat."

John Halifax called out to Jael, bade her bring all the food of every kind that there was in the house, and give it to him out of the parlor window. She obeyed, — I marvel now to think of it, — but she implicitly obeyed. Only I heard her fix the bar to the closed front door, and go back with a strong, sharp sob to her station at the hall window.

"Now, my lads, come in !" and he unlocked the gate.

They came thronging up the steps, not more than two score, I imagined, in spite of the noise they had made. But two score of such famished, desperate men, God grant I may never again see !

John divided the food as well as he could among them ; they fell to it like wild beasts. Meat, cooked or raw, loaves, vegetables, meal, — all come alike, and were clutched, gnawed, and scrambled for, in the fierce selfishness of hunger. Afterward there was a call for drink.

"Water, Jael ; bring them water."

"Beer !" shouted some.

"Water," repeated John. "Nothing but water. I'll have no drunkards rioting at my master's door."

And either by chance or design, he let them hear the click of his pistol. But it was hardly needed. They were all cowed by a mightier weapon still, — the best weapon a man can use, — his own firm, indomitable will.

At length all the food we had in the house was consumed. John told them so, and they believed him. Little enough, indeed, was sufficient for some of them ; wasted with long famine, they turned sick and faint, and dropped down even with bread in their mouths, unable to swallow it. Others gorged themselves to the full, and then lay along the steps, supine as satisfied brutes. Only a few sat and ate like rational, human beings ; and there was but one, the little, shrill-voiced man,

who asked me if he might "tak' a bit o' bread to the old wench at home?"

John, hearing, turned, and for the first time noticed me.

"Phineas, it was very wrong of you; but there is no danger now."

No, there was none, — not even for Abel Fletcher's son. I stood safe by John's side, very happy, very proud.

"Well, my men," he said, looking round with a smile, "have you had enough to eat?"

"Oh, ay!" they all cried.

And one man added, "Thank the Lord!"

"That's right, Jacob Baines. And another time, *trust* the Lord. You wouldn't then have been abroad this summer morning" — and he pointed to the dawn just reddening in the sky — "this quiet, blessed summer morning, burning and rioting, bringing yourselves to the gallows, and your children to starvation."

"They be nigh that a'ready," said Jacob, sullenly. "Us men ha' gotten a meal, thankee for it; but what'll become o' the little 'uns at home? I say, Mr. Halifax," and he seemed waxing desperate again, "we must get food somehow."

John turned away, his countenance very sad. Another of the men plucked at him from behind.

"Sir, when thee was a poor lad, I lent thee a rug to sleep on; I doan't grudge 'ee getting on; you was born for a gentleman, sure-ly. But Master Fletcher be a hard man."

"And a just one," persisted John. "You that work for him, did he ever stint you of a halfpenny? If you had come to him and said, 'Master, times are hard, we can't live upon our wages,' he might — I don't say that he would — but he *might* even have given you the food you tried to steal."

"D'ye think he'd give it us now?" and Jacob Baines, the big, gaunt, savage fellow, who had been the ringleader, — the same, too, who had spoken of his "little 'uns," — came and looked steadily in John's face.

"I knew thee as a lad; thee'rt a young man now, as will be a father some o' these days. Oh! Mr. Halifax, may'ee ne'er want a meal o' good meat for the missus and the babbies at home, if ee'll get a bit o' bread for our'n this day."

"My man, I'll try."

He called me aside, explained to me, and asked my advice and consent, as Abel Fletcher's son, to a plan that had come

into his mind. It was to write orders, which each man presenting at our mill should receive a certain amount of flour.

"Do you think your father would agree?"

"I think he would."

"Yes," John added, pondering. "I am sure he would. And besides, if he does not give some, he may lose all. But he would not do it for fear of that. No, he is a just man—I am not afraid. Give me some paper, Jael."

He sat down as composedly as if he had been alone in the counting house, and wrote. I looked over his shoulder, admiring his clear, firm handwriting, the precision, concentrativeness, and quickness with which he first seemed to arrange and then execute his ideas. He possessed to the full that "business" faculty so frequently despised, but which, out of very ordinary material, often makes a clever man, and without which the cleverest man alive can never be altogether a great man.

When about to sign the orders, John suddenly stopped. "No; I had better not."

"Why so?"

"I have no right; your father might think it presumption."

"Presumption? after to-night!"

"Oh, that's nothing! Take the pen. It is your part to sign them, Phineas."

I obeyed.

"Isn't that better than hanging?" said John to the men, when he had distributed the little bits of paper—precious as pound notes—and made them all fully understand the same. "Why, there isn't another gentleman in Norton Bury who, if you had come to burn *his* house down, would not have had the constables or the soldiers, have shot down one half of you like mad dogs, and sent the other half to the county jail. Now, for all your misdoings, we let you go quietly home, well fed, and with food for children too. *Why*, think you?"

"I don't know," said Jacob Baines, humbly.

"I'll tell you. Because Abel Fletcher is a Quaker and a Christian."

"Hurrah for Abel Fletcher! hurrah for the Quakers!" shouted they, waking up the echoes down Norton Bury streets, which, of a surety, had never echoed *that* shout before. And so the riot was over.

John Halifax closed the hall door and came in, unsteadily,

all but staggering. Jael placed a chair for him, — worthy soul ! she was wiping her old eyes. He sat down, shivering, speechless. I put my hand on his shoulder ; he took it, and pressed it hard.

“ Oh ! Phineas, lad, I’m glad ; glad it’s safe over.”

“ Yes, thank God ! ”

“ Ay, indeed ; thank God ! ”

He covered his eyes for a minute or two, and then rose up pale, but quite himself again.

“ Now let us go and fetch your father home.”

We found him on John’s bed, still asleep. But as we entered he woke. The daylight shone on his face ; it looked ten years older since yesterday. He stared, bewildered and angry, at John Halifax.

“ Eh, young man — oh ! I remember. Where is my son — where’s my Phineas ? ”

I fell on his neck as if I had been a child. And almost as if it had been a child’s feeble head, mechanically he smoothed and patted mine.

“ Thee art not hurt ? Nor any one ? ”

“ No,” John answered ; “ nor is either the house or the tanyard injured.”

He looked amazed. “ How has that been ? ”

“ Phineas will tell you. Or, stay, better wait till you are at home.”

But my father insisted on hearing. I told the whole, without any comments on John’s behavior ; he would not have liked it, and, besides, the facts spoke for themselves. I told the simple, plain story — nothing more.

Abel Fletcher listened at first in silence. As I proceeded, he felt about for his hat, put it on, and drew its broad brim close down over his eyes. Not even when I told him of the flour we had promised in his name, the giving of which would, as we had calculated, cost him considerable loss, did he utter a word or move a muscle.

John at length asked him if he were satisfied.

“ Quite satisfied.”

But having said this, he sat so long, his hands locked together on his knees, and his hat drawn down, hiding all the face except the rigid mouth and chin — sat so long, so motionless, that we became uneasy.

John spoke to him gently, almost as a son would have spoken.

"Are you very lame still? Could I help you to walk home?"

My father looked up, and slowly held out his hand.

"Thee hast been a good lad, and a kind lad to us. I thank thee."

There was no answer—none. But all the words in the world could not match that happy silence.



MRS. PROUDIE'S RECEPTION.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

(From "Barchester Towers.")

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE: An English novelist; born in London, April 24, 1815; died December 6, 1882. He assisted in establishing the *Fortnightly Review* (1865). Among his works are: "The Macdermots of Ballycloran" (1847); "The Kellys and the O'Kellys" (1848); "La Vendée" (1850); "The Warden" (1855); "Barchester Towers" (1857); "Doctor Thorne" (1858); "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," a book of travel (1859); "Castle Richmond" (1860); "Orley Farm" (1861-1862); "Framley Parsonage" (1861); "Tales of All Countries" (1861-1863); "North America," travels (1862); "Rachel Ray" (1863); "The Small House at Allington" (1864); "Can You Forgive Her?" (1864); "Miss Mackenzie" (1865); "The Last Chronicle of Barset" (1867); "Linda Tressel" (1868); "Phineas Finn" (1869); "The Vicar of Bullhampton" (1870); "Phineas Redux" (1873); "Lady Anna" (1874); "The Prime Minister" (1875); "The American Senator" (1877); "Is He Popenjoy?" (1878); "Thackeray," in *English Men of Letters* (1879); "Life of Cicero" (1880); "Ayala's Angel" (1881); "Mr. Scarborough's Family" (1882); "The Landleaguers," unfinished (1882); "An Old Man's Love" (1884).]

THE tickets of invitation were sent out from London. They were dated from Bruton Street, and were dispatched by the odious Sabbath-breaking railway, in a huge brown-paper parcel to Mr. Slope. Everybody calling himself a gentleman, or herself a lady, within the city of Barchester, and a circle of two miles round it, was included.

And now the day of the party had arrived. The bishop and his wife came down from town only on the morning of the eventful day, as behooved such great people to do; but Mr. Slope had toiled day and night to see that everything should be in right order. There had been much to do. No company had been seen in the palace since heaven knows when. New furniture had been required, new pots and pans,

new cups and saucers, new dishes and plates. Mrs. Proudie had at first declared that she would condescend to nothing so vulgar as eating and drinking; but Mr. Slope had talked, or rather written, her out of economy! Bishops should be given to hospitality, and hospitality meant eating and drinking. So the supper was conceded; the guests, however, were to stand as they consumed it.

People were to arrive at ten, supper was to last from twelve till one, and at half-past one everybody was to be gone. Carriages were to come in at the gate in the town and depart at the gate outside. They were desired to take up at a quarter before one. It was managed excellently, and Mr. Slope was invaluable.

At half-past nine the bishop and his wife and their three daughters entered the great reception room, and very grand and very solemn they were. Mr. Slope was downstairs giving the last orders about the wine. He well understood that curates and country vicars with their belongings did not require so generous an article as the dignitaries of the close. There is a useful gradation in such things, and Marsala at 20s. a dozen did very well for the exterior supplementary tables in the corner.

"Bishop," said the lady, as his lordship sat himself down, "don't sit on that sofa, if you please; it is to be kept separate for a lady."

The bishop jumped up and seated himself on a cane-bottomed chair. "A lady?" he inquired meekly; "do you mean one particular lady, my dear?"

"Yes, bishop, one particular lady," said his wife, disdaining to explain.

"She has got no legs, papa," said the youngest daughter, tittering.

"No legs!" said the bishop, opening his eyes.

"Nonsense, Netta, what stuff you talk," said Olivia. "She has got legs, but she can't use them. She has always to be kept lying down, and three or four men carry her about everywhere."

"Laws, how odd!" said Augusta. "Always carried about by four men! I'm sure I shouldn't like it. Am I right behind, mamma? I feel as if I was open;" and she turned her back to her anxious parent.

"Open! to be sure you are," said she, "and a yard of petticoat strings hanging out. I don't know why I pay such high

wages to Mrs. Richards, if she can't take the trouble to see whether or no you are fit to be looked at;" and Mrs. Proudie poked the strings here, and twitched the dress there, and gave her daughter a shove and a shake, and then pronounced it all right.

"But," rejoined the bishop, who was dying with curiosity about the mysterious lady and her legs, "who is it that is to have the sofa? What's her name, Netta?"

A thundering rap at the front door interrupted the conversation. Mrs. Proudie stood up and shook herself gently, and touched her cap on each side as she looked in the mirror. Each of the girls stood on tiptoe, and rearranged the bows on their bosoms; and Mr. Slope rushed upstairs three steps at a time.

"But who is it, Netta?" whispered the bishop to his youngest daughter.

"La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni," whispered back the daughter; "and mind you don't let any one sit upon the sofa."

"La Signora Madeline Vicinironi!" muttered, to himself, the bewildered prelate. Had he been told that the Begum of Oude was to be there, or Queen Pomara of the Western Isles, he could not have been more astonished. La Signora Madeline Vicinironi, who, having no legs to stand on, had bespoken a sofa in his drawing-room! Who could she be? He, however, could now make no further inquiry, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope were announced.

The bishop was all smiles for the prebendary's wife, and the bishop's wife was all smiles for the prebendary. Mr. Slope was presented, and was delighted to make the acquaintance of one of whom he had heard so much. The doctor bowed very low, and then looked as though he could not return the compliment as regarded Mr. Slope, of whom, indeed, he had heard nothing. The doctor, in spite of his long absence, knew an English gentleman when he saw him.

And then the guests came in shoals. Mr. and Mrs. Quiverful and their three grown daughters. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick and their three daughters. The burly chancellor and his wife and clerical son from Oxford. The meager little doctor without incumbrance. Mr. Harding with Eleanor and Miss Bold. The dean leaning on a gaunt spinster, his only child now living with him, a lady very learned in stones, ferns, plants, and vermin, and who had written a book about petals. A wonderful

woman in her way was Miss Trefoil. Mr. Finney, the attorney, with his wife, was to be seen, much to the dismay of many who had never met him in a drawing-room before. The five Barchester doctors were all there, and old Scalpen, the retired apothecary and tooth drawer, who was first taught to consider himself as belonging to the higher orders by the receipt of the bishop's card. Then came the archdeacon and his wife, with their elder daughter Griselda, a slim, pale, retiring girl of seventeen, who kept close to her mother, and looked out on the world with quiet, watchful eyes, one who gave promise of much beauty when time should have ripened it.

And so the rooms became full, and knots were formed, and every newcomer paid his respects to my lord and passed on, not presuming to occupy too much of the great man's attention. The archdeacon shook hands very heartily with Dr. Stanhope, and Mrs. Grantly seated herself by the doctor's wife. And Mrs. Proudie moved about with well-regulated grace, measuring out the quantity of her favors to the quality of her guests, just as Mr. Slope had been doing with the wine. But the sofa was still empty, and five and twenty ladies and five gentlemen had been courteously warned off it by the mindful chaplain.

"Why doesn't she come?" said the bishop to himself. His mind was so preoccupied with the Signora that he hardly remembered how to behave himself as a bishop should do.

At last a carriage dashed up to the hall steps with a very different manner of approach from that of any other vehicle that had been there that evening. A perfect commotion took place. The doctor, who had heard it as he was standing in the drawing-room, knew that his daughter was coming, and retired into the furthest corner, where he might not see her entrance. Mrs. Proudie perked herself up, feeling that some important piece of business was in hand. The bishop was instinctively aware that La Signora Vicinironi was come at last; and Mr. Slope hurried into the hall to give his assistance.

He was, however, nearly knocked down and trampled on by the cortège that he encountered on the hall steps. He got himself picked up as well as he could, and followed the cortège upstairs. The Signora was carried head foremost, her head being the care of her brother and an Italian manservant who was accustomed to the work; her feet were in the care of the lady's maid and the lady's Italian page; and Charlotte Stanhope followed to see that all was done with due grace and

decorum. In this manner they climbed easily into the drawing-room, and a broad way through the crowd having been opened, the Signora rested safely on her couch. She had sent a servant beforehand to learn whether it was a right or a left hand sofa, for it required that she should dress accordingly, particularly as regarded her bracelets.

And very becoming her dress was. It was white velvet, without any other garniture than rich white lace worked with pearls across her bosom, and the same round the armlets of her dress. Across her brow she wore a band of red velvet, on the center of which shone a magnificent Cupid in mosaic, the tints of whose wings were of the most lovely azure, and the color of his chubby cheeks the clearest pink. On the one arm which her position required her to expose she wore three magnificent bracelets, each of different stones. Beneath her on the sofa, and over the cushion and head of it, was spread a crimson silk mantle or shawl, which went under her whole body and concealed her feet. Dressed as she was and looking as she did, so beautiful and yet so motionless, with the pure brilliancy of her white dress brought out and strengthened by the color beneath it, with that lovely head, and those large, bold, bright, staring eyes, it was impossible that either man or woman should do other than look at her.

Neither man nor woman for some minutes did do other.

Her bearers too were worthy of note. The three servants were Italian, and though perhaps not peculiar in their own country, were very much so in the palace at Barchester. The man especially attracted notice, and created a doubt in the mind of some whether he were a friend or a domestic. The same doubt was felt as to Ethelbert. The man was attired in a loose-fitting, common black cloth morning coat. He had a jaunty, fat, well-pleased clean face, on which no atom of beard appeared, and he wore round his neck a loose black silk neck handkerchief. The bishop essayed to make him a bow, but the man, who was well trained, took no notice of him, and walked out of the room quite at his ease, followed by the woman and the boy.

Ethelbert Stanhope was dressed in light blue from head to foot. He had on the loosest possible blue coat, cut square like a shooting coat, and very short. It was lined with silk of azure blue. He had on a blue satin waistcoat, a blue neck handkerchief, which was fastened beneath his throat with a

coral ring, and very loose blue trousers which almost concealed his feet. His soft, glossy beard was softer and more glossy than ever.

The bishop, who had made one mistake, thought that he also was a servant, and therefore tried to make way for him to pass. But Ethelbert soon corrected the error.

"Bishop of Barchester, I presume?" said Bertie Stanhope, putting out his hand frankly; "I am delighted to make your acquaintance. We are in rather close quarters here, a'n't we?"

In truth they were. They had been crowded up behind the head of the sofa,—the bishop in waiting to receive his guest, and the other in carrying her; and they now had hardly room to move themselves.

The bishop gave his hand quickly, and made his little studied bow, and was delighted to make — He couldn't go on, for he did not know whether his friend was a signor, or a count, or a prince.

"My sister really puts you all to great trouble," said Bertie.

"Not at all!" The bishop was delighted to have the opportunity of welcoming the Signora Vicinironi,—so at least he said,—and attempted to force his way round to the front of the sofa. He had, at any rate, learnt that his strange guests were brother and sister. The man, he presumed, must be Signor Vicinironi,—or count, or prince, as it might be. It was wonderful what good English he spoke. There was just a twang of foreign accent, and no more.

"Do you like Barchester on the whole?" asked Bertie.

The bishop, looking dignified, said that he did like Barchester.

"You've not been here very long, I believe," said Bertie.

"No,—not long," said the bishop, and tried again to make his way between the back of the sofa and a heavy rector, who was staring over it at the grimaces of the Signora.

"You weren't a bishop before, were you?"

Dr. Proudie explained that this was the first diocese he had held.

"Ah,—I thought so," said Bertie; "but you are changed about sometimes, a'n't you?"

"Translations are occasionally made," said Dr. Proudie; "but not so frequently as in former days."

"They've cut them all down to pretty nearly the same figure, haven't they?" said Bertie.

To this the bishop could not bring himself to make any answer, but again attempted to move the rector.

"But the work, I suppose, is different?" continued Bertie. "Is there much to do here, at Barchester?" This was said exactly in the tone that a young Admiralty clerk might use in asking the same question of a brother acolyte at the Treasury.

"The work of a bishop of the Church of England," said Dr. Proudie, with considerable dignity, "is not easy. The responsibility which he has to bear is very great indeed."

"Is it?" said Bertie, opening wide his wonderful blue eyes. "Well, I never was afraid of responsibility. I once had thoughts of being a bishop, myself."

"Had thoughts of being a bishop!" said Dr. Proudie, much amazed.

"That is, a parson, — a parson first, you know, and a bishop afterwards. If I had once begun, I'd have stuck to it. But, on the whole, I like the Church of Rome the best." The bishop could not discuss the point, so he remained silent. "Now, there's my father," continued Bertie; "he hasn't stuck to it. I fancy he didn't like saying the same thing over so often. By the bye, Bishop, have you seen my father?"

The bishop was more amazed than ever. Had he seen his father? "No," he replied; "he had not yet had the pleasure; he hoped he might;" and, as he said so, he resolved to bear heavy on that fat, immovable rector, if ever he had the power of doing so.

"He's in the room somewhere," said Bertie, "and he'll turn up soon. By the bye do you know much about the Jews?"

At last the bishop saw a way out. "I beg your pardon," said he, "but I'm forced to go round the room."

"Well, — I believe I'll follow in your wake," said Bertie. "Terribly hot, — isn't it?" This he addressed to the fat rector, with whom he had brought himself into the closest contact. "They've got this sofa into the worst possible part of the room. Suppose we move it. Take care, Madeline."

The sofa had certainly been so placed that those who were behind it found great difficulty in getting out; — there was but a narrow gangway, which one person could stop. This was a bad arrangement, and one which Bertie thought it might be well to improve.

"Take care, Madeline," said he ; and turning to the fat rector added, "just help me with a slight push."

The rector's weight was resting on the sofa, and unwittingly lent all its impetus to accelerate and increase the motion which Bertie intentionally originated. The sofa rushed from its moorings, and ran halfway into the middle of the room. Mrs. Proudie was standing with Mr. Slope in front of the Signora, and had been trying to be condescending and sociable ; but she was not in the very best of tempers ; for she found that, whenever she spoke to the lady, the lady replied by speaking to Mr. Slope. Mr. Slope was a favorite, no doubt ; but Mrs. Proudie had no idea of being less thought of than the chaplain. She was beginning to be stately, stiff, and offended when unfortunately the castor of the sofa caught itself in her lace train, and carried away there is no saying how much of her garniture. Gathers were heard to go, stitches to crack, plaits to fly open, flounces were seen to fall, and breadths to expose themselves. A long ruin of rent lace disfigured the carpet, and still clung to the vile wheel on which the sofa moved.

We know what was the wrath of Juno when her beauty was despised. We know to what storms of passion even celestial minds can yield. As Juno may have looked at Paris on Mount Ida, so did Mrs. Proudie look on Ethelbert Stanhope when he pushed the leg of the sofa into her lace train.

"Oh, you idiot, Bertie !" said the Signora, seeing what had been done, and what were to be the consequences.

"Idiot !" reëchoed Mrs. Proudie, as though the word were not half strong enough to express the required meaning ; "I'll let him know —— ;" and then looking round to learn, at a glance, the worst, she saw that at present it behooved her to collect the scattered débris of her dress.

Bertie, when he saw what he had done, rushed over the sofa, and threw himself on one knee before the offended lady. His object, doubtless, was to liberate the torn lace from the castor ; but he looked as though he were imploring pardon from a goddess.

"Unhand it, sir !" said Mrs. Proudie. From what scrap of dramatic poetry she had extracted the word cannot be said ; but it must have rested on her memory, and now seemed opportunely dignified for the occasion.

"I'll fly to the looms of the fairies to repair the damage, if you'll only forgive me," said Ethelbert, still on his knees.

"Unhand it, sir!" said Mrs. Proudie, with redoubled emphasis and all but furious wrath. This allusion to the fairies was a direct mockery, and intended to turn her into ridicule. So at least it seemed to her. "Unhand it, sir!" she almost screamed.

"It's not me; it's the cursed sofa," said Bertie, looking imploringly in her face, and holding up both his hands to show that he was not touching her belongings, but still remaining on his knees.

Hereupon the Signora laughed; not loud, indeed, but yet audibly. And as the tigress bereft of her young will turn with equal anger on any within reach, so did Mrs. Proudie turn upon her female guest.

"Madam!" she said, — and it is beyond the power of prose to tell of the fire which flashed from her eyes.

The Signora stared her full in the face for a moment, and then turning to her brother said playfully, "Bertie, you idiot, get up."

By this time the bishop, and Mr. Slope, and her three daughters were around her, and had collected together the wide ruins of her magnificence. The girls fell into circular rank behind their mother, and thus following her and carrying out the fragments, they left the reception rooms in a manner not altogether devoid of dignity. Mrs. Proudie had to retire and rearray herself.

As soon as the constellation had swept by, Ethelbert rose from his knees, and turning with mock anger to the fat rector, said: "After all, it was your doing, sir — not mine. But perhaps you are waiting for preferment, and so I bore it."

Whereupon there was a laugh against the fat rector, in which both the bishop and the chaplain joined; and thus things got themselves again into order.

"Oh! my lord, I am so sorry for this accident," said the Signora, putting out her hand so as to force the bishop to take it. "My brother is so thoughtless. Pray sit down, and let me have the pleasure of making your acquaintance. Though I am so poor a creature as to want a sofa, I am not so selfish as to require it all." Madeline could always dispose herself so as to make room for a gentleman, though, as she declared, the crinoline of her lady friends was much too bulky to be so accommodated.

"It was solely for the pleasure of meeting you that I have

had myself dragged here," she continued. "Of course, with your occupation, one cannot even hope that you should have time to come to us; that is, in the way of calling. And at your English dinner parties all is so dull and so stately. Do you know, my lord, that in coming to England my only consolation has been the thought that I should know you." And she looked at him with the look of a she-devil.

The bishop, however, thought that she looked very like an angel, and, accepting the proffered seat, sat down beside her. He uttered some platitude as to his deep obligation for the trouble she had taken, and wondered more and more who she was.

"Of course you know my sad story?" she continued.

The bishop didn't know a word of it. He knew, however, or thought he knew, that she couldn't walk into a room like other people, and so made the most of that. He put on a look of ineffable distress, and said that he was aware how God had afflicted her.

The Signora just touched the corner of her eyes with the most lovely of pocket handkerchiefs. Yes, she said, — she had been sorely tried, — tried, she thought, beyond the common endurance of humanity; but while her child was left to her, everything was left. "Oh! my lord!" she exclaimed, "you must see that infant, — the last bud of a wondrous tree. You must let a mother hope that you will lay your holy hands on her innocent head, and consecrate her for female virtues. May I hope it?" said she, looking into the bishop's eye, and touching the bishop's arm with her hand.

The bishop was but a man, and said she might. After all, what was it but a request that he would confirm her daughter? — a request, indeed, very unnecessary to make, as he should do so as a matter of course, if the young lady came forward in the usual way.

"The blood of Tiberius," said the Signora, in all but a whisper; "the blood of Tiberius flows in her veins. She is the last of the Neros!"

The bishop had heard of the last of the Visigoths, and had floating in his brain some indistinct idea of the last of the Mohicans, but to have the last of the Neros thus brought before him for a blessing was very staggering. Still he liked the lady. She had a proper way of thinking, and talked with more propriety than her brother. But who were they? It

was now quite clear that that blue madman with the silky beard was not a Prince Vicinironi. The lady was married, and was of course one of the Vicinironis by right of the husband. So the bishop went on learning.

"When will you see her?" said the Signora, with a start.

"See whom?" said the bishop.

"My child," said the mother.

"What is the young lady's age?" asked the bishop.

"She is just seven," said the Signora.

"Oh," said the bishop, shaking his head, "she is much too young; — very much too young."

"But in sunny Italy, you know, we do not count by years," and the Signora gave the bishop one of her very sweetest smiles.

"But, indeed, she is a great deal too young," persisted the bishop; "we never confirm before ——"

"But you might speak to her; you might let her hear from your consecrated lips that she is not a castaway because she is a Roman; that she may be a Nero and yet a Christian; that she may owe her black locks and dark cheeks to the blood of the pagan Cæsars, and yet herself be a child of grace. You will tell her this, won't you, my friend?"

The friend said he would, and asked if the child could say her catechism.

"No," said the Signora, "I would not allow her to learn lessons such as those in a land ridden over by priests, and polluted by the idolatry of Rome. It is here, here in Barchester, that she must first be taught to lisp those holy words. Oh, that you could be her instructor!"

Now, Dr. Proudie certainly liked the lady, but, seeing that he was a bishop, it was not probable that he was going to instruct a little girl in the first rudiments of her catechism! So he said he'd send a teacher.

"But you'll see her yourself, my lord?"

The bishop said he would, but where should he call?

"At papa's house," said the Signora, with an air of some little surprise at the question.

The bishop actually wanted the courage to ask her who was her papa; so he was forced at last to leave her without fathoming the mystery. Mrs. Proudie, in her second best, had now returned to the rooms, and her husband thought it as well that he should not remain in too close conversation with the lady

whom his wife appeared to hold in such slight esteem. Presently he came across his youngest daughter.

"Netta," said he, "do you know who is the father of Signora Vicinironi?"

"It isn't Vicinironi, papa," said Netta; "but Vesey Neroni, and she's Dr. Stanhope's daughter. But I must go and do the civil to Griselda Grantly; I declare, nobody has spoken a word to the poor girl this evening."

Dr. Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope! Dr. Vesey Stanhope's daughter, of whose marriage with a dissolute Italian scamp he now remembered to have heard something! And that impertinent blue cub who had examined him as to his Episcopal bearings was old Stanhope's son, and the lady who had entreated him to come and teach her child the catechism was old Stanhope's daughter! the daughter of one of his own prebendaries! As these things flashed across his mind, he was nearly as angry as his wife had been. Nevertheless, he could not but own that the mother of the last of the Neros was an agreeable woman.

Mr. Slope in the mean time had taken the seat which the bishop had vacated on the Signora's sofa, and remained with that lady till it was time to marshal the folks to supper. Not with contented eyes had Mrs. Proudie seen this. Had not this woman laughed at her distress, and had not Mr. Slope heard it? Was she not an intriguing Italian woman, half wife and half not, full of affectation, airs, and impudence? Was she not horribly bedizened with velvet and pearls, with velvet and pearls, too, which had not been torn off her back? Above all, did she not pretend to be more beautiful than her neighbors? To say that Mrs. Proudie was jealous would give a wrong idea of her feelings. She had not the slightest desire that Mr. Slope should be in love with herself. But she desired the incense of Mr. Slope's spiritual and temporal services, and did not choose that they should be turned out of their course to such an object as Signora Neroni. She considered also that Mr. Slope ought in duty to hate the Signora; and it appeared from his manner that he was very far from hating her.

"Come, Mr. Slope," she said, sweeping by, and looking all that she felt, "can't you make yourself useful? Do pray take Mrs. Grantly down to supper."

Mrs. Grantly heard and escaped. The words were hardly

out of Mrs. Proudie's mouth, before the intended victim had stuck her hand through the arm of one of her husband's curates and saved herself. What would the archdeacon have said had he seen her walking downstairs with Mr. Slope?

Mr. Slope heard also, but was by no means so obedient as was expected. Indeed, the period of Mr. Slope's obedience to Mrs. Proudie was drawing to a close. He did not wish yet to break with her, nor to break with her at all, if it could be avoided. But he intended to be master in that palace, and as she had made the same resolution it was not improbable that they might come to blows.

Before leaving the Signora he arranged a little table before her, and begged to know what he should bring her. She was quite indifferent, she said, — nothing, — anything. It was now she felt the misery of her position, now that she must be left alone. Well, a little chicken, some ham, and a glass of champagne.

Mr. Slope had to explain, not without blushing for his patron, that there was no champagne.

Sherry would do just as well. And then Mr. Slope descended with the learned Miss Trefoil on his arm. Could she tell him, he asked, whether the ferns of Barsestshire were equal to those of Cumberland? His strongest worldly passion was for ferns, — and before she could answer him he left her wedged between the door and the sideboard. It was fifty minutes before she escaped, and even then unfed.

"You are not leaving us, Mr. Slope," said the watchful lady of the house, seeing her slave escaping towards the door, with stores of provisions held high above the heads of the guests.

Mr. Slope explained that the Signora Neroni was in want of her supper.

"Pray, Mr. Slope, let her brother take it to her," said Mrs. Proudie, quite out loud. "It is out of the question that you should be so employed. Pray, Mr. Slope, oblige me. I am sure Mr. Stanhope will wait upon his sister."

Ethelbert was most agreeably occupied in the furthest corner of the room, making himself both useful and agreeable to Mrs. Proudie's youngest daughter.

"I couldn't get out, madam, if Madeline were starving for her supper," said he; "I'm physically fixed, unless I could fly."

The lady's anger was increased by seeing that her daughter also had gone over to the enemy; and when she saw that in spite of her remonstrances, in the teeth of her positive orders, Mr. Slope went off to the drawing-room, the cup of her indignation ran over, and she could not restrain herself. "Such manners I never saw," she said, muttering. "I cannot and will not permit it;" and then, after fussing and fuming for a few minutes, she pushed her way through the crowd and followed Mr. Slope.

When she reached the room above, she found it absolutely deserted, except by the guilty pair. The Signora was sitting very comfortably up to her supper, and Mr. Slope was leaning over her and administering to her wants. They had been discussing the merits of Sabbath-day schools, and the lady had suggested that as she could not possibly go to the children, she might be indulged in the wish of her heart by having the children brought to her.

"And when shall it be, Mr. Slope?" said she.

Mr. Slope was saved the necessity of committing himself to a promise by the entry of Mrs. Proudie. She swept close up to the sofa so as to confront the guilty pair, and stared full at them for a moment, and then said as she passed on to the next room, "Mr. Slope, his lordship is especially desirous of your attendance below; you will greatly oblige me if you will join him." And so she stalked on.

Mr. Slope muttered something in reply, and prepared to go downstairs. As for the bishop's wanting him, he knew his lady patroness well enough to take that assertion at what it was worth; but he did not wish to make himself the hero of a scene, or to become conspicuous for more gallantry than the occasion required.

"Is she always like this?" said the Signora.

"Yes, — always, — madam," said Mrs. Proudie, returning; "always the same, — always equally adverse to impropriety of conduct of every description;" and she stalked back through the room again, following Mr. Slope out of the door.

The Signora couldn't follow her, or she certainly would have done so. But she laughed loud, and sent the sound of it ringing through the lobby and down the stairs after Mrs. Proudie's feet. Had she been as active as Grimaldi she could probably have taken no better revenge.

"Mr. Slope," said Mrs. Proudie, catching the delinquent at

the door, "I am surprised that you should leave my company to attend on such a painted Jezebel as that."

"But she's lame, Mrs. Proudie, and cannot move. Somebody must have waited upon her."

"Lame," said Mrs. Proudie; "I'd lame her if she belonged to me. What business had she here at all?—such impertinence—such affectation."

In the hall and adjacent rooms all manner of cloaking and shawling was going on, and the Barchester folk were getting themselves gone. Mrs. Proudie did her best to smirk at each and every one, as they made their adieux, but she was hardly successful. Her temper had been tried fearfully. By slow degrees, the guests went.

"Send back the carriage quick," said Ethelbert, as Dr. and Mrs. Stanhope took their departure.

The younger Stanhopes were left till the very last, and an uncomfortable party they made with the bishop's family. They all went into the dining room, and then, the bishop observing that "the lady" was alone in the drawing-room, they followed him up. Mrs. Proudie kept Mr. Slope and her daughters in close conversation, resolving that he should not be indulged, nor they polluted. The bishop, in mortal dread of Bertie and the Jews, tried to converse with Charlotte Stanhope about the climate of Italy. Bertie and the Signora had no resource but in each other.

"Did you get your supper at last, Madeline?" said the impudent or else mischievous young man.

"Oh, yes," said Madeline; "Mr. Slope was so very kind as to bring it me. I fear, however, he put himself to more inconvenience than I wished."

Mrs. Proudie looked at her, but said nothing. The meaning of her look might have been thus translated: "If ever you find yourself within these walls again, I'll give you leave to be as impudent, and affected, and as mischievous as you please."

At last the carriage returned with the three Italian servants, and La Signora Madeline Vesey Neroni was carried out, as she had been carried in.

The lady of the palace retired to her chamber by no means contented with the result of her first grand party at Barchester.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE.

["CUTHBERT BEDE" was the pseudonym of Rev. Edward Bradley ; born in 1827 at Kidderminster, England ; died 1889. He was rector of several churches, and wrote many books, of which the one here cited (1855) is the only one well known.]

HE GOES TO CHAPEL.

VERDANT found his bedroom inconveniently small ; so contracted, indeed, in its dimensions, that his toilet was not completed without his elbows having first suffered severe abrasions. His mechanical turnip showed him that he had no time to lose ; and the furious ringing of a bell, whose noise was echoed by the bells of other colleges, made him dress with a rapidity quite unusual, and hurry downstairs and across quad. to the chapel steps, up which a throng of students were hastening. Nearly all betrayed symptoms of having been aroused from their sleep without having had any spare time for an elaborate toilet ; and many indeed were completing it, by thrusting themselves into surplices and gowns as they hurried up the steps.

Mr. Fosbrooke was one of these ; and when he saw Verdant close to him, he benevolently recognized him, and said : " Let me put you up to a wrinkle. When they ring you up sharp for chapel, don't you lose any time about your absolutions — washing, you know ; but just jump into a pair of bags and Wellingtons, clap a topcoat on you and button it up to the chin, and there you are, ready dressed in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Before Mr. Verdant Green could at all comprehend why a person should jump into two bags, instead of dressing himself in the normal manner, they went through the antechapel, or " Court of the Gentiles," as Mr. Fosbrooke termed it, and entered the choir of the chapel through a screen elaborately decorated in the Jacobean style, with pillars and arches, and festoons of fruit and flowers, and bells and pomegranates. On either side of the door were two men, who quickly glanced at each one who passed, and as quickly pricked a mark against his name on the chapel lists. As the freshman went by, they made a careful study of his person, and took mental daguerreotypes of his features. Seeing no beadle or pew opener (or, for the matter of that, any pews) or any one to direct him to

a place, Mr. Verdant Green quietly took a seat in the first place that he found empty, which happened to be the stall on the right hand of the door. Unconscious of the trespass he was committing, he at once put his cap to his face and knelt down; but he had no sooner risen from his knees, than he found an imposing-looking Don, as large as life and quite as natural, who was staring at him with the greatest astonishment, and motioning him to immediately "come out of that!" This our hero did with the greatest speed and confusion, and sank breathless on the end of the nearest bench; when just as, in his agitation, he had again said his prayer, the service fortunately commenced, and somewhat relieved him of his embarrassment.

Although he had the glories of Magdalen, Merton, and New College chapels fresh in his mind, yet Verdant was considerably impressed with the solemn beauties of his own college chapel. He admired its harmonious proportions, and the elaborate carving of its decorated tracery. He noted everything: the great eagle that seemed to be spreading its wings for an upward flight, the pavement of black and white marble, the dark canopied stalls, rich with the later work of Grinling Gibbons, the elegant tracery of the windows; and he lost himself in a solemn reverie as he looked up at the saintly forms through which the rays of the morning sun streamed in rainbow tints.

But the lesson had just begun; and the man on Verdant's right appeared to be attentively following it. Our freshman, however, could not help seeing the book, and, much to his astonishment, he found it to be a Livy, out of which his neighbor was getting up his morning's lecture. He was still more astonished, when the lesson had come to an end, by being suddenly pulled back when he attempted to rise, and finding the streamers of his gown had been put to a use never intended for them, by being tied round the finial of the stall behind him, — the silly work of a boyish gentleman, who, in his desire to play off a practical joke on a freshman, forgot the sacredness of the place where college rules compelled him to show himself on morning parade.

Chapel over, our hero hurried back to his rooms, and there to his great joy found a budget of letters from home; and surely the little items of intelligence that made up the news of the Manor Green had never seemed to possess such interest

as now! The reading and re-reading of these occupied him during the whole of breakfast time; and Mr. Filcher found him still engaged in perusing them when he came to clear away the things. Then it was that Verdant discovered the extended meaning that the word "perquisites" possesses in the eyes of a scout; for, to a remark that he had made, Robert replied in a tone of surprise, "Put away these bits o' things as is left, sir!" and then added, with an air of mild correction, "You see, sir, you's fresh to the place, and don't know that gentlemen never likes that sort o' thing done *here*, sir; but you gets your commons, sir, fresh and fresh every morning and evening, which must be much more agreeable to the 'ealth than a heating of stale bread and such like. No, sir!" continued Mr. Filcher, with a manner that was truly parental, "no, sir! you trust to me, sir, and I'll take care of your things, I will." And from the way that he carried off the eatables, it seemed probable that he would make good his words. But our freshman felt considerable awe of his scout, and murmuring broken accents that sounded like "ignorance — customs — University," he endeavored, by a liberal use of his pocket handkerchief, to appear as if he were not blushing.

As Mr. Slowcoach had told him that he would not have to begin lectures until the following day, and as the Greek play fixed for the lecture was one with which he had been made well acquainted by Mr. Larkyns, Verdant began to consider what he could do with himself; when the thought of Mr. Larkyns suggested the idea that his son Charles had probably by this time returned to college. He determined therefore at once to go in search of him; and looking out a letter which the rector had commissioned him to deliver to his son, he inquired of Robert, if he was aware whether Mr. Charles Larkyns had come back from his holidays.

"'Ollidays, sir?" said Mr. Filcher. "Oh, I see, sir! Vacation, you mean, sir. Young gentlemen as is *men*, sir, likes to call their 'ollidays by a different name to boys, sir. Yes, sir, Mr. Charles Larkyns, he come up last arternoon, sir; but he and Mr. Smalls, the gent as he's been down with this vacation, the same as had these rooms, sir, they didn't come to 'All, sir, but went and had their dinners comfortable at the 'Star,' sir; and very pleasant they made theirselves; and Thomas, their scout, sir, has had quite a horder for sober water this morning, sir."

With somewhat of a feeling of wonder how one scout contrived to know so much of the proceedings of gentlemen who were waited on by another scout, and wholly ignorant of his allusion to his fellow-servant's dealings in soda water, Mr. Verdant Green inquired where he could find Mr. Larkyns; and as the rooms were but just on the other side of the quad., he put on his hat and made his way to them. The scout was just going into the room, so our hero gave a tap at the door and followed him.

MR. VERDANT GREEN CALLS ON A GENTLEMAN WHO "IS
LICENSED TO SELL."

Mr. Verdant Green found himself in a room that had a pleasant lookout over the gardens of Brazenface, from which a noble chestnut tree brought its pyramids of bloom close up to the very windows. The walls of the room were decorated with engravings in gilt frames, their variety of subject denoting the catholic taste of their proprietor. "The start for the Derby," and other colored hunting prints, showed his taste for the field and horseflesh; Landseer's "Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "Dignity and Impudence," and others, displayed his fondness for dog flesh; while Byron beauties, "Amy Robsart," and some extremely *au naturel* pets of the ballet, proclaimed his passion for the fair sex in general. Over the fireplace was a mirror (for Mr. Charles Larkyns was not averse to the reflection of his good-looking features, and was rather glad than otherwise of "an excuse for the glass"), its frame stuck full of tradesmen's cards and (unpaid) bills, invites, "bits of pasteboard" penciled with a mystic "wine," and other odds and ends — no private letters though! Mr. Larkyns was too wary to leave his "family secrets" for the delectation of his scout. Over the mirror was displayed a fox's mask, gazing vacantly from between two brushes, leaving the spectator to imagine that Mr. Charles Larkyns was a second Nimrod, and had in some way or other been intimately concerned in the capture of these trophies of the chase. This supposition of the imaginative spectator would be strengthened by the appearance of a list of hunting appointments (of the past season) pinned up over a list of lectures, and not quite in character with the tabular views of prophecies, kings of Israel and Judah, and the

Thirty-nine Articles, which did duty elsewhere on the walls, where they were presumed to be studied in spare minutes,—which were remarkably spare indeed.

The sporting character of the proprietor of the rooms was further suggested by the huge pair of antlers over the door, bearing on their tines a collection of sticks, whips, and spurs; while to prove that Mr. Larkyns was not wholly taken up by the charms of the chase, fishing rods, tandem whips, cricket bats, and Joe Mantons were piled up in odd corners; and singlesticks, boxing gloves, and foils, gracefully arranged upon the walls, showed that he occasionally devoted himself to athletic pursuits. An ingenious wire rack for pipes and meerschauums, and the presence of one or two suspicious-looking boxes, labeled “collorados,” “regalia,” “lukotilla,” and with other unknown words, seemed to intimate that if Mr. Larkyns was no smoker himself, he at least kept a bountiful supply of “smoke” for his friends; but the perfumed cloud that was proceeding from his lips as Verdant entered the room, dispelled all doubts on the subject.

He was much changed in appearance during the somewhat long interval since Verdant had last seen him, and his handsome features had assumed a more manly, though perhaps a more rakish look. He was lolling on a couch in the *negligé* attire of dressing gown and slippers, with his pink striped shirt comfortably open at the neck. Lounging in an easy-chair opposite to him was a gentleman clad in tartan plaid, whose face might only be partially discerned through the glass bottom of a pewter, out of which he was draining the last draught. Between them was a table covered with the ordinary appointments for a breakfast, and the extraordinary ones of beer cup and soda water. Two Skye terriers, hearing a strange footstep, immediately barked out a challenge of “Who goes there?” and made Mr. Larkyns aware that an intruder was at hand.

Slightly turning his head, he dimly saw through the smoke a spectacled figure taking off his hat, and holding out an envelope; and without looking further, he said, “It’s no use coming here, young man, and stealing a march in this way! I don’t owe *you* anything; and if I did, it is not convenient to pay it. I told Spavin not to send me any more of his confounded reminders; so go back and tell him that he’ll find it all right in the long run, and that I’m really going to read this term, and shall stump the examiners at last. And now, my friend,

you'd better make yourself scarce and vanish! You know where the door lies!"

Our hero was so confounded at this unusual manner of receiving a friend, that he was some little time before he could gasp out, "Why, Charles Larkyns, don't you remember me, — Verdant Green?"

Mr. Larkyns, astonished in his turn, jumped up directly, and came to him with outstretched hands. "'Pon my word, old fellow," he said, "I really beg you ten thousand pardons for not recognizing you; but you are so altered — allow me to add, improved — since I last saw you; you were not a bashaw of two tails then, you know; and, really, wearing your beaver up, like Hamlet's uncle, I altogether took you for a dun. For I am a victim of a very remarkable monomania. There are in this place wretched beings calling themselves tradesmen, who labor under the impression that I owe them what they facetiously term little bills; and though I have frequently assured their messengers, who are kind enough to come here to inquire for Mr. Larkyns, that that unfortunate gentleman has been obliged to hide himself from persecution in a convent abroad, yet the wretches still hammer at my oak, and disturb my peace of mind. But bring yourself to an anchor, old fellow! This man is Smalls, — a capital fellow, whose chief merit consists in his devotion to literature; indeed, he reads so hard that he is called a *fast* man. Smalls, let me introduce my friend Verdant Green, a freshman, — ahem! — and the proprietor, I believe, of your old rooms."

Our hero made a profound bow to Mr. Smalls, who returned it with great gravity, and said he "had great pleasure in forming the acquaintance of a freshman like Mr. Verdant Green," — which was doubtless quite true; and he then evinced his devotion to literature by continuing the perusal of one of those vivid and refined accounts of "a rattling set-to between Nobby Buffer and Hammer Sykes," for which "Tintinnabulum's Life" is so justly famous.

"I heard from my governor," said Mr. Larkyns, "that you were coming up, and in the course of the morning I should have come and looked you up; but the — the fatigues of traveling yesterday," continued Mr. Larkyns, as a lively recollection of the preceding evening's symposium stole over his mind, "made me rather later than usual this morning. Have you done anything in this way?"

Verdant replied that he had breakfasted, although he had not done anything in the way of cigars, because he never smoked.

"Never smoked! Is it possible!" exclaimed Mr. Smalls, violently interrupting himself in the perusal of "Tintinnabulum's Life," while some private signals were rapidly telegraphed between him and Mr. Larkyns; "ah, you'll soon get the better of that weakness! Now, as you're a freshman, you'll perhaps allow me to give you a little advice. The Germans, you know, would never be the deep readers that they are unless they smoked; and I should advise you to go to the Vice Chancellor as soon as possible, and ask him for an order for some weeds. He'd be delighted to think you are beginning to set to work so soon!" To which our hero replied, that he was much obliged to Mr. Smalls for his kind advice, and if such were the customs of the place, he should do his best to fulfill them.

"Perhaps you'll be surprised at our simple repast, Verdant," said Mr. Larkyns; "but it's our misfortune. It all comes of hard reading and late hours; the midnight oil, you know, must be supplied, and *will* be paid for; the nervous system gets strained to excess, and you have to call in the doctor. Well, what does he do? Why, he prescribes a regular course of tonics; and I flatter myself that I am a very docile patient, and take my bitter beer regularly, and without complaining." In proof of which Mr. Charles Larkyns took a long pull at the pewter.

"But you know, Larkyns," observed Mr. Smalls, "that was nothing to my case, when I got laid up with elephantiasis on the biceps of the lungs, and had a fur coat in my stomach!"

"Dear me!" said Verdant, sympathizingly; "and was that also through too much study?"

"Why, of course!" replied Mr. Smalls; "it couldn't have been anything else — from the symptoms, you know! But then the sweets of learning surpass the bitters. Talk of the pleasures of the dead languages, indeed! why, how many jolly nights have you and I, Larkyns, passed 'down among the dead men'!"

Charles Larkyns had just been looking over the letter which Verdant had brought him, and said, "The governor writes that you'd like me to put you up to the ways of the place, because they are fresh to you, and you are fresh (ahem! very!) to them. Now, I am going to wine with Smalls to-

night, to meet a few nice, quiet, hard-working men (eh, Smalls?) and I dare say Smalls will do the civil, and ask you also."

"Certainly!" said Mr. Smalls, who saw a prospect of amusement; "delighted, I assure you! I hope to see you,—after Hall, you know,—but I hope you don't object to a very quiet party?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied Verdant; "I much prefer a quiet party; indeed, I have always been used to quiet parties; and I shall be very glad to come."

"Well, that's settled then," said Charles Larkyns; "and, in the mean time, Verdant, let us take a prowling about the old place, and I'll put you up to a thing or two, and show you some of the freshman's sights. But you must go and get your cap and gown, old fellow, and then by that time I'll be ready for you."

Whether there are really any sights in Oxford that are more especially devoted, or adapted, to its freshmen, we will not undertake to affirm; but if there are, they could not have had a better expositor than Mr. Charles Larkyns, or a more credible visitor than Mr. Verdant Green.

His credibility was rather strongly put to the test as they turned into the High Street, when his companion directed his attention to an individual on the opposite side of the street, with a voluminous gown, and enormous cocked hat profusely adorned with gold lace. "I suppose you know who that is, Verdant? No! Why, that's the Bishop of Oxford! Ah, I see, he's a very different-looking man to what you had expected; but then these university robes so change the appearance. That is his official dress, as the Visitor of the Ashmolean!"

Mr. Verdant Green having "swallowed" this, his friend was thereby enabled, not only to use up old "sells," but also to draw largely on his invention for new ones. Just then, there came along the street, walking in a sort of young procession, the Vice Chancellor, with his Esquire and Yeoman bedels. The silver maces carried by these latter gentlemen made them by far the most showy part of the procession, and accordingly Mr. Larkyns seized the favorable opportunity to point out the foremost bedel and say, "You see that man with the poker and loose cap? Well, that's the Vice Chancellor."

"But what does he walk in procession for?" inquired our freshman.

"Ah, poor man!" said Mr. Larkyns, "he's obliged to do it."

‘Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,’ you know; and he can never go anywhere, or do anything, without carrying that poker, and having the other minor pokers to follow him. They never leave him, not even at night. Two of the pokers stand on each side of his bed, and relieve each other every two hours. So, I need hardly say, that he is obliged to be a bachelor.”

“It must be a very wearisome office,” remarked our freshman, who fully believed all that was told to him.

“Wearisome, indeed; and that’s the reason why they are obliged to change the Vice Chancellors so often. It would kill most people, only they are always selected for their strength, — and height,” he added, as a brilliant idea just struck him. They had turned down Magpie Lane, and so by Oriel College, where one of the fire-plug notices had caught Mr. Larkyns’ eye. “You see that,” he said; “well, that’s one of the plates they put up to record the Vice’s height. F. P. 7 feet, you see; the initials of his name, — Frederick Plumptre!”

“He scarcely seemed so tall as that,” said our hero, “though certainly a tall man. But the gown makes a difference, I suppose.”

“His height was a very lucky thing for him, however,” continued Mr. Larkyns. “I dare say when you have heard that it was only those who stood high in the University that were elected to rule it, you little thought of the true meaning of the term?”

“I certainly never did,” said the freshman, innocently; “but I knew that the customs of Oxford must of course be very different from those of other places.”

“Yes, you’ll soon find that out,” replied Mr. Larkyns, meaningly. “But here we are at Merton, whose Merton ale is as celebrated as Burton ale. You see the man giving in the letters to the porter? Well, he’s one of their principal men. Each college does its own postal department; and at Merton there are fourteen postmasters, for they get no end of letters there.”

“Oh, yes!” said our hero, “I remember Mr. Larkyns, — your father, the rector, I mean, — telling us that the son of one of his old friends had been a postmaster of Merton; but I fancied that he had said it had something to do with a scholarship.”

“Ah, you see, it’s a long while since the governor was here.

and his memory fails him," remarked Mr. Charles Larkyns, very unfilially. "Let us turn down the Merton fields, and round into St. Aldate's. We may perhaps be in time to see the Vice come down to Christ Church."

"What does he go there for?" asked Mr. Verdant Green.

"To wind up the great clock, and put big Tom in order. Tom is the bell that you hear at nine each night; the Vice has to see that he is in proper condition, and, as you have seen, goes out with his pokers for that purpose."

On their way, Charles Larkyns pointed out, close to Folly Bridge, a house profusely decorated with figures and indescribable ornaments, which he informed our freshman was Blackfriars' Hall, where all the men who had been once plucked were obliged to migrate to; and that Folly Bridge received its name from its propinquity to the Hall. They were too late to see the Vice Chancellor wind up the clock of Christ Church; but as they passed by the college, they met two gownsmen who recognized Mr. Larkyns by a slight nod. "Those are two Christ Church men," he said, "and noblemen. The one with the Skye-terrier's coat and eyeglass is the Earl of Whitechapel, the Duke of Minories' son. I dare say you know the other man. No! Why, he is Lord Thomas Peeper, eldest son of the Lord Godiva who hunts our county. I knew him in the field."

"But why do they wear *gold* tassels to their caps?" inquired the freshman.

"Ah," said the ingenious Mr. Larkyns, shaking his head; "I had rather you'd not have asked me that question, because that's the disgraceful part of the business. But these lords, you see, they *will* live at a faster pace than us commoners, who can't stand a champagne breakfast above once a term or so. Why, those gold tassels are the badges of drunkenness!"

"Of drunkenness! dear me!"

"Yes, it's very sad, isn't it?" pursued Mr. Larkyns; "and I wonder that Peeper in particular should give way to such things. But you see how they brazen it out, and walk about as coolly as though nothing had happened. It's just the same sort of punishment," continued Mr. Larkyns, whose inventive powers increased with the demand that the freshman's gullibility imposed upon them,—"it is just the same sort of thing that they do with the Greenwich pensioners. When *they* have been transgressing the laws of sobriety, you know, they are

made marked men by having to wear a yellow coat as a punishment; and our dons borrowed the idea, and made yellow tassels the badges of intoxication. But for the credit of the University, I'm glad to say that you'll not find many men so disgraced."

They now turned down the New Road, and came to a strongly castellated building, which Mr. Larkyns pointed out (and truly) as Oxford Castle or the Jail; and he added (untruly), "if you hear Botany Bay College spoken of, this is the place that's meant. It's a delicate way of referring to the temporary sojourn that any undergrad has been forced to make there, to say that he belongs to Botany Bay College."

They now turned back, up Queen Street and High Street, when, as they were passing All Saints, Mr. Larkyns pointed out a pale, intellectual-looking man who passed them, and said, "That man is Cram, the patent safety. He's the first coach in Oxford."

"A coach!" said our freshman, in some wonder.

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know college slang. I suppose a royal mail is the only gentleman coach that *you* know of. Why, in Oxford, a coach means a private tutor, you must know; and those who can't afford a coach, get a cab—*alias* a crib—*alias* a translation. You see, Verdant, you are gradually being initiated into Oxford mysteries."

"I am indeed," said our hero, to whom a new world was opening.

They had now turned round by the west end of St. Mary's, and were passing Brasenose; and Mr. Larkyns drew Verdant's attention to the brazen nose that is such a conspicuous object over the entrance gate. "That," said he, "was modeled from a cast of the Principal feature of the first Head of the college; and so the college was named Brazen-nose. The nose was formerly used as a place of punishment for any misbehaving Brazennosian, who had to sit upon it for two hours, and was not *countenanced* until he had done so. These punishments were so frequent that they gradually wore down the nose to its present small dimensions.

"This round building," continued Mr. Larkyns, pointing to the Radcliffe, "is the Vice Chancellor's house. He has to go each night up to that balcony on the top, and look round to see if all's safe. Those heads," he said, as they passed the Ashmolean, "are supposed to be the twelve Cæsars; only

there happen, I believe, to be thirteen of them. I think that they are the busts of the original Heads of Houses."

Mr. Larkyns' inventive powers having been now somewhat exhausted, he proposed that they should go back to Brazenface and have some lunch. This they did; after which Mr. Verdant Green wrote to his mother a long account of his friend's kindness, and the trouble he had taken to explain the most interesting sights that could be seen by a freshman.

"Are you writing to your governor, Verdant?" asked the friend, who had made his way to our hero's rooms, and was now perfuming them with a little tobacco smoke.

"No; I am writing to my mama — mother, I mean!"

"Oh, to the missis!" was the reply; "that's just the same. Well, had you not better take the opportunity to ask them to send you a proper certificate that you have been vaccinated, and had the measles favorably?"

"But what is that for?" inquired our freshman, always anxious to learn. "Your father sent up the certificate of my baptism, and I thought that was the only one wanted."

"Oh," said Mr. Charles Larkyns, "they give you no end of trouble at these places; and they require the vaccination certificate before you go in for your responsions, — the Little-go, you know. You need not mention my name in your letter as having told you this. It will be quite enough to say that you understand such a thing is required."

Verdant accordingly penned the request; and Charles Larkyns smoked on, and thought his friend the very beautiful of a freshman. "By the way, Verdant," he said, desirous not to lose any opportunity, "you are going to wine with Smalls this evening; and — excuse me mentioning it — but I suppose you would go properly dressed — white tie, kids, and that sort of thing, eh? Well! ta, ta, till then. 'We meet again at Philippi!'"

ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN.¹

BY OCTAVE FEUILLET.

[OCTAVE FEUILLET: A French novelist; born at St. Lô, August 11, 1821; died in Paris, December 28, 1890. He was educated at the College of Louis-le-Grand in Paris, and at the age of twenty-four began to write, his first marked success being the novel "Le Cheveu Blanc," produced in 1853. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and in 1862 succeeded Scribe as a member of the French Academy. His published works include: "The Great Old Man" (1845); "Polichinelle" (1846); "The Redemption" (1849); "Vieillesse de Richelieu," a play (1848); "The Romance of a Poor Young Man" (1858), afterward dramatized; "The History of Sibylla" (1862); "Monsieur de Camors" (1867); "Julie de Trécœur" (1872); "A Marriage in High Life" (1875); "Le Journal d'une Femme" (1878); "L'Histoire d'une Parisienne," "La Veuve," and "La Morte"; besides many successful plays.]

THE next day — that is, yesterday — I set out on horseback early in the morning, to oversee the felling of some timber in the neighborhood. I was returning toward four o'clock, in the direction of the château, when, at a sharp turn of the road, I found myself face to face with Mlle. Marguerite. She was alone. I bowed, and was about to pass, but she stopped her horse.

"A beautiful autumn day, monsieur," said she.

"Yes, mademoiselle. You are going to ride?"

"As you see, I am using my last moments of independence, and even abusing them, for I feel a little troubled by my solitude. But Alain was wanted down there — my poor Mervyn is lame. You do not wish to replace him by chance?"

"With pleasure. Where are you going?"

"Why, I had the idea of pushing my ride as far as the Tower of Elven." She pointed with the end of her riding whip to a dark summit which rose within sight of the road. "I think," she added, "that you have never made this pilgrimage."

"It is true. It has often tempted me, but I have put it off till now, I hardly know why."

"Well, it is easily found; but it is already late, and we must make a little haste, if you please."

I turned my horse's head, and we set out at a gallop.

As we rode, I sought to explain to myself this unexpected

¹ Published by permission of L. C. Page and Company.

whim, which I could not but think premeditated. I concluded that time and reflection had weakened in Mlle. Marguerite's mind the first impression made by the calumnies which had been poured into her ear. She had apparently ended by doubting Mlle. Helouin's veracity, and contrived to offer me, by chance, under a disguised form, a kind of reparation which might possibly be due me.

In the midst of the thoughts that besieged me, I attached slight importance to the particular end we proposed to ourselves in this strange ride. I had often heard this Tower of Elven spoken of as one of the most interesting ruins of the country, and I had never traveled over either of the two roads which lead from Rennes, or from Jocelyn, toward the sea, without contemplating with an eager eye that uncertain mass which one sees towering upward in the middle of distant heaths like an enormous stone bank ; but time and occasion had been wanting to me.

A little distance beyond Elven we took a crossroad, which led us up a barren hill ; we saw from its summit, although at some distance from us, the feudal ruin overlooking a wooded height in front of us. The heath where we were descended sharply toward marshy meadows, surrounded with thick young woods. We descended the slope and were soon in the woods. There we took a narrow road, the rough, unbroken pavement of which resounded loudly under our horses' feet. I had ceased for some time to see the Tower of Elven, the locality of which I could not even conjecture, when it rose out of the foliage a few steps before us with the suddenness of an apparition. This tower is not decayed ; it has preserved its original height, which exceeds a hundred feet, and the regular layers of granite, which compose this magnificent octagonal structure, give it the aspect of a formidable block, cut yesterday by the purest chisel. Nothing more imposing, more proud and somber, can be imagined than this old donjon, impervious to the effects of time, and alone in these thick woods. The trees have grown close to its walls, and their tops reach to the openings for the lower windows. This growth of vegetation conceals the base of the edifice, and increases its appearance of fantastic mystery. In this solitude, surrounded by forests, and with this mass of extraordinary architecture in front of us, it was impossible not to think of enchanted castles where beautiful princesses sleep a hundred years.

"Up to this time," said Mlle. Marguerite, to whom I tried to communicate this idea, "I have seen no more than what we now see; but if you wish to wake the princess, we can enter. As far as I know, there may be in the neighborhood a shepherd or shepherdess who is furnished with a key. Let us fasten our horses and seek for them—you for the shepherd, and I for the shepherdess."

The horses were accordingly fastened in a little inclosure near the ruin, and we separated for a moment to search around the castle. But we had the vexation to meet neither shepherd nor shepherdess. Our desire to see the interior naturally increased with all the force of attraction which forbidden fruit has for us, and we crossed a bridge thrown over the moat, at a venture. To our great satisfaction, the massive door of the donjon was not shut; we needed only to push it open in order to enter a corner, dark and encumbered with rubbish, which was probably the place for the bodyguard in former times; from thence we passed into a vast circular hall, the chimney-piece of which still showed, on its coat of arms, the besants of the crusade; a large open window, traversed by the symbolic cross, plainly cut in the stone, lighted distinctly the lower part of this room, while the eye failed to pierce the uncertain shadows of the lofty, broken roof. At the sound of our steps, an invisible flock of birds flew out from the darkness, shaking down upon us the dust of centuries.

On mounting up the granite steps, ranged one above the other round the hall, into the embrasure of the window, we could overlook the deep moat and the ruined parts of the fortress; but we had noticed on our entrance a flight of steps cut in the thick wall, and we felt a childish impatience to push our discoveries further. We therefore undertook to ascend this rude staircase; I led the way, and Mlle. Marguerite followed bravely, holding up her long skirts as well as she could. From the top of the flat roof the view was vast and delicious. The soft tints of twilight were creeping over the ocean of half-golden autumn foliage; the dark marshes, and the green, mossy ground near us, and the distant ranges of hills mingling with and crossing each other. As we gazed down upon this melancholy landscape, infinite in extent, we felt the peace of solitude, the silence of evening, the sadness of the past, descend into our hearts.

This charm was increased, for me at least, by the presence

of a beloved being; all who have loved will comprehend this. This hour even of mutual contemplation and emotion, of pure and profound enjoyment, was, without doubt, the last that would be given me to pass near her and with her, and I clung to it with a sad earnestness. For Marguerite, I know not what passed within her; she was seated on the ledge of the parapet, gazing silently at the distance. I heard only the sound of her quickened breath.

I do not know how long we remained thus. When the mists spread over the low meadows and the far-off hills became indistinct in the increasing darkness, Marguerite rose. "Let us go," said she, in a low voice, as if the curtain had fallen on some regretted pageant; "it is finished!" Then she began to descend the staircase, and I followed her.

When we attempted to leave the castle, to our great surprise, we found the door closed. Apparently the young keeper, ignorant of our presence, had turned the key while we were on the roof. Our first impression was that of gayety. It was actually an enchanted castle; I made vigorous efforts to break the enchantment; but the enormous bolt of the old lock was solidly fastened in the granite, and I was compelled to give up the attempt to unfasten it. I then attacked the door itself, but the massive hinges and the oak panels, banded with iron, resisted all my strength. Two or three pieces of rough stone that I found amongst the rubbish, and that I threw against this insuperable obstacle to our egress, had no other result than to shake the roof, fragments of which fell at my feet. Mlle. Marguerite would not allow me to pursue an enterprise so evidently hopeless, and which was not without danger. I then ran to the window, and shouted for help, but nobody replied. During the next ten minutes I repeated these cries constantly, but with the same lack of success. We then employed the remaining daylight in exploring minutely the interior of the castle, but we could discover no place of egress except the door, as solid as the wall to us, and the great window, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat.

Night had now fallen over the country, and darkness invaded the old castle. Some rays of moonlight penetrated the window, and fell upon the stone steps beneath it. Mlle. Marguerite, who had gradually lost all appearance of sprightliness, ceased to reply to the conjectures, reasonable or otherwise, with which I endeavored to dispel her anxiety. She sat

in the shadow of the window, silent and immovable, but I was in the full light of the moon on the step nearest the window, at intervals sending forth a cry of distress; but in truth the more uncertain the success of my efforts became, the more an irresistible feeling of joyfulness seized upon me. I saw suddenly realized the endless and almost impossible dream of lovers; I was alone in a desert with the woman whom I loved. For long hours there were only she and I in the world, only her life and mine. I thought of all the marks of sweet protection, of tender respect, that I should have the right and the duty to lavish upon her; I pictured her fears calmed, her confidence, her sleep; I said to myself that this fortunate night, if it did not give me the love of this dear girl, would at least assure to me her most lasting esteem.

As I abandoned myself with all the egotism of passion to my secret ecstasy, some reflection of which was perhaps painted on my face, I was suddenly roused by these words, addressed to me in a tone of affected tranquillity: "Monsieur le Marquis de Champcey, have there been many cowards in your family before you?"

I rose, but fell back again upon my stone seat, turning a stupefied look in the direction where I saw the vague outline of the young girl. One idea alone occurred to me, a terrible idea, that fear and anxiety had affected her brain—that she was becoming crazy.

"Marguerite!" I cried, without knowing even that I spoke. This word completed her irritation, doubtless.

"My God! how odious he is! What a coward,—yes, I repeat it, what a coward!"

The truth began to dawn upon me. I descended one of the steps. "Well, what is the matter?" said I, coldly.

"It is you," she cried with vehemence, "you who have bribed this man—or this child—to imprison us in this tower. To-morrow I shall be lost, dishonored in public opinion, and I can belong only to you; such is your calculation, is it not? But this plan, I assure you, will not succeed better than the others. You know me very imperfectly if you think I shall not prefer dishonor, a convent, death,—all, to the disgrace of uniting my hand, my life, to yours. And when this infamous ruse had succeeded, when I had had the weakness—as certainly I shall not have—to give you my person, and what is of more importance to you, my fortune—in return for this

beautiful stroke of policy? — What kind of a man are you? to wish for wealth and a wife acquired at such a price as this? Ah, thank me still, monsieur, for not yielding to your wishes; they are imprudent, believe me, for if ever shame and public derision shall drive me into your arms, I should have so much contempt for you that I should break your heart! Yes, were it as hard, as cold as stone, I would draw tears of blood from it."

"Mademoiselle," said I, with all the calmness I could assume; "I beg you to recover yourself, your reason. I assure you, upon my honor, that you insult me. Will you please to reflect? Your suspicions have no probable foundation. I could not have possibly arranged the base treachery of which you accuse me, and how have I given you the right to believe me capable of it?"

"All that I know of you gives me this right," cried she, cutting the air with her riding whip. "I will tell you for once what has been in my soul for a long time. You came to our house under a borrowed name and character. We were happy; we were tranquil, my mother and I. You have brought us trouble, disorder, anxiety, to which we were before strangers. In order to attain your end, to repair the loss of your fortune, you have usurped our confidence; you have been reckless of our repose, you have played with our purest, truest, most sacred feelings. You have broken our hearts without pity. That is what you have done, or wished to do; it matters little which. I am very weary of it all, I assure you. And when, at this hour, you come and pledge me your honor as a gentleman, I have the right not to believe it — and I do not believe it!"

I was beside myself; I seized both her hands in a transport of vehemence, which controlled her. "Marguerite, my poor child, listen! I love you, it is true, and never did love more ardent, more disinterested, more holy, enter into the heart of a man. But you also — you love me; you love me, unfortunate! and you kill me! You speak of a bruised and broken heart. Ah! what have you done with mine? But it is yours; I leave it with you. As to my honor, I will keep it — it is untouched. And soon I will force you to acknowledge it. And upon this honor, I swear to you that, if I die, you will weep for me; that, if I live, never, adored as you are — were you on your knees before me — never will I marry you till you are as poor as I, or I as rich as you! And now pray; ask God for miracles; it is time!"

I pushed her away from the embrasure of the window, and sprung upon the upper step; I had conceived a desperate plan, and I executed it with the precipitation of actual madness. As I have before said, the tops of the beeches and oaks growing in the moat reached the level of the window. With the aid of my bent riding whip, I drew toward me the extremity of the nearest branches; I seized them on a venture, and leaped into space; I heard above my head my name, "Maximilian!" uttered suddenly, with a distracted cry. The branches to which I was clinging bent with their whole length toward the abyss; then there was a crashing sound; the tree broke under my weight, and I fell heavily to the ground.

The muddy nature of the earth lessened the violence of the shock; for, though I was wounded, I was not killed. One of my arms had struck against the sloping masonry of the tower, and I suffered such sharp pain in it that I fainted. I was roused by Marguerite's frightened voice: "Maximilian! Maximilian! For pity's sake, in the name of the good God, speak to me! Forgive me!"

I rose, and saw her in the opening of the window, in the full moonlight, with her head bare, her hair disheveled, her hand grasping the arm of the cross, and her eyes earnestly fixed upon the ground below.

"Fear nothing," said I to her. "I am not hurt. Only be patient for an hour or two. Give me time to go to the château; it is the surest. Be certain that I will keep your secret — that I will save your honor as I have saved mine."

I got out of the moat with difficulty, and went to mount my horse. I suspended my left arm, which was wholly useless and very painful, with my handkerchief. Thanks to the light of the moon, I easily found my way back, and an hour later I reached the château. I was told Dr. Desmarests was in the salon. I went in at once, and found there some dozen persons, whose countenances wore an expression of anxiety and alarm.

"Doctor," said I, gayly, on entering, "my horse took fright at his own shadow, and threw me on the road, and I am afraid my left arm is sprained. Will you see?"

"How — sprained!" said M. Desmarests, after unfastening the handkerchief. "Your arm is broken, my poor boy."

Madame Laroque gave a little cry, and approached me. "This is, then, a night of misfortune," said she.

I feigned surprise. "What else has happened?" I cried.

"*Mon Dieu!* I fear some accident has happened to my daughter. She went out on horseback at three o'clock, and it is now eight, and she has not yet returned."

"Mlle. Marguerite? Why, I saw her——"

"How? Where? At what time? Forgive me, monsieur; it is the egotism of a mother."

"I saw her about five o'clock on the road. We met. She told me she thought of riding as far as the Tower of Elven."

"The Tower of Elven! She must be lost in the woods. We ought to go there promptly. Let orders be given."

M. de Bévallan at once ordered horses to be brought out. I affected a wish to join the cavalcade, but Madame Laroque and the doctor positively prohibited it, and I allowed myself to be easily persuaded to seek my bed, of which, in truth, I felt great need.

Dr. Desmarests, after having applied a first dressing to my injured arm, took a seat in the carriage with Madame Laroque, who went to the village of Elven, to wait there the result of the diligent search that M. de Bévallan would direct in the neighborhood of the tower.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Alain came to announce to me that Mlle. Marguerite was found. He recounted the history of her imprisonment, without omitting any details, save, be it understood, those which the young girl and I would alone know. The account of the adventure was soon confirmed by the doctor, then by Madame Laroque, and I had the satisfaction to see that no suspicion of the exact truth entered the mind of any one.

I have passed the night in repeating, with the most fatiguing perseverance, and with the oddest complications of fever and dreams, my dangerous leap from the old tower window. I cannot become accustomed to it. At each instant the sensation of falling through space rises to my throat, and I awake breathless. At length the day dawned, and I became calmer. At eight o'clock Mlle. de Porhoet came and installed herself by my bedside, her knitting in her hand. She has done the honors of my room to the visitors, who have succeeded each other all the day. Madame Laroque came first after my old friend. As she held with a long pressure the hand I had extended to her, I saw two large tears roll down her cheeks. Has she, then, been taken into her daughter's confidence?

Mlle. de Porhoet has informed me that M. Laroque has kept his bed since yesterday. He has had a slight attack of paralysis. To-day he cannot speak, and his state causes great anxiety. It has been decided to hasten the marriage. M. Laubepin has been sent for from Paris; he is expected to-morrow, and the marriage contract will be signed the day following, under his supervision.

I have sat up some hours this evening; but if I am to believe M. Desmarests, I am wrong to write, with my fever, and I am a great blockhead.

October 3.

It really seems as if some malign power took the trouble to devise the most singular and the cruelest temptations, and to offer them by turns to my conscience and my heart! M. Laubepin not having arrived this morning, Madame Laroque asked me for some information which she needed in order to determine upon the preamble of the contract which, as I have said, is to be signed to-morrow. As I am condemned to keep my room for several days longer, I begged Madame Laroque to send me the titles and private papers, which were in the possession of her father-in-law, and which were indispensable to me, in order to solve the difficulties that had been pointed out.

They soon brought me two or three drawers filled with them, that had been secretly taken out of M. Laroque's cabinet while the old man was asleep, for he had always shown himself very jealous of his private papers. In the first which I took up, the repetition of my own family name attracted my attention and appealed to my curiosity with irresistible force.

This is the literal text of the paper:—

To my Children,—

The name that I bequeath to you and that I have honored, is not my own. My father's name was Savage. He was manager of a plantation of considerable size in the island of Saint Lucie, at that time belonging to France, and owned by a wealthy and noble family of Dauphiny,—that of the Champceys d'Hauterives. My father died in 1793, and I inherited, although still quite young, the confidence they placed in him. Toward the close of that sad year, the French Antilles were taken by the English, or were delivered up to them by the insurgent colonists. The Marquis de Champcey d'Haute-

rive (Jacques Auguste), whom the orders of the Convention had not then reached, commanded at that time the frigate "Thetis," which had cruised in these waters for three years.

A large number of French colonists scattered through the Antilles had acquired large fortunes, with the loss of which they were now daily threatened. They contrived, with the aid of Commandant Champcey, to organize a flotilla of light transports, to which they transferred all their movable property, hoping to return to their native land, protected by the guns of the "Thetis." I had long before received orders to sell the plantation, which I had managed since my father's death, at any price, in view of the impending troubles. On the night of the 14th of November, 1793, I secretly quitted Saint Lucie, already occupied by the enemy, alone in a boat from Cape Mome-au-Sable. I carried with me the sum for which I had sold the plantation, in English bank notes and guineas. M. de Champcey, thanks to the minute knowledge he had gained of these coasts, had been able to elude the English cruisers, and had taken refuge in the difficult and obscure channel of the Gros-Ilet. He had ordered me to join him there this very night, and only waited my coming on board before issuing from the channel with the flotilla under his escort, and heading for France. On the way thither, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the English. My captors, masters in treachery as they are, gave me the choice to be shot immediately, or to sell them, by means of the million which I had in my possession, and which they would abandon to me, the secret of the channel where the flotilla lay. I was young, the temptation was too strong; a half-hour later the "Thetis" was sunk, the flotilla taken, and M. de Champcey grievously wounded. A year passed, a sleepless year. I became mad, and I resolved to revenge myself on the accursed English for the torments which racked me. I went to Guadaloupe, I changed my name, and devoting the greater part of the price of my treason to the purchase of an armed brig, I fell upon the English. For fifteen years I washed out in their blood and my own, the stain I had made in an hour of weakness on my country's flag. Although more than three fourths of my real fortune has been acquired in glorious battles, its origin is, none the less, as I have stated.

On my return to France in my old age, I inquired into the situation of the Champceys d'Hauterives; they were happy and rich. I continued, therefore, to hold my peace. May my children forgive me! I could not gain courage to blush before them while I live; but my death will reveal this secret to them; they will use it according to the inspiration of their consciences. For myself, I have only one prayer to make to them; there will be, sooner or later, a final war between France and her opposite neighbor; we hate each

other too much; we must ruin them, or they will ruin us! If this war breaks out during the lifetime of my children or my grandchildren, I desire that they shall present to the government a corvette armed and equipped, on the sole condition that she shall be named the "Savage," and be commanded by a Breton. At every broadside that she sends on the Carthaginian shore my bones will shake with pleasure in my grave.

RICHARD SAVAGE, called LAROCHE.

The recollections that were roused in my mind on reading this dreadful confession confirmed its correctness. I had heard my father twenty times relate, with a mixture of pride and sorrow, the incident in my grandfather's life which was here spoken of. Only it was believed in my family that Richard Savage was the victim, and not the actor, in the treason which had betrayed the commander of the "Thetis."

I now understood all that had struck me as singular in the old sailor, and in particular his timid bearing toward me. My father had always told me that I was the living portrait of my grandfather, the Marquis Jacques; and without doubt some glimmering of this resemblance penetrated occasionally his clouded brain, and even reached the unquiet conscience of the poor old man.

Hardly was I master of this secret, when I fell into a terrible quandary. I could not feel animosity against this man, whose temporary loss of moral strength had been expiated by a long life of repentance, and by a passionate despair and hatred which were not wanting in grandeur. I could not recognize without a kind of admiration the savage spirit which still animated these lines, written by a culpable but heroic hand.

But what ought I to do with this terrible secret? The first thought which occurred to me was that it would destroy all obstacles between Mlle. Marguerite and me; that henceforth this fortune which had separated us would be an almost obligatory bond between us, since I alone, of all the world, could render it legitimate in sharing it with her. In truth, the secret was not mine; and although the most innocent of chances had revealed it to me, strict probity demanded, perhaps, that I should leave it to reach, in its own good time, the hands for which it was intended; but in waiting for this moment, that which was irreparable had taken place—and I should allow it when I could prevent it by a single word! And these poor women themselves, when the day came for the fatal truth to

make them blush, would, perhaps, share my sorrow, my despair ! They would be the first to cry to me, "Ah ! if you knew it, why did you not speak ?"

Well, no ! neither to-day, nor to-morrow, nor ever, if I can help it, shall those noble faces blush with shame. I will not purchase my happiness at the price of their humiliation. This secret, known only to me, which this old man, henceforth mute forever, cannot betray — this secret exists no longer ; the flames have devoured it !

I had considered it well. I know what I have dared to do. It was a will — a testament — and I have destroyed it ! Moreover, it would not have benefited me alone. My sister, who is confided to my care, would have gained a fortune through it ; and without her consent, I have thrust her back into poverty with my own hand. I know all that. But two pure, elevated, proud souls will not be crushed and blighted by the weight of a crime which was foreign to them. There is here a principle of equity which seemed to me superior to all literal justice. If I have committed a crime, in my turn I will answer for it. But this inward struggle has wearied me. I can write no longer.

October 12.

It is now two days since I left my retreat and went to the château. I had not seen Mlle. Marguerite since the moment of our separation in the Tower of Elven. She was alone in the salon when I entered there ; on recognizing me she made an involuntary movement as if to withdraw ; then she remained immovable, her face becoming crimson. This was contagious, for I felt myself flush to the very roots of my hair.

"How do you do, monsieur ?" said she, holding out her hand, and pronouncing these simple words in a voice so soft, so humble, — alas, so tender, that I could hardly restrain myself from kneeling before her. But I replied in a tone of cold politeness. She looked sadly at me, then cast down her large eyes and resumed her work.

At that moment her mother sent for her to come to her grandfather, whose state had become very alarming. He lost his voice and all power of motion several days previous, the paralysis having attacked his whole body ; the last glimmerings of intellectual life were also extinguished ; sensibility alone contended with disease. No one could doubt that the old man

drew near his end ; but his energetic heart had so strong a hold on life, that the struggle promised to be a long and obstinate one. From the first appearance of danger, however, Madame Laroque and her daughter had been lavish of their strength, watching beside him day and night with the passionate abnegation and earnest devotion which are the special virtue and glory of their sex. But they succumbed to fatigue and fever on the night before last ; we offered, M. Desmarests and I, to supply their places beside M. Laroque during the night, and they consented to take a few hours' repose.

The doctor, very tired himself, soon announced that he was going to lie down in the adjoining room. "I am of no use here," said he ; "the matter is decided. You see he suffers no longer, the poor old man ! He is in a state of lethargy, which has nothing disagreeable in it ; he will awake only to die. Therefore, you can be easy. If you remark any change, you will call me ; but I do not think this will be before to-morrow. In the mean time, I am dead with sleep !" and, yawning aloud, he left the room.

Left alone in the sick room, I seated myself near the foot of the bed, the curtains of which had been raised, and tried to read by the light of a lamp that stood near me on a little table. The book fell from my hands ; I could think only of the singular combination of events which gave to this old man the grandson of his victim as a witness and protector of his last sleep. . . .

At length, towards the middle of the night, an irresistible torpor seized me, and I fell asleep, my forehead leaning on my hand. I was suddenly awakened by some mournful sound ; I raised my eyes, and I felt a shivering in the very marrow of my bones. The old man was half risen in his bed, and had fixed upon me an attentive, astonished look, in which shone a life and an intelligence that, up to this time, I had never beheld in him. When my eye met his he trembled ; he stretched out his crossed arms, and said to me, in a supplicating voice, the strange, unusual sound of which suspended the very beating of my heart : —

"Monsieur le Marquis, forgive me !"

I tried to rise, I tried to speak, but in vain. I sat in my chair like one petrified.

After a silence, during which the eyes of the dying man had not ceased to plead to me, he again spoke : —

"Monsieur le Marquis, deign to forgive me !"

I found power at last to go to him. As I approached, he shrunk backward, as if to escape some dreadful contact. I raised one hand, and lowering it gently before his eyes, which were distended and wild with terror, I said to him : —

"Go in peace. I forgive you."

I had not finished speaking these words, when his withered face became illuminated with a flash of joy and youth, and a tear flowed from each sunken eye. He extended one hand towards me, but suddenly clinched it, waving it threateningly in the air ; I saw his eyeballs roll as if a ball had been sent to his heart ; "The English," he murmured, and fell back upon the pillow, an inert mass. He was dead.

I called aloud quickly ; attendants came running in. He was soon surrounded by prayers and pious tears. I withdrew, deeply moved by this extraordinary scene, which would forever remain a secret between myself and the dead.

This sad family event has caused numerous duties and cares to devolve upon me, which have justified in my own eyes my prolonged stay at the château. It is impossible to conjecture what could have been M. Laubepin's motives in counseling me to defer my departure. What can he hope from this delay ? It seems to me that he yielded in this case to a feeling of vague superstition and puerility, to which a mind tempered like his should never have bowed, and which I was wrong myself in submitting to. Did he not understand that he was imposing on me a part entirely wanting in openness and dignity, besides the increase of useless suffering ? Could not one justly reproach me now with trifling with sacred feelings ? My first interview with Mlle. Marguerite had sufficed to reveal to me all the severity of the test I am condemned to, but the death of M. Laroque has given a little naturalness to my relations with her, and propriety to my continued stay.

RENNES, *October 26.*

The last word is spoken, — my God ! how strong was this tie ! How it has rent my heart to break it !

Last night at nine o'clock I was surprised, as I sat at my open window, to see a faint light approaching my dwelling through the dark alleys of the park, and from a different direction to that used by the servants at the château. An instant afterward some one knocked at my door, and Mlle. de Porhoet

entered breathless. "Cousin," said she, "I have business with you."

I looked in her face. "Is there some new misfortune?"

"No, it is not exactly that. You shall judge of it yourself. Sit down, my dear child. You have spent two or three evenings at the château in the course of this week; have you observed anything new or singular in the bearing of the ladies?"

"Nothing."

"Have you not, at least, remarked in their faces an expression of unusual serenity?"

"Perhaps so, yes. Aside from the melancholy of their recent affliction, they have seemed to me calmer and even happier than formerly."

"Without doubt. You would have been struck by other peculiarities if you had, like me, lived for fifteen years in their daily intimacy. Thus I have lately often surprised some sign of secret intelligence, of mysterious complicity, between them. Besides, their habits are perceptibly changed. Madame La-roque has put aside her *brasero*, her easy-chair with its turret, and her innocent Creole fancies; she rises at fabulous hours and seats herself, with Marguerite, at their work table. They have both become passionately fond of embroidery, and have inquired how much money a woman can earn daily at this kind of work. In short, it has been an enigma to which I have striven to discover the clew. This has just been disclosed to me, and, without intruding upon your secrets, I have thought it right to communicate it to you without delay."

On my protestations of the entire confidence I would gladly repose in her, Mlle. de Porhoet continued, in her sweet, firm style: "Madame Aubry came secretly to see me this evening; she began by throwing her two covetous arms around my neck, which greatly displeased me; then, with a thousand jeremiads that I will spare you, she begged me to stop her cousins, who were on the brink of ruin. This is what she has learned by listening at the doors, according to her delicate custom: these ladies are soliciting at this moment the authorization of giving all their property to a church at Rennes, in order to destroy the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and you, which now separates you. Being unable to make you rich, they intend to make themselves poor. It seems impossible, cousin, to leave you ignorant of this determination, equally worthy of those generous hearts and those childish heads. You will for-

give me for adding that your duty is to thwart this design at any cost. What repentance it prepares for our friends, what terrible responsibility it threatens you with, it is needless to tell you ; you will understand it all as well as I, at first sight. If you could, my friend, receive Marguerite's hand at once, that would be the best ending in the world ; but you are bound in this respect by a promise which, blind, imprudent, as it was, is none the less obligatory on you. There remains, then, only one thing for you to do : to leave this country without delay, and to crush resolutely all the hopes your presence here inevitably keeps alive. When you are gone, it will be easier for me to bring these children back to reason."

"Well, I am ready ; I will set out this very night."

"That is right," she replied. "In giving you this advice I have myself obeyed a very harsh law of honor. You charm the last hours of my solitude ; you have restored the illusions of the sweetest attachments of life, which I had lost for many years. In sending you away I make my last sacrifice, and it is very great." She rose and looked at me a moment without speaking. "One does not embrace young men at my age," she resumed with a sad smile, "one blesses them. Adieu, dear child ! may the good God help you !"

I kissed her trembling hands and she left me.

I hastily made my preparations for departure, then I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque. I begged her to abandon a determination, the consequences and extent of which she could not measure, and to which I was firmly determined, for my part, to be in no way an accessory. I gave her my word — and she knew she could rely on it — that I would never accept my happiness at the price of her ruin. In conclusion, in order the better to divert her from her foolish design, I spoke vaguely of an approaching future where I pretended to see glimpses of fortune.

At midnight, when all were asleep, I said farewell, a painful farewell, to my retreat, to this old tower, where I have suffered and loved so deeply ! and I crept into the château by a private door, the key of which had been confided to me. I stealthily crossed the galleries, now empty and resounding, like a criminal, guiding myself as well as I could in the darkness ; at length I reached the saloon where I had seen Marguerite for the first time. She and her mother could hardly have quitted it an hour before ; their recent presence was betrayed by a soft, sweet perfume that intoxicated me. I sought for and

found her basket, in which her hand had just replaced her newly begun embroidery, — alas! my poor heart! — I fell on my knees by her chair, and there, with my forehead throbbing against the cold marble of the table, I sobbed like an infant.

Oh! how I have loved her!

I profited by the remaining hours of night to be secretly driven to the little neighboring town, where I took this morning the carriage for Rennes. To-morrow night I shall be in Paris. Poverty, solitude, despair, — all that I left there, I shall find them again! Last dream of youth, of heaven, farewell!

PARIS.

The next morning, as I was about going to the railroad, a post chaise entered the courtyard of the hotel, and I saw old Alain descend from it. His face lighted up when he saw me. "Ah! monsieur, how lucky! you are not gone! Here is a letter for you!" I recognized the handwriting of M. Laubepin. He told me in two lines that Mlle. de Porhoet was seriously ill, and that she asked for me. I took time only to change horses, and threw myself into the chaise, compelling Alain, with great difficulty, to take the seat opposite me.

I then pressed him with questions, and made him repeat the incredible news he brought me. Mlle. de Porhoet had received the evening before an official paper, conveyed to her by M. Laubepin, informing her that she was put in full and complete possession of the estates of her Spanish relatives. "And it seems," added Alain, "that she owes it to monsieur, who discovered in the pigeon house some old papers which nobody knew of, and which have established the old lady's right and title. I do not know how much truth there is in that; but if it be so, the more pity, said I to myself, that she has got such ideas into her head about a cathedral, and which she will not let go of, — for take notice that she holds to them more than ever, monsieur. At first, when the news came, she fell stiff on the floor, and it was thought she was dead; but an hour afterward she began to talk without end or rest about her cathedral, of the choir and the nave, of the chapter house and the canons, of the north aisle and the south aisle, so that, in order to calm her, an architect and masons were sent for, and all the plans of her cursed edifice were placed round her on her bed. At length, after three hours' conversation with them, she fell asleep; on waking she asked to see monsieur — Monsieur le Marquis (Alain

bowed, shutting his eyes), and I was sent after him. It seems she wishes to consult monsieur about the lobby."

This strange event caused me great surprise. But with the help of my memory and the confused details given me by Alain, I arrived at an explanation of the matter which subsequent information soon confirmed. As I have before said, the question of the succession of the Spanish branch of the Porhoet family had two phases. There was first a protracted lawsuit between Mlle. de Porhoet and a noble house of Castile, which my old friend lost on its final trial; then, a new suit, in which Mlle. de Porhoet was not involved, between the Spanish heirs and the crown, which claimed that the property in question devolved to it by escheatage. During these transactions, a singular paper fell into my hands, as I was pursuing my researches in the archives of the Porhoets, two months before my departure from the château. I will copy it literally: —

Don Philip, by the grace of God, King of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, of the two Sicilies, Jerusalem, Navarre, Grenada, Toledo, Valencia, Galicia, Seville, Cordova, Cadiz, Murcia, Jaen, Algesiras, Gibraltar, the Canary Islands, the East and West Indies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, of Brabant, and Milan, Count of Hapsburg, Flanders, of Tyrol and Barcelona, seigneur of Biscay and Molina, etc.

To thee, Horve Jean Jocelyn, sieur de Porhoet-Gael, Count of Torres Nuevas, etc., who hast followed me into my dominions, and hast served me with exemplary fidelity, I promise as a special favor that, in case of the extinction of thy direct and legitimate heirs, the property of thy house shall return, even to the detriment of the rights of my crown, to the direct and legitimate heirs of the French branch of the Porhoets-Gael, so long as it shall exist.

And I promise this for me and my successors upon my faith, and kingly word.

Given at the Escorial, the 16th of April, 1716.

YO EL REY.

Aside from this paper, which was only a translation, I found the original, bearing the royal seal. The importance of this document did not escape me, but I was fearful of exaggerating it. I doubted greatly whether the validity of a title over which so many years had passed would be admitted by the Spanish government; I doubted also whether it would have the power, if it had the will, to make it good. I decided therefore to leave

Mlle. de Porhoet in ignorance of a discovery, the result of which was so problematical, and limited myself to sending the title to M. Laubepin. Having received no news respecting it, I had forgotten it amidst the personal anxieties which had overwhelmed me. Contrary to my unjust suspicions, the Spanish government had not hesitated to redeem the kingly promise of Philip V., and as soon as a supreme decree had adjudged the immense property of the Porhoets to the crown, it nobly restored them to the legitimate heir.

It was nine o'clock at night when I descended from the carriage at the threshold of the humble house where this almost royal fortune had so tardily come. The little servant opened the door. She was weeping. I heard the grave voice of M. Laubepin saying, at the head of the staircase, "It is he!" I hastened up the stairs. The old man grasped my hand firmly, and led me into Mlle. de Porhoet's chamber, without speaking. The doctor and the curé of the town stood silently in the shade of a window. Madame Laroque was kneeling on a hassock near the bed; her daughter was at the bed's head, supporting the pillows upon which reposed the head of my poor friend. When the sufferer perceived me, a feeble smile spread over her features, now sadly changed; she extended one hand, but with evident pain. I took it as I kneeled beside her, and I could not restrain my tears.

"My child!" said she, "my dear child!" Then she looked earnestly at M. Laubepin. The old notary took up from the bed a sheet of paper, and appeared to continue an interrupted reading:—

For these reasons, I appoint by this will, written by my own hand, Maximilian Jacques Marie Odier, Marquis de Champcey d'Hauterive, noble in heart as well as by birth, general legatee of all my property both in France and in Spain, without reserve or condition. Such is my will.

JOCELYNDE JEANNE,
Countess de Porhoet-Gael.

In the excess of my surprise, I rose abruptly, and was about to speak, when Mlle. de Porhoet, drawing my hand gently back, placed it in Marguerite's. The dear girl started at this sudden contact, and laying her blushing face on the pillow, whispered a few words into the dying woman's ear. For myself, I could not speak; I could only fall on my knees and thank God.

Several minutes passed thus in solemn silence, when Marguerite suddenly withdrew her hand from mine, and made a sign of alarm. The rector approached hastily ; I rose.

Mlle. de Porhoet's head had fallen backward ; her face was radiant with joy, and her eyes turned upward as if fixed on heaven ; her lips half opened, and she spoke as if in a dream : "O God ! Good God ! I see it—up there ! yes—the choir—the golden lamps—the windows—the sun, shining everywhere ! Two angels kneeling before the altar—in white robes—their wings move—they are living !" This exclamation was smothered on her lips, on which the smile remained ; she shut her eyes as if falling asleep, then suddenly a look of immortal youth spread over her face.

Such a death, crowning such a life, was full of instruction to my soul. I begged them to leave me alone with the priest in the chamber. This pious watching will not be lost to me, I hope. More than one forgotten or doubtful truth appeared to me with irresistible evidence upon that face stamped with a glorious peace. My noble and sainted friend ! I knew that you had the virtue of self-sacrifice ; I saw that you had received your reward !

Some hours after midnight, yielding to fatigue, I went to breathe the fresh air for a moment. I descended the staircase in the dark, and avoiding the saloon, where I saw a light, I entered the garden. The night was extremely dark. As I approached the turret at the end of the little inclosure, I heard a slight noise under the elm tree ; at the same instant an indistinct form disengaged itself from the foliage. My heart beat violently, my sight grew dim ; I saw the sky fill with stars. "Marguerite !" I said, stretching out my arms. I heard a little cry, then my name murmured softly, then—I felt her lips meet mine !

I have given Helen half my fortune ; Marguerite is my wife. I close these pages forever ; I have nothing more to confide to them. That can be said of men which has been said of nations : "Happy those who have no history !"

FLOWERS OF EVIL.

By CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

[1821-1867.]

I.

I ADORE thee as much as the vaults of night,
O vase full of grief, taciturnity great,
And I love thee the more because of thy flight.
It seemeth, my night's beautifier, that you
Still heap up those leagues — yes! ironically heap! —
That divide from my arms the immensity blue.

I advance to attack, I climb to assault,
Like a choir of young worms at a corpse in the vault;
Thy coldness, oh cruel, implacable beast!
Yet heightens thy beauty, on which my eyes feast!

II.

Two warriors come running, to fight they begin,
With gleaming and blood they bespatter the air;
These games, and this clatter of arms, is the din
Of youth that's a prey to the surgings of love.

The rapiers are broken! and so is our youth,
But the dagger's avenged, dear! and so is the sword,
By the nail that is steeled and the hardened tooth.
Oh, the fury of hearts aged and ulcered by love!

In the ditch, where the ounce and the pard have their lair,
Our heroes have rolled in an angry embrace;
Their skin blooms on brambles that erewhile were bare.
That ravine is a fiend-inhabited hell!
Then let us roll in, oh woman inhuman;
To immortalize hatred that nothing can quell!

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL.

By DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

[GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI, English poet and artist, was the son of a refugee Italian patriot and poet, and was born in London, May 12, 1828. His early ambitions and efforts were all in the line of pictorial art, and in 1848 he took part in founding the Preraphaelite Brotherhood; and all his life his first thought of himself was as artist. But his larger side in capacity was the poetical: and though not great in bulk, his poetry stands next to the very highest rank in English verse. His great ballads, "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," "The King's Tragedy," and "The White Ship"; "The Blessèd Damozel" (written at nineteen); "A Last Confession," "Jenny," etc., are imperishable. He died April 9, 1882.]

THE Blessèd Damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven;
 Her eyes were deeper than the depth
 Of waters stilled at even;
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
 No wrought flowers did adorn,
 But a white rose of Mary's gift,
 For service meetly worn;
 Her hair that lay along her back
 Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
 One of God's choristers;
 The wonder was not yet quite gone
 From that still look of hers;
 Albeit, to them she left, her day
 Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
 . . . Yet now, and in this place,
 Surely she leaned o'er me — her hair
 Fell all about my face. . . .
 Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.
 The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
 That she was standing on;
 By God built over the sheer depth,
 The which is Space begun;

So high, that looking downward thence,
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remembered names;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon
Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come," she said.
"Have I not prayed in Heaven? On earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light;
As unto a stream we will step down,
And bathe there in God's sight.

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know."

(Alas! we too, we too, thou sayst!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the Lady Mary is,

THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL.

With her five handmaidens, whose names
 Are five sweet symphonies,
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
 Margaret, and Rosalys.

“Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
 And foreheads garlanded;
 Into the fine cloth white like flame
 Weaving the golden thread,
 To fashion the birth robes for them
 Who are just born, being dead.

“He shall fear, haply, and be dumb;
 Then will I lay my cheek
 To his, and tell about our love,
 Not once abashed or weak;
 And the dear Mother will approve
 My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
 To Him round whom all souls
 Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
 Bowed with their aureoles;
 And angels meeting us shall sing
 To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord
 Thus much for him and me:—
 Only to live as once on earth
 With Love, only to be,
 As then awhile, forever now
 Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened, and then said,
 Less sad of speech than mild,—
 “All this is when he comes.” She ceased,
 The light thrilled towards her, filled
 With angels in strong level flight.
 Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
 Was vague in distant spheres;
 And then she cast her arms along
 The golden barriers,
 And laid her face between her hands,
 And wept. (I heard her tears.)

A MAN OF GREAT PROJECTS.

By IVAN SERGYEVICH TURGENIEFF.

(From "Rudin": translated by Constance Garnet.)

[IVAN SERGYEVICH TURGENIEFF, one of the most celebrated of modern Russian novelists, was born at Orel, Russia, November 9, 1818. Educated at Moscow, St. Petersburg, and Berlin, he entered the civil service, and established his reputation as an author with "Sketches from the Diary of a Sportsman" (1845-1847). In 1852 some remarks on Russian officialism, made in an obituary letter on Gogol, led to his being imprisoned and afterwards banished for several years to the interior of Russia. He subsequently lived in Baden-Baden, and after the Franco-Prussian War removed to Paris, where he mainly resided until his death, September 3, 1883, at Bougival. Among his chief novels are: "Dmitri Rudin," "A Nest of Nobles," "Helene" (translated as "On the Eve"), "Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," and "Virgin Soil." They have been translated into many languages, — into French largely by the author himself.]

SEVEN o'clock struck, and they were all assembled again in the drawing-room.

"He is not coming, clearly," said Darya Mihailovna.

But, behold, the rumble of a carriage was heard: a small tarantas drove into the court, and a few instants later a footman entered the drawing-room and gave Darya Mihailovna a note on a silver salver. She glanced through it, and turning to the footman asked: —

"But where is the gentleman who brought this letter?"

"He is sitting in the carriage. Shall I ask him to come up?"

"Ask him to do so."

The man went out.

"Fancy, how vexatious!" continued Darya Mihailovna, "the baron has received a summons to return at once to Petersburg. He has sent me his essay by a certain Mr. Rudin, a friend of his. The baron wanted to introduce him to me—he speaks very highly of him. But how vexatious it is! I had hoped the baron would stay here for some time."

"Dmitri Nikolaitch Rudin," announced the servant.

A man of about thirty-five entered, of a tall, somewhat stooping figure, with crisp curly hair and swarthy complexion, an irregular but expressive and intelligent face, a flickering brilliance in his quick, dark gray eyes, a straight broad nose, and well-curved lips. His clothes were not new, and were somewhat small, as though he had outgrown them.

He walked quickly up to Darya Mihailovna and with a slight bow told her that he had long wished to have the honor of an introduction to her, and that his friend the baron greatly regretted that he could not take leave of her in person.

The thin sound of Rudin's voice seemed out of keeping with his tall figure and broad chest.

"Pray be seated . . . very delighted," murmured Darya Mihailovna, and, after introducing him to the rest of the company, she asked him whether he belonged to those parts or was a visitor.

"My estate is in the T—— district," replied Rudin, holding his hat on his knees. "I have not been here long. I came on business and stayed for a while in your district town."

"With whom?"

"With the doctor. He was an old chum of mine at the university."

"Ah! the doctor. He is highly spoken of. He is skillful in his work, they say. But have you known the baron long?"

"I met him last winter in Moscow, and I have just been spending about a week with him."

"He is a very clever man, the baron."

"Yes."

Darya Mihailovna sniffed at her little crushed-up handkerchief steeped in *eau de cologne*.

"Are you in the government service?" she asked.

"Who? I?"

"Yes."

"No. I have retired."

There followed a brief pause. The general conversation was resumed.

"If you will allow me to be inquisitive," began Pigasof, turning to Rudin, "do you know the contents of the essay which his excellency the baron has sent?"

"Yes, I do."

"This essay deals with the relations to commerce—or no, of manufactures to commerce in our country. . . . That was your expression, I think, Darya Mihailovna?"

"Yes, it deals with" . . . began Darya Mihailovna, pressing her hand to her forehead.

"I am, of course, a poor judge of such matters," continued

Pigasof, "but I must confess that to me even the title of the essay seems excessively (how could I put it delicately?) — excessively obscure and complicated."

"Why does it seem so to you?"

Pigasof smiled and looked across at Darya Mihaïlovna.

"Why, is it clear to you?" he said, turning his foxy face again towards Rudin.

"To me? yes."

"H'm. No doubt you must know better."

"Does your head ache?" Alexandra Pavlovna inquired of Darya Mihaïlovna.

"No. It is only my — *c'est nerveux*."

"Allow me to inquire," Pigasof was beginning again in his nasal tones, "your friend his excellency, Baron Muffel — I think that's his name?"

"Precisely."

"Does his excellency, Baron Muffel, make a special study of political economy, or does he only devote to that interesting subject the hours of leisure left over from his social amusements and his official duties?"

Rudin looked steadily at Pigasof.

"The baron is an amateur on this subject," he replied, growing rather red, "but in his essay there is much that is curious and valuable."

"I am not able to dispute it with you; I have not read the essay. But I venture to ask — the work of your friend Baron Muffel is no doubt founded more upon general propositions than upon facts?"

"It contains both facts and propositions founded upon the facts."

"Yes, yes. I must tell you that, in my opinion — and I've a right to give my opinion, on occasion; I spent three years at Dorpat . . . all these so-called general propositions, hypotheses, these systems — excuse me, I am a provincial, I speak the truth bluntly — are absolutely worthless. All that's only theorizing — only good for misleading people. Give us facts, sir, and that's enough!"

"Really!" retorted Rudin, "why, but ought not one to give the significance of the facts?"

"General propositions," continued Pigasof, "they're my abomination, these general propositions, theories, conclusions. All that's based on so-called convictions; every one is talking

about his convictions, and attaches importance to them, prides himself on them. Ah!"

And Pigasof shook his fist in the air. Pandalevsky laughed.

"Capital!" put in Rudin, "it follows that there is no such thing as conviction according to you?"

"No, it doesn't exist."

"Is that your conviction?"

"Yes."

"How do you say that there are none then? Here you have one at the very first turn."

All in the room smiled and looked at one another.

"One minute, one minute, but ——" Pigasof was beginning.

But Darya Mihaïlovna clapped her hands, crying, "Bravo, bravo, Pigasof's beaten!" and she gently took Rudin's hat from his hand.

"Defer your delight a little, madam; there's plenty of time!" Pigasof began with annoyance. "It's not sufficient to say a witty word, with an appearance of aptness; you must prove, refute. We had wandered from the subject of our discussion."

"With your permission," remarked Rudin, coolly, "the matter is very simple. You do not believe in the value of general propositions — you do not believe in convictions?"

"I don't believe in them, I don't believe in them a bit!"

"Very good. You are a skeptic."

"I see no necessity for using such a learned word. However ——"

"Don't interrupt!" interposed Darya Mihaïlovna.

"At him, good dog!" Pandalevsky said to himself at the same instant, and smiled all over.

"That word expresses my meaning," pursued Rudin. "You understand it; why not make use of it? You don't believe in anything. Why do you believe in facts?"

"Why? That's good! Facts are matters of experience, every one knows what facts are. I judge of them by experience, by my own senses."

"But may not your senses deceive you?" Your senses tell you that the sun goes round the earth, . . . but perhaps you don't agree with Copernicus? You don't even believe in him?"

Again a smile passed over every one's face, and all eyes

were fastened on Rudin. "He's by no means a fool," every one was thinking.

"You are pleased to keep on joking," said Pigasof. "Of course that's very original, but it's not to the point."

"In what I have said hitherto," rejoined Rudin, "there is, unfortunately, too little that's original. All that has been well known a very long time, and has been said a thousand times. That is not the pith of the matter."

"What is then?" asked Pigasof, not without insolence.

In discussions he always first bantered his opponent, then grew cross, and finally sulked and was silent.

"Here it is," continued Rudin. "I cannot help, I own, feeling sincere regret when I hear sensible people attack ——"

"Systems?" interposed Pigasof.

"Yes, with your leave, even systems. What frightens you so much in that word? Every system is founded on a knowledge of fundamental laws, the principles of life ——"

"But there is no knowing them, no discovering them."

"One minute. Doubtless they are not easy for every one to get at, and to make mistakes is natural to man. However, you will certainly agree with me that Newton, for example, discovered some at least of these fundamental laws? He was a genius, we grant you; but the grandeur of the discoveries of genius is that they become the heritage of all. The effort to discover universal principles in the multiplicity of phenomena is one of the radical characteristics of human thought, and all our civilization ——"

"That's what you're driving at!" Pigasof broke in in a drawling tone. "I am a practical man and all these metaphysical subtleties I don't enter into and don't want to enter into."

"Very good! That's as you prefer. But take note that your very desire to be exclusively a practical man is itself your sort of system — your theory."

"Civilization you talk about!" blurted in Pigasof; "that's another admirable notion of yours! Much use in it, this vaunted civilization! I would not give a brass farthing for your civilization!"

"But what a poor sort of argument, African Semenitch!" observed Darya Mihailovna, inwardly much pleased by the calmness and perfect good breeding of her new acquaintance. "*C'est un homme comme il faut*," she thought, looking with well-disposed scrutiny at Rudin; "we must be nice to him."

Those last words she mentally pronounced in Russian.

"I will not champion civilization," continued Rudin after a short pause; "it does not need my championship. You don't like it; every one to his own taste. Besides, that would take us too far. Allow me only to remind you of the old saying, 'Jupiter, you are angry; therefore you are in the wrong.' I meant to say that all those onslaughts upon systems—general propositions—are especially distressing, because together with these systems men repudiate knowledge in general, and all science and faith in it, and consequently also faith in themselves, in their own powers. But this faith is essential to men; they cannot exist by their sensations alone, they are wrong to fear ideas and not to trust in them. Skepticism is always characterized by barrenness and impotence."

"That's all words!" muttered Pigasof.

"Perhaps so. But allow me to point out to you that when we say 'that's all words!' we often wish ourselves to avoid the necessity of saying anything more substantial than mere words."

"What?" said Pigasof, winking his eyes.

"You understood what I meant," retorted Rudin, with involuntary but instantly repressed impatience. "I repeat, if man has no steady principle in which he trusts, no ground on which he can take a firm stand, how can he form a just estimate of the needs, the tendencies, and the future of his country? How can he know what he ought to do, if ——"

"I leave you the field," ejaculated Pigasof, abruptly, and with a bow he turned away without looking at any one.

Rudin stared at him, and smiled slightly, saying nothing.

"Aha! he has taken to flight!" said Darya Mihailovna. "Never mind, Dmitri. . . . I beg your pardon," she added with a cordial smile, "what is your paternal name?"

"Nikolaitch."

"Never mind, my dear Dmitri Nikolaitch, he did not deceive any of us. He wants to make a show of not *wishing* to argue any more. He is conscious that he *cannot* argue with you. But you had better sit nearer to us and let us have a little talk."

Rudin moved his chair up.

"How is it we have not met till now?" was Darya Mihailovna's question. "That is what surprises me. Have you read this book? *C'est de Tocqueville, vous savez?*"

And Darya Mihailovna held out the French pamphlet to Rudin.

Rudin took the thin volume in his hand, turned over a few pages of it, and laying it down on the table replied that he had not read that particular work of M. de Tocqueville, but that he had often reflected on the question treated by him. The conversation became general again. Rudin seemed reticent at first, and not disposed to give his opinions; his words did not come readily, but at last he grew warm and began to speak. In a quarter of an hour his voice was the only sound in the room. All were crowding in a circle round him.

Only Pigasof remained aloof, in a corner by the fireplace. Rudin spoke with intelligence, with fire, and with judgment; he showed much learning, wide reading. No one had expected to find in him a remarkable man. His clothes were so shabby, so little was known of him. Every one felt it strange and incomprehensible that such a clever man should have suddenly made his appearance in the country. He seemed all the more wonderful and, one may even say, fascinating to all of them, beginning with Darya Mihailovna. She was pluming herself on having discovered him, and already at this early date was dreaming of how she would introduce Rudin into the world. In her quickness to receive impressions there was much that was almost childish, in spite of her years. Alexandra Pavlovna, to tell the truth, understood little of all that Rudin said, but was full of wonder and delight; her brother too was admiring him. Pandalevsky was watching Darya Mihailovna and was filled with envy. Pigasof thought, "If I have to give five hundred roubles I will get a nightingale to sing better than that!" But the most impressed of all the party were Bassistof and Natalya. Scarcely a breath escaped Bassistof; he sat the whole time with open mouth and round eyes and listened—listened as he had never listened to any one in his life—while Natalya's face was suffused by a crimson flush, and her eyes, fastened unwaveringly on Rudin, were both dimmed and shining.

"What splendid eyes he has!" Volintsef whispered to her.

"Yes, they are."

"It's only a pity his hands are so big and red."

Natalya made no reply.

Tea was brought in. The conversation became more general, but still by the sudden unanimity with which every one was silent, directly Rudin opened his mouth, one could judge of the strength of the impression he had produced. Darya Mihailovna suddenly felt inclined to tease Pigasof. She went up to him:

and said in an undertone, "Why don't you speak instead of doing nothing but smile sarcastically? Make an effort, challenge him again," and without waiting for him to answer, she beckoned to Rudin.

"There's one thing more you don't know about him," she said to him, with a gesture towards Pigasof, — "he is a terrible hater of women, he is always attacking them; pray, show him the true path."

Rudin involuntarily looked down upon Pigasof; he was a head and shoulders taller. Pigasof almost withered up with fury, and his sour face grew pale.

"Darya Mihailovna is mistaken," he said in an unsteady voice, "I do not only attack women; I am not a great admirer of the whole human species."

"What can have given you such a poor opinion of them?" inquired Rudin.

Pigasof looked him straight in the face.

"The study of my own heart, no doubt, in which I find every day more and more that is base. I judge of others by myself. Possibly this too is erroneous, and I am far worse than others; but what am I to do? it's a habit!"

"I understand you and sympathize with you," was Rudin's rejoinder. "What generous soul has not experienced a yearning for self-humiliation? But one ought not to remain in that condition from which there is no outlet beyond."

"I am deeply indebted for the certificate of generosity you confer on my soul," retorted Pigasof. "As for my condition, there's not much amiss with it, so that even if there were an outlet from it, it might go to the deuce, I shouldn't look for it!"

"But that means—pardon the expression—to prefer the gratification of your own pride to the desire to be and live in the truth."

"Undoubtedly," cried Pigasof, "pride—that I understand, and you, I expect, understand, and every one understands; but truth, what is truth? Where is it, this truth?"

"You are repeating yourself, let me warn you," remarked Darya Mihailovna.

Pigasof shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, where's the harm if I do? I ask: where is truth? Even the philosophers don't know what it is. Kant says it is one thing; but Hegel—no, you're wrong, it's something else."

"And do you know what Hegel says of it?" asked Rudin, without raising his voice.

"I repeat," continued Pigasof, flying into a passion, "that I cannot understand what truth means. According to my idea, it doesn't exist at all in the world, that is to say, the word exists but not the thing itself."

"Fie, fie!" cried Darya Mihaïlovna, "I wonder you're not ashamed to say so, you old sinner! No truth? What is there to live for in the world after that?"

"Well, I go so far as to think, Darya Mihaïlovna," retorted Pigasof, in a tone of annoyance, "that it would be much easier for you, in any case, to live without truth than without your cook, Stepan, who is such a master hand at soups! And what do you want with truth, kindly tell me? you can't trim a bonnet with it!"

"A joke is not an argument," observed Darya Mihaïlovna, "especially when you descend to personal insult."

"I don't know about truth, but I see speaking it does not answer," muttered Pigasof, and he turned angrily away.

And Rudin began to speak of pride, and he spoke well. He showed that man without pride is worthless, that pride is the lever by which the earth can be moved from its foundations, but that at the same time he alone deserves the name of man who knows how to control his pride, as the rider does his horse, who offers up his own personality as a sacrifice to the general good.

"Egoism," so he ended, "is suicide. The egoist withers like a solitary barren tree; but pride, ambition, as the active effort after perfection, is the source of all that is great. . . . Yes! a man must prune away the exuberant egoism of his personality, to give it the right of self-expression."

"Can you lend me a pencil?" Pigasof asked Bassistof.

Bassistof did not at once understand what Pigasof had asked him.

"What do you want a pencil for?" he said at last.

"I want to write down Mr. Rudin's last sentence. If one doesn't write it down, one might forget it, I'm afraid! But you will own, a sentence like that is such a handful of trumps."

"There are things which it is a shame to laugh at and make fun of, African Semenitch!" said Bassistof, warmly, turning away from Pigasof.

Meanwhile Rudin had approached Natalya. She got up;

her face expressed her confusion. Volintsef, who was sitting near her, got up too.

"I see a piano," began Rudin, with the gentle courtesy of a traveling prince; "don't you play on it?"

"Yes, I play," replied Natalya, "but not very well. Here is Konstantin Diomiditch plays much better than I do."

Pandalevsky put himself forward with a simper.

"You don't say that seriously, Natalya Alexyevna; your playing is not at all inferior to mine."

"Do you know Schubert's 'Erlkönig'?" asked Rudin.

"He knows it, he knows it!" interposed Darya Mihailovna.

"Sit down, Konstantin. You are fond of music, Dmitri Nikolaitch?"

Rudin only made a slight motion of the head and ran his hand through his hair, as if disposing himself to listen. Pandalevsky began to play.

Natalya was standing near the piano, directly facing Rudin. At the first sound his face was transfigured. His dark gray eyes moved slowly about, from time to time resting upon Natalya. Pandalevsky finished playing.

Rudin said nothing and walked up to the open window. A fragrant mist lay like a soft shroud over the garden; a drowsy scent breathed from the trees near. The stars shed a mild radiance. The summer night was soft—and softened all. Rudin gazed into the dark garden, and looked round.

"That music and this night," he began, "reminded me of my student days in Germany; our meetings, our serenades."

"You have been in Germany, then?" said Darya Mihailovna.

"I spent a year at Heidelberg, and nearly a year at Berlin."

"And did you dress as a student? They say they wear a special dress there."

"At Heidelberg I wore high boots with spurs, and a hussar's jacket with braid on it, and I let my hair grow to my shoulders. In Berlin the students dress like everybody else."

"Tell us something of your student life," said Alexandra Pavlovna.

Rudin complied. He was not altogether successful in narrative. There was a lack of color in his descriptions. He did not know how to be humorous. However, from relating his own adventures abroad, Rudin soon passed to general themes, the special value of education and science, universities, and

university life generally. He sketched in a large and comprehensive picture in broad and striking lines. All listened to him with profound attention. His eloquence was masterly and attractive, not altogether clear, but even this want of clearness added a special charm to his words.

The exuberance of his thought hindered Rudin from expressing himself definitely and exactly. Images followed upon images; comparisons started up one after another — now startlingly bold, now strikingly true. It was not the complacent effort of the practiced speaker, but the very breath of inspiration that was felt in his impatient improvising. He did not seek out his words; they came obediently and spontaneously to his lips, and each word seemed to flow straight from his soul, and was burning with all the fire of conviction. Rudin was the master of almost the greatest secret — the music of eloquence. He knew how in striking one chord of the heart to set all the others vaguely quivering and resounding. Many of his listeners, perhaps, did not understand very precisely what his eloquence was about; but their bosoms heaved, it seemed as though veils were lifted before their eyes, something radiant, glorious, seemed shimmering in the distance.

All Rudin's thoughts seemed centered on the future; this lent him something of the impetuous dash of youth. . . . Standing at the window, not looking at any one in special, he spoke, and inspired by the general sympathy and attention, the presence of young women, the beauty of the night, carried along by the tide of his own emotions, he rose to the height of eloquence, of poetry. . . . The very sound of his voice, intense and soft, increased the fascination; it seemed as though some higher power were speaking through his lips, startling even to himself. . . . Rudin spoke of what lends eternal significance to the fleeting life of man.

"I remember a Scandinavian legend," thus he concluded, "a king is sitting with his warriors round the fire in a long dark barn. It was night and winter. Suddenly a little bird flew in at the open door and flew out again at the other. The king spoke and said that this bird is like man in the world; it flew in from darkness and out again into darkness, and was not long in the warmth and light. . . . 'King,' replies the oldest of the warriors, 'even in the dark the bird is not lost, but finds her nest.' Even so our life is short and worthless; but all that is great is accomplished through men. The con-

sciousness of being the instrument of these higher powers ought to outweigh all other joys for man; even in death he finds his life, his nest."

Rudin stopped and dropped his eyes with a smile of involuntary embarrassment.

"*Vous êtes un poète*," was Darya Mihailovna's comment in an undertone.

And all were inwardly agreeing with her — all except Pigasof. Without waiting for the end of Rudin's long speech, he quietly took his hat and as he went out whispered viciously to Pandalevsky, who was standing near the door: —

"No! Fools are more to my taste."

No one, however, tried to detain him or even noticed his absence.

The servants brought in supper, and half an hour later, all had taken leave and separated. Darya Mihailovna begged Rudin to remain the night. Alexandra Pavlovna, as she went home in the carriage with her brother, several times fell to exclaiming and marveling at the extraordinary cleverness of Rudin. Volintsef agreed with her, though he observed that he sometimes expressed himself somewhat obscurely — that is to say, not altogether intelligibly, he added, — wishing, no doubt, to make his own thought clear; but his face was gloomy, and his eyes, fixed on a corner of the carriage, seemed even more melancholy than usual.

Pandalevsky went to bed, and as he took off his daintily embroidered braces, he said aloud, "A very smart fellow!" and suddenly, looking harshly at his page, ordered him out of the room. Bassistof did not sleep the whole night and did not undress — he was writing till morning a letter to a comrade of his in Moscow; and Natalya, too, though she undressed and lay down in her bed, had not an instant's sleep and never closed her eyes. With her head propped on her arm, she gazed fixedly into the darkness; her veins were throbbing feverishly and her bosom often heaved with a deep sigh.

THE THWARTED CONSPIRACY.

BY MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON.

(From "Wacousta, a Tale of the Pontiac Conspiracy.")

[MAJOR JOHN RICHARDSON (1796-1852) was born in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, but grew up in the atmosphere of the fort of Amherstburg. Impressed by the military life of the fort, and the picturesque woodland environment, with Indians always a part of the scene, the boy was further stirred by the tales of romantic experience and adventure told by his grandmother. These early impressions colored the pages that came from his pen in later years. After fighting as a young volunteer in the War of 1812, and as a member of the British Army in Spain, Major Richardson turned to newspaper work in Canada. He also held the post of Superintendent of Police at the Welland Canal for a time. He wrote twelve or more books, of which "Wacousta" is the best. "The Canadian Brothers" is a story of the War of 1812. He also wrote a history of that war. Moving to New York about 1848, he lived and wrote there until his death.]

MEANWHILE the white flag had again been raised by the Indians upon the bomb-proof, and this having been readily met by a corresponding signal from the fort, a numerous band of savages now issued from the cover, with which their dark forms had hitherto been identified, and spread themselves far and near upon the common. On this occasion they were without arms, offensive or defensive, of any kind, if we may except the knife which was always carried at the girdle, and which constituted a part rather of their necessary dress than of their warlike equipment. These warriors might have been about five hundred in number, and were composed chiefly of picked men from the nations of the Ottawas, the Delawares and the Shawanees, each race being distinctly recognizable from the others by certain peculiarities of form and feature which individualized, if we may so term it, the several tribes. Their only covering was the legging before described, composed in some instances of cloth, but principally of smoked deerskin, and the flap that passed through the girdle around the loins by which the straps attached to the leggings were secured. Their bodies, necks, and arms were, with the exception of a few slight ornaments, entirely naked; and even the blanket that served them as a couch by night and a covering by day had, with one single exception, been dispensed with, apparently with a view to avoid anything like encumbrance in their approaching sport. Each individual was pro-

vided with a stout sapling of about three feet in length, curved and flattened at the root extremity like that used at the Irish hurdle, which game, in fact, the manner of ball-playing among the Indians in every way resembled.

Interspersed among the warriors were a nearly equal number of squaws. These were to be seen lounging carelessly about in small groups, and were of all ages, from the hoary-headed, shrivelled-up hag, whose eyes still sparkled with a fire that her lank and attenuated frame denied, to the young girl of twelve, whose dark and glowing cheek, rounded bust and penetrating glance, bore striking evidence of the precociousness of Indian beauty. These latter looked with evident interest on the sports of the young warriors, who, throwing down their hurdles, either vied with each other in the short but incredibly swift foot-race, or indulged themselves in wrestling and leaping, while their companions, abandoned to the full security they felt to be attached to the white flag waving on the fort, lay at their lazy length upon the sward, ostensibly following the movements of the several competitors in these sports, but in reality with heart and eye directed solely to the fortification that lay beyond. Each of these females, in addition to the machecoti, or petticoat, which in one solid square of broadcloth was tightly wrapped around the loins, also carried a blanket loosely thrown around the person, but closely confined over the shoulders in front and reaching below the knee. There was an air of constraint in their movements which accorded ill with the occasion of festivity for which they were assembled, and it was remarkable, whether it arose from deference to those to whom they were slaves as well as wives and daughters, or from whatever other cause it might be, none of them ventured to recline upon the sward in imitation of the warriors.

When it had been made known to the governor that the Indians had begun to develop themselves in force upon the common unarmed, yet redolent with the spirit that was to direct their meditated sports, the soldiers were dismissed from their respective companies to the ramparts, where they were now to be seen, not drawn up in formidable and hostile array, but collected together in careless groups and simply in their side-arms. This reciprocation of confidence on the part of the garrison was acknowledged by the Indians by marks of approbation, expressed as much by the sudden and classic disposition of their fine forms into attitudes strikingly illustrative of their admiration and pleasure, as by the interjectional sounds that passed from one

to the other of the throng. From the increased alacrity with which they now lent themselves to the preparatory and inferior amusements of the day it was evident their satisfaction was complete.

Hitherto the principal chiefs had, as on the previous occasion, occupied the bomb-proof, and now, as then, they appeared to be deliberating among themselves, but evidently in a more energetic and serious manner. At length they separated, when Pontiac, accompanied by the chiefs who had attended him on the former day, once more led in the direction of the fort. The moment of his advance was the signal for the commencement of the principal game. In an instant those of the warriors who lay reclining on the sward sprang to their feet, while the wrestlers and racers resumed their hurdles and prepared themselves for the trial of mingled skill and swiftness. At first they formed a dense group in the centre of the common, and then, diverging in two equal files both to the right and to the left of the immediate centre, where the large ball was placed, formed an open chain extending from the skirt of the forest to the commencement of the village. On the one side were ranged the Delawares and Shawanees and on the other the more numerous nations of the Ottawas. The women of these several tribes, apparently much interested in the issue of an amusement in which the manliness and activity of their respective friends were staked, had gradually and imperceptibly gained the front of the fort, where they were now huddled in groups at about twenty paces from the drawbridge, and bending eagerly forward to command the movements of the ball players.

In his circuit round the walls Pontiac was seen to remark the confiding appearance of the unarmed soldiery with a satisfaction that was not sought to be disguised, and from the manner in which he threw his glance along each face of the rampart it was evident his object was to embrace the numerical strength collected there. It was, moreover, observed, when he passed the groups of squaws on his way to the gate, he addressed some words in a strange tongue to the elder matrons of each.

Once more the dark warriors were received at the gate by Major Blackwater, and as with firm but elastic tread they moved across the square, each threw his eyes rapidly and anxiously around and with less of concealment in his manner than had been manifested on the former occasion. On every hand the same air of nakedness and desertion met their gaze. Not even a soldier of the guard was to be seen, and when they

cast their eyes upwards to the windows of the blockhouses they were found to be tenantless as the area through which they passed. A gleam of fierce satisfaction pervaded the swarthy countenances of the Indians, and the features of Pontiac in particular expressed the deepest exultation. Instead of leading his party he now brought up the rear, and when arrived in the centre of the fort, he, without any visible cause for the accident, stumbled and fell to the earth. The other chiefs for the moment lost sight of their ordinary gravity and marked their sense of the circumstance by a prolonged sound, partaking of the mingled character of a laugh and a yell. Startled at the cry, Major Blackwater, who was in front, turned to ascertain the cause. At that moment Pontiac sprang lightly again to his feet, responding to the yell of his confederates by another even more startling, fierce and prolonged than their own. He then stalked proudly to the head of the party, and even preceded Major Blackwater into the council-room.

In this rude theatre of conference some changes had been made since their recent visit, which escaped not the observation of the quick-sighted chiefs. Their mats lay in the position they had previously occupied, and the chairs of the officers were placed as before, but the room itself had been considerably enlarged. The slight partition terminating the interior extremity of the mess-room, and dividing it from that of one of the officers, had been removed, and midway through this, extending entirely across, was drawn a curtain of scarlet cloth, against which the imposing figure of the governor, elevated as his seat was above those of the other officers, was thrown into strong relief. There was another change that escaped not the observation of the Indians, and that was, not more than one-half of the officers who had been present at the first conference were now in the room. Of these latter one had, moreover, been sent away by the governor the moment the chiefs were ushered in.

"Ugh!" ejaculated the proud leader, as he took his seat unceremoniously, and yet not without reluctance, upon the mat. "The council-room of my father is bigger than when the Ottawa was here before, yet the number of his chiefs is not so many."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the Saganaw has promised the redskins a feast," returned the governor. "Were he to leave it to his young warriors to provide it he would not be able to receive the Ottawa like a great chief and to make peace with him as he could wish."

"My father has a great deal of cloth, red like the blood of the paleface," pursued the Indian, rather in demand than in observation, as he pointed with his finger to the opposite end of the room. "When the Ottawa was here last he did not see it."

"The great chief of the Ottawas knows that the great father of the Saganaw has a big heart to make presents to the redskins. The cloth the Ottawa sees there is sufficient to make leggings for the chiefs of all the nations."

Apparently satisfied with this reply the fierce Indian uttered one of his strong guttural and assentient "ughs," and then commenced filling the pipe of peace, correct on the present occasion in all its ornaments, which was handed to him by the Delaware chief. It was remarked by the officers this operation took up an unusually long portion of his time, and that he frequently turned his ear, like a horse stirred by the huntsman's horn, with quick and irrepressible eagerness towards the door.

"The pale warrior, the friend of the Ottawa chief, is not here," said the governor, as he glanced his eye along the semicircle of Indians. "How is this? Is his voice still sick that he cannot come, or has the great chief of the Ottawas forgotten to tell him?"

"The voice of the pale warrior is still sick and he cannot speak," replied the Indian. "The Ottawa chief is very sorry, for the tongue of his friend the paleface is full of wisdom."

Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips when a wild shrill cry from without the fort rang on the ears of the assembled council and caused a momentary commotion among the officers. It arose from a single voice, and that voice could not be mistaken by any who had heard it once before. A second or two, during which the officers and chiefs kept their eyes intently fixed on each other, passed anxiously away, and then nearer to the gate, apparently on the very drawbridge itself, was pealed forth the wild and deafening yell of a legion of devilish voices. At that sound the Ottawa and the other chiefs sprang to their feet, and their own fierce cry responded to that yet vibrating on the ears of all. Already were their gleaming tomahawks brandished wildly over their heads, and Pontiac had even bounded a pace forward to reach the governor with the deadly weapon, when, at the sudden stamping of the foot of the latter upon the floor, the scarlet cloth in the rear was thrown aside and twenty soldiers, their eyes glancing along the barrels of their levelled muskets, met the startled gaze.

An instant was enough to satisfy the keen chief of the true state of the case. The calm, composed mien of the officers, not one of whom had even attempted to quit his seat amid the din by which his ears were so alarmingly assailed; the triumphant, yet dignified and even severe expression of the governor's countenance, and, above all, the unexpected presence of the prepared soldiery—all these at once assured him of the discovery of his treachery and the danger that awaited him. The necessity for an immediate attempt to join his warriors without was now obvious to the Ottawa, and scarcely had he conceived the idea before it was sought to be executed. In a single spring he gained the door of the mess-room, and, followed eagerly and tumultuously by the other chiefs, to whose departure no opposition was offered, in the next moment he stood on the steps of the piazza.

The surprise of the Indians on reaching this point was now too powerful to be dissembled, and incapable either of advancing or receding, they remained gazing on the scene before them with an air of mingled stupefaction, rage and alarm. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed since they had proudly strode through the naked area of the fort, and yet even in that short space of time its appearance had been entirely changed. Not a part was there now of the surrounding buildings that was not redolent with human life and hostile preparation. Through every window of the officers' low rooms was to be seen the dark and frowning muzzle of a field-piece bearing upon the gateway, and behind these were artillerymen holding their lighted matches, supported again by files of bayonets that glittered in their rear. In the blockhouses the same formidable array of field-pieces and muskets was visible, while from the four angles of the square as many heavy guns, that had been artfully masked at the entrance of the chiefs, seemed ready to sweep away everything that should come before them. The guard-room near the gate presented the same hostile front. The doors of this, as well as of the other buildings, had been firmly secured within, but from every window affording cover to the troops gleamed a line of bayonets rising above the threatening field-pieces, pointed at a distance of little more than twelve feet directly upon the gateway. In addition to his musket, each man of the guard, moreover, held a hand grenade, provided with a short fuse that could be ignited in a moment from the matches of the gunners and with immediate effect. The soldiers in the blockhouses were similarly provided.

Almost magical as was the change thus suddenly effected in the appearance of the garrison, it was not the most interesting feature in the exciting scene. Choking up the gateway, in which they were completely wedged, and crowding the draw-bridge, a dense mass of dusky Indians were to be seen casting their fierce glances around, yet paralyzed in their movements by the unlooked for display of a resisting force threatening instant annihilation to those who should attempt either to advance or to recede. Never, perhaps, was astonishment and disappointment more forcibly depicted on the human countenance than as they were now exhibited by these men, who had already in imagination secured to themselves an easy conquest. They were the warriors who had so recently been engaged in the manly yet innocent exercise of the ball, but, instead of the harmless hurdle, each now carried a short gun in one hand and a gleaming tomahawk in the other. After the first general yelling heard in the council-room not a sound was uttered. Their burst of rage and triumph had evidently been checked by the unexpected manner of their reception, and they now stood on the spot on which the further advance of each had been arrested, so silent and motionless that, but for the rolling of their dark eyes as they keenly measured the insurmountable barriers that were opposed to their progress, they might almost have been taken for a wild group of statuary.

Conspicuous at the head of these was he who wore the blanket—a tall warrior on whom rested the startled eye of every officer and soldier who was so situated as to behold him. His face was painted black as death, and as he stood under the arch of the gateway, with his white turbaned head towering far above those of his companions, this formidable and mysterious enemy might have been likened to the spirit of darkness presiding over his terrible legions.

In order to account for the extraordinary appearance of the Indians, armed in every way for death, at a moment when neither gun nor tomahawk was apparently within miles of their reach, it will be necessary to revert to the first entrance of the chiefs into the fort. The fall of Pontiac had been the effect of design, and the yell pealed forth by him on recovering his feet, as if in taunting reply to the laugh of his comrades, was in reality a signal intended for the guidance of the Indians without. These now, following up their game with increasing spirit, at once changed the direction of their line, bringing the ball nearer the fort. In their eagerness to effect this object they

had overlooked the gradual secession of the unarmed troops, spectators of their sport, from the ramparts, until scarcely more than twenty stragglers were left. As they neared the gate the squaws broke up their several groups, and forming a line on either hand of the road leading to the drawbridge, appeared to separate solely with a view not to impede the action of the players. For an instant a dense group collected around the ball, which had been driven to within a hundred yards of the gate, and fifty hurdles were crossed in their endeavors to secure it, when the warrior who formed the solitary exception to the multitude in his blanket covering, and who had been lingering in the extreme rear of the party, came rapidly up to the spot where the well-affected struggle was maintained. At his approach the hurdles of the other players were withdrawn, when at a single blow of his powerful arm the ball was seen flying into the air in an oblique direction, and was for a moment lost altogether to the view. When it again met the eye it was descending perpendicularly into the very centre of the fort.

With the fleetness of thought now commenced a race that had ostensibly for its object the recovery of the lost ball, and in which he who had driven it with such resistless force outstripped them all. Their course lay between the two lines of squaws, and scarcely had the heads of the bounding Indians reached the opposite extremity of those lines when the women suddenly threw back their blankets and disclosed each a short gun and a tomahawk. To throw away their hurdles and seize upon these was the work of an instant. Already, in imagination, was the fort their own, and such was the peculiar exultation of the black and turbaned warrior when he felt the planks of the drawbridge bending beneath his feet, all the ferocious joy of his soul was peeled forth in the terrible cry which, rapidly succeeded by that of the other Indians, had resounded so fearfully through the council-room. What their disappointment was when on gaining the interior they found the garrison prepared for their reception has already been shown.

"Secure that traitor, men!" exclaimed the governor, advancing into the square and pointing to the black warrior, whose quick eye was now glancing on every side to discover some assailable point in the formidable defences of the troops.

A laugh of scorn and derision escaped the lips of the warrior. "Is there a man—are there any ten men, even with Governor De Haldimar at their head—who will be bold enough to at-

tempt it?" he asked. "Nay!" he pursued, stepping boldly a pace or two in front of the wondering savages, "here I stand singly and defy your whole garrison!"

A sudden movement among the soldiers in the guard-room announced they were preparing to execute the order of their chief. The eye of the black warrior sparkled with ferocious pleasure, and he made a gesture to his followers which was replied to by the sudden tension of their hitherto relaxed forms into attitudes of expectance and preparation.

"Stay, men; quit not your cover for your lives!" commanded the governor in a loud, deep voice. "Keep the barricades fast and move not."

A cloud of anger and disappointment passed over the features of the black warrior. It was evident the object of his bravado was to draw the troops from their defences, that they might be so mingled with their enemies as to render the cannon useless unless friends and foes (which was by no means probable) should alike be sacrificed. The governor had penetrated the design in time to prevent the mischief.

In a moment of uncontrollable rage the savage warrior aimed his tomahawk at the head of the governor. The latter stepped lightly aside and the steel sank with such force into one of the posts supporting the piazza that the quivering handle snapped close off at its head. At that moment a single shot fired from the guard-house was drowned in the yell of approbation which burst from the lips of the dark crowd. The turban of the warrior was, however, seen flying through the air, carried away by the force of the bullet which had torn it from his head. He himself was unharmed.

"A narrow escape for us both, Colonel De Haldimar," he observed, as soon as the yell subsided, and with an air of the most perfect unconcern. "Had my tomahawk obeyed the first impulse of my heart I should have cursed myself and died. As it is, I have reason to avoid all useless exposure of my own life at present. A second bullet may be better directed, and to die robbed of my revenge would ill answer the purpose of a life devoted to its attainment. Remember my pledge!"

At the hasty command of the governor a hundred muskets were raised to the shoulders of his men, but before a single eye could glance along the barrel the formidable and active warrior had bounded over the heads of the nearest Indians into a small space that was left unoccupied, when, stooping suddenly to the earth, he disappeared altogether from the view of his

enemies. A slight moving in the centre of the numerous band crowding the gateway and extending even beyond the bridge was now discernible; it was like the waving of a field of standing corn through which some animal rapidly winds its torturous course, bending aside as the object advances and closing again when it has passed. After the lapse of a minute the terrible warrior was seen to spring again to his feet far in the rear of the band, and then, uttering a fierce shout of exultation, to make good his retreat towards the forest.

Meanwhile Pontiac and the other chiefs of the council continued rooted to the piazza on which they had rushed at the unexpected display of the armed men behind the scarlet curtain. The loud "waugh" that burst from the lips of all on finding themselves thus foiled in their schemes of massacre had been succeeded the instant afterwards by feelings of personal apprehension, which each, however, had collectedness enough to disguise. Once the Ottawa made a movement as if he would have cleared the space that kept him from his warriors, but the emphatical pointing of the finger of Colonel De Haldimar to the levelled muskets of the men in the blockhouse prevented him, and the attempt was not repeated. It was remarked by the officers, who also stood on the piazza close behind the chiefs, when the black warrior threw his tomahawk at the governor a shade of displeasure passed over the features of the Ottawa, and that when he found the daring attempt was not retaliated on his people his countenance had been momentarily lighted up with a satisfied expression, apparently marking his sense of forbearance so unexpectedly shown.

"What says the great chief of the Ottawas now?" asked the governor, calmly, and breaking a profound silence that had succeeded to the last fierce yell of the formidable being just departed. "Was the Saganaw not right when he said the Ottawa came with guile in his heart and a lie upon his lips? But the Saganaw is not a fool, and he can read the thoughts of his enemies upon their faces before their lips have spoken."

"Ugh!" ejaculated the Indian; "my father is a great chief and his head is full of wisdom. Had he been feeble like the other chiefs of the Saganaw, the stronghold of the Detroit must have fallen and the redskins would have danced their war dance round the scalps of his young men, even in the council-room where they came to talk of peace."

"Does the great chief of the Ottawas see the big thunder of the Saganaw?" pursued the governor; "if not, let him open

his eyes and look. The Saganaw has but to move his lips and swifter than the lightning would the palefaces sweep away the warriors of the Ottawa; even where they now stand, in less time than the Saganaw is now speaking, would they mow them down like the grass of the prairie."

"Ugh!" again exclaimed the chief, with mixed doggedness and fierceness; "if what my father says is true, why does he not pour out his anger upon the redskins?"

"Let the great chief of the Ottawas listen," replied the governor, with dignity. "When the great chiefs of all the nations that are in league with the Ottawas came last to the council the Saganaw knew that they carried deceit in their hearts and that they never meant to smoke the pipe of peace or to bury the hatchet in the ground. The Saganaw might have kept them prisoners that their warriors might be without a head, but he had given his word to the great chief of the Ottawas, and the word of a Saganaw is never broken. Even now, while both the chiefs and the warriors are in his power, he will not slay them, for he wishes to show the Ottawa the desire of the Saganaw is to be friendly with the redskins and not to destroy them. Wicked men from the Canadas have whispered lies in the ear of the Ottawa, but a great chief should judge for himself and take counsel only from the wisdom of his own heart. The Ottawa and his warriors may go," he resumed, after a short pause; "the path by which they came is again open to them. Let them depart in peace, the big thunder of the Saganaw shall not harm them."

The countenance of the Indian, who had clearly seen the danger of his position, wore an expression of surprise which could not be dissembled; low exclamations passed between him and his companions, and then, pointing to the tomahawk that lay half buried in the wood, he said, doubtfully:

"It was the paleface, the friend of the great chief of the Ottawas, who struck the hatchet at my father. The Ottawa is not a fool to believe the Saganaw can sleep without revenge."

"The great chief of the Ottawas shall know us better," was the reply. "The young warriors of the Saganaw might destroy their enemies where they now stand, but they seek not their blood. When the Ottawa chief takes counsel from his own heart, and not from the lips of a cowardly dog of a paleface who strikes his tomahawk and then flies, his wisdom will tell him to make peace with the Saganaw, whose warriors are without treachery even as they are without fear."

Another of those deep interjectional "ughs" escaped the chest of the proud Indian.

"What my father says is good," he returned; "but the paleface is a great warrior and the Ottawa chief is his friend. The Ottawa will go."

He then addressed a few sentences, in a tongue unknown to the officers, to the swarthy and anxious crowd in front. These were answered by a low, sullen, yet assentient grunt from the united band, who now turned, though with justifiable caution and distrust, and recrossed the drawbridge without hindrance from the troops. Pontiac waited until the last Indian had departed, and then, making a movement to the governor which, with all its haughtiness, was meant to mark his sense of the forbearance and good faith that had been manifested, once more stalked proudly and calmly across the area, followed by the remainder of the chiefs. The officers who were with the governor ascended to the ramparts to follow their movements, and it was not before their report had been made that the Indians were immerging once more into the heart of the forest the troops were withdrawn from their formidable defences and the gate of the fort again firmly secured.

THE OLD SCOTTISH DOMESTIC SERVANT.

By DEAN RAMSAY.

[EDWARD BANNERMAN BURNETT RAMSAY: The son of Alexander Burnett, an Edinburgh advocate; born at Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1793; died in 1872. He was educated in Yorkshire by his uncle, Sir Alexander Ramsay, whose name he subsequently adopted; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and after occupying several subordinate posts in the Scottish Episcopal Church, became dean of the diocese of Edinburgh (1843). His most popular work was "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" (1857; 22d ed. 1874).]

IN MANY Scottish houses a great familiarity prevailed between members of the family and the domestics. For this many reasons might have been assigned. Indeed, when we consider the simple modes of life which discarded the ideas of ceremony or etiquette; the retired and uniform style of living which afforded few opportunities for any change in the domestic arrangements; and when we add to these a free, unrestrained, unformal and natural style of intercommunion, which seems rather a national characteristic, we need not be surprised to find in quiet Scottish families a sort of intercourse with old domestics which can hardly be looked for at a time when habits are so changed, and where much of the quiet eccentricity belonging to us as a national characteristic is almost necessarily softened down or driven out. Many circumstances conspired to promote familiarity with old domestics which are now entirely changed. We take the case of a domestic coming early into service and passing year after year in the same family. The servant grows up into old age and confirmed habits, when the laird is becoming a man, a husband, father of a family. The domestic cannot forget the days when his master was a child, riding on his back, applying to him for help in difficulties about his fishing, his rabbits, his pony, his going to school. All the family know how attached he is; nobody likes to speak harshly to him. He is a privileged man. The faithful old servant of thirty, forty, or fifty years, if with a tendency to be jealous, cross, and interfering, becomes a great trouble. Still the relative position was the result of good feelings. If the familiarity sometimes became a nuisance, it was a wholesome nuisance, and relic of a simpler time gone by. But the case of the old servant, whether agreeable or troublesome, was often so fixed and established in the households of past days that there was scarce a possibility of getting away from it.

. . . An old Mr. Erskine of Dun had one of these old retain-

ers, under whose language and unreasonable assumption he had long groaned. He had almost determined to bear it no longer, when, walking out with his man, on crossing a field, the master exclaimed, "There's a hare." Andrew looked at the place, and coolly replied, "What a big lee, it's a cauf." The master, quite angry now, plainly told the old domestic that they *must* part. But the tried servant of forty years, not dreaming of the possibility of *his* dismissal, innocently asked, "Ay, sir; whare ye gaun? I'm sure ye're aye best at hame;" supposing that, if there were to be any disruption, it must be the master who would change the place. An example of a similar fixedness of tenure in an old servant was afforded in an anecdote related of an old coachman long in the service of a noble lady, and who gave all the trouble and annoyance which he conceived were the privileges of his position in the family. At last the lady fairly gave him notice to quit, and told him he must go. The only satisfaction she got was the quiet answer, "Na, na, my lady; I druve ye to your marriage, and I shall stay to drive ye to your burial." Indeed, we have heard of a still stronger assertion of his official position by one who met an order to quit his master's service by the cool reply, "Na, na; I'm no gangin'. If ye dinna ken whan ye've a gude servant, I ken whan I've a gude place."

It is but fair, however, to give an anecdote in which the master and the servant's position was *reversed*, in regard to a wish for change: An old servant of a relation of my own with an ungovernable temper, became at last so weary of his master's irascibility that he declared he must leave, and gave as his reason the fits of anger which came on and produced such great annoyance that he could not stand it any longer. His master, unwilling to lose him, tried to coax him by reminding him that the anger was soon off. "Ay," replied the other, very shrewdly, "but it's nae suner aff than it's on again." I remember well an old servant of the old school, who had been fifty years domesticated in a family. Indeed, I well remember the celebration of the half-century service completed. There were rich scenes with Sandy and his mistress. Let me recall you both to memory. Let me think of you, the kind, generous, warm-hearted mistress; a gentlewoman by descent and by feeling; a true friend, a sincere Christian. And let me think, too, of you, Sandy, an honest, faithful, and attached member of the family. For you were in that house rather as an humble friend

than a servant. But out of this fifty years of attached service there sprang a sort of domestic relation and freedom of intercourse which would surprise people in these days. And yet Sandy knew his place. Like Corporal Trim, who, although so familiar and admitted to so much familiarity with my Uncle Toby, never failed in the respectful address—never forgot to say “your honor.” At a dinner party Sandy was very active about changing his mistress’ plate, and whipped it off when he saw that she had got a piece of rich patty upon it. His mistress—not liking such rapid movements, and at the same time knowing that remonstrance was in vain—exclaimed, “Hout, Sandy, I’m no dune,” and dabbed her fork into the patty as it disappeared, to rescue a morsel. I remember her praise of English mutton was a great annoyance to the Scottish prejudices of Sandy. One day she was telling me of a triumph Sandy had upon that subject. The smell of the joint roasting had become very offensive through the house. The lady called out to Sandy to have the doors closed, and added, “That must be some horrid Scotch mutton you have got.” To Sandy’s delight, this was a leg of *English* mutton his mistress had expressly chosen, and, as she significantly told me, “Sandy never let that down upon me.”

On Deeside there existed, in my recollection, besides the Saunders Paul I have alluded to, a number of extraordinary acute and humorous Scottish characters amongst the lower classes. The native gentry enjoyed their humor, and hence arose a familiarity of intercourse which called forth many amusing scenes and quaint rejoinders. A celebrated character of this description bore the sobriquet of “Boaty.” He had acted as Charon of the Dee at Banchory, and passed the boat over the river before there was a bridge. Boaty had many curious sayings recorded of him. When speaking of the gentry around, he characterized them according to their occupations and activity of habits—thus: “As to Mr. Russell of Blackha’, he just works himsell like a paid laborer; Mr. Duncan’s a’ the day fish, fish; but Sir Robert’s a perfect gentleman—he does naething, naething.” Boaty was a first-rate salmon fisher himself, and was much sought after by amateurs who came to Banchory for the sake of the sport afforded by the beautiful Dee. He was perhaps a little spoiled, and presumed upon the indulgence and familiarity shown to him in the way of his craft—as, for example, he was in attendance with his boat on a sportsman

who was both skillful and successful, for he caught salmon after salmon. Between each fish caught he solaced himself with a good pull from a flask, which he returned to his pocket, however, without offering to let Boaty have any participation in the refreshment. Boaty, partly a little professionally jealous, perhaps, at the success, and partly indignant at receiving less than his usual attention on such occasions, and seeing no prospect of amendment, deliberately pulled the boat to shore, shouldered the oars, rods, landing nets, and all the fishing apparatus which he had provided, and set off homewards. His companion, far from considering his day's work to be over, and keen for more sport, was amazed, and peremptorily ordered him to come back. But all the answer made by the offended Boaty was, "Na, na; them 'at drink by themsells may just fish by themsells."

The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests, sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous, exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner scene illustrative of this sort of interference, which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray of Abercairney had been amongst the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Thomas was appealed to, that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a salt spoon;" to which he replied most emphatically, "Last time Mrs. Murray dined here we *lost* a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar charge of everything that went on in the family, having observed that his master thought that he had drunk wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his memory with the question, "What ails ye at her wi' the green gown?"

In my own family I know a case of a very long service, and where, no doubt, there was much interest and attachment; but it was a case where the temper had not softened under the influence of years, but had rather assumed that form of disposition which we denominate *crusty*. My granduncle, Sir A. Ramsay, died in 1806, and left a domestic who had been in his service since he was ten years of age; and being at the time of his master's death past fifty or well on to sixty, he must have been more than forty years a servant in the family. From the

retired life my granduncle had been leading, Jamie Loyal had much of his own way, and, like many a domestic so situated, he did not like to be contradicted, and, in fact, could not bear to be found fault with. My uncle, who had succeeded to a part of my granduncle's property, succeeded also to Jamie Loyal, and from respect to his late master's memory, and Jamie's own services, he took him into his house, intending him to act as house servant. However, this did not answer, and he was soon kept on, more with the form than the reality of any active duty, and took any light work that was going on about the house. In this capacity it was his daily task to feed a flock of turkeys which were growing up to maturity. On one occasion, my aunt having followed him in his work, and having observed such a waste of food that the ground was actually covered with grain which they could not eat, and which would soon be destroyed and lost, naturally remonstrated, and suggested a more reasonable and provident supply. But all the answer she got from the offended Jamie was a bitter rejoinder, "Weel, then, neist time they sall get *nane ava!*" On another occasion a family from a distance had called whilst my uncle and aunt were out of the house. Jamie came into the parlor to deliver the cards, or to announce that they had called. My aunt, somewhat vexed at not having been in the way, inquired what message Mr. and Mrs. Innes had left, as she had expected one. "No; no message." She returned to the charge, and asked again if they had not told him *anything* he was to repeat. Still, "No; no message." "But did they say nothing? Are you sure they said nothing?" Jamie, sadly put out and offended at being thus interrogated, at last burst forth, "They neither said ba nor bum," and indignantly left the room, banging the door after him. A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinner party: the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper; at length he gave vent to his indignation in a remonstrance addressed to the whole company, "Cry a' thegither—that's the way to be served."

I have two characteristic and dry Scottish answers, traditional in the Lothian family, supplied to me by the present

excellent and highly gifted young marquis. A Marquis of Lothian of a former generation observed in his walk two workmen very busy with a ladder to reach a bell, on which they next kept up a furious ringing. He asked what was the object of making such a din; to which the answer was, "Ou, juist, my lord, to ca' the workmen together." "Why, how many are there?" asked his lordship. "Ou, juist Sandy and me," was the quiet rejoinder. The same Lord Lothian, looking about the garden, directed his gardener's attention to a particular plum tree, charging him to be careful of the produce of that tree, and send the *whole* of it in marked, as it was of a very particular kind. "Ou," said the gardener, "I'll do that, my lord; there's juist twa o' them."

These dry answers of Newbattle servants remind us of a similar state of communication in a Yester domestic. Lord Tweeddale was very fond of dogs, and on leaving Yester for London he instructed his head keeper, a quaint body, to give him a periodical report of the kennel, and particulars of his favorite dogs. Among the latter was an *especial* one, of the true Skye breed, called "Pickle," from which sobriquet we may form a tolerable estimate of his qualities.

It happened one day, in or about the year 1827, that poor Pickle during the absence of his master was taken unwell; and the watchful guardian immediately warned the marquis of the sad fact, and of the progress of the disease, which lasted three days—for which he sent the three following laconic dispatches:—

MY LORD,

Pickle's no weel.

Your Lordship's humble servant, etc.

Yester, May 1st, 18—.

MY LORD,

Pickle will no do!

I am, your Lordship's, etc.

Yester, 2nd May, 18—.

MY LORD,

Pickle's dead!

I am, your Lordship's, etc.

Yester, 3rd May, 18—.

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who, knowing the habits of her old and spoilt servant, when she wished a note

to be taken without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There, noo, Andrew, ye ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it, but just send it aff." Of another servant, when sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress, a woman of high rank, who had been living in much quiet and retirement for some time, was called upon to entertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all the arrangements were made for the great event. As the company were arriving, the lady saw Nichol running about in great agitation, and in his shirt sleeves. She remonstrated, and said that as the guests were coming in he must put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckle rinnin' here and rinnin' there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cuist'n my coat and waistcoat, and faith I dinna ken how lang I can thole my breeks." There is often a ready wit in this class of character, marked by their replies. I have the following communicated from an earwitness: "Weel, Peggy," said a man to an old farm servant, "I wonder ye're aye single yet!" "Me marry," said she, indignantly; "I wadna gie my single life for a' the double anes I ever saw."

An old woman was exhorting a servant once about her ways. "You serve the deevil," said she. "Me!" said the girl; "Na, na, I dinna serve the deevil; I serve ae single lady."

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down the garden. "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" said the gardener. "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," says he, "I'm glad o' that, for there's ower mony women in the world." "Hech, man," said Jess, "div ye no ken there's aye maist sawn o' the best crap?"

The answers of servants used curiously to illustrate habits and manners of the time—as the economical modes of her mistress' life were well touched by the lass who thus described her ways and domestic habits with her household: "She's vicious upo' the wark; but eh, she's vary mysterious o' the victualing."

A country habit of making the gathering of the congregation in the churchyard previous to and after divine service an occasion for gossip and business, which I remember well, is thoroughly described in the following: A lady, on hiring

a servant girl in the country, told her, as a great indulgence, that she should have the liberty of attending the church every Sunday, but that she would be expected to return home always immediately on the conclusion of the service. The lady, however, rather unexpectedly found a positive objection raised against this apparently reasonable arrangement. "Then I canna engagde wi' ye, mem; for, 'deed I wadna gie the crack i' the kirkyard for a' the sermon."

There is another story which shows that a greater importance might be attached to the crack i' the kirkyard than was done even by the servant lass mentioned above. A rather rough subject, residing in Galloway, used to attend church regularly, as it appeared, for the *sake* of the crack; for on being taken to task for absenting himself, he remarked, "There's nae need to gang to the kirk noo, for everybody gets a newspaper."

It has been suggested by my esteemed friend, Dr. W. Lindsay Alexander, that Scottish anecdotes deal too exclusively with the shrewd, quaint, and pawky *humor* of our countrymen, and have not sufficiently illustrated the deep pathos and strong loving-kindness of the "kindly Scot" — qualities which, however little appreciated across the Border, abound in Scottish poetry and Scottish life. For example, to take the case before us of these old retainers, although snappy and disagreeable to the last degree in their replies, and often most provoking in their ways, they were yet deeply and sincerely attached to the family where they had so long been domesticated; and the servant who would reply to her mistress' order to mend the fire by the short answer, "The fire's weel eneuch," would at the same time evince much interest in all that might assist her in sustaining the credit of her domestic economy; as, for example, whispering in her ear at dinner, "Press the jellies; they winna keep;" and had the hour of real trial and of difficulty come to the family, would have gone to the death for them, and shared their greatest privations. Dr. Alexander gives a very interesting example of kindness and affectionate attachment in an old Scottish domestic of his own family, whose quaint and odd familiarity was charming. I give it in his own words: "When I was a child, there was an old servant at Pinkieburn, where my early days were spent, who had been all her life, I may say, in the house — for she came to it a child, and lived,

without ever leaving it, till she died in it, seventy-five years of age. Her feeling to her old master, who was just two years younger than herself, was a curious compound of the deference of a servant and the familiarity and affection of a sister. She had known him as a boy, lad, man, and old man, and she seemed to have a sort of notion that without her he must be a very helpless being indeed. 'I aye keepit the house for him, whether he was hame or awa,' was a frequent utterance of hers; and she never seemed to think the intrusion even of his own nieces, who latterly lived with him, at all legitimate. When on her deathbed, he hobbled to her room with difficulty, having just got over a severe attack of gout, to bid her farewell. I chanced to be present, but was too young to remember what passed, except one thing, which probably was rather recalled to me afterwards than properly recollected by me. It was her last request. 'Laird,' said she (for so she always called him, though his lairdship was of the smallest), 'will ye tell them to bury me whaur I'll lie across at your feet.' I have always thought this characteristic of the old Scotch servant, and as such I send it to you."

And here I would introduce another story which struck me very forcibly as illustrating the union of the qualities referred to by Dr. Alexander. In the following narrative, how deep and tender a feeling is expressed in a brief dry sentence! I give Mr. Scott's language: "My brother and I were, during our High School vacation, some forty years ago, very much indebted to the kindness of a clever young carpenter employed in the machinery workshop of New Lanark Mills, near to which we were residing during our six weeks' holidays. It was he—Samuel Shaw, our dear companion—who first taught us to saw, and to plane, and to turn too; and who made us the bows and arrows in which we so much delighted. The vacation over, and our hearts very sore, but bound to Samuel Shaw forever, our mother sought to place some pecuniary recompense in his hand at parting, for all the great kindness he had shown her boys. Samuel looked in her face, and gently moving her hand aside, with an affectionate look cast upon us, who were by, exclaimed in a tone which had sorrow in it, 'Noo, Mrs. Scott, *ye hae spoilt a'.*' After such an appeal, it may be supposed no recompense, in silver or in gold, remained with Samuel Shaw."

On the subject of the old Scottish domestic, I have to ac-

knowledge a kind communication from Lord Kinloch, which I give in his lordship's words: "My father had been in the countinghouse of the well-known David Dale, the founder of the Lanark Mills, and eminent for his benevolence. Mr. Dale, who it would appear was a short stout man, had a person in his employment named Matthew, who was permitted that familiarity with his master which was so characteristic of the former generation. One winter day Mr. Dale came into the countinghouse, and complained that he had fallen on the ice. Matthew, who saw that his master was not much hurt, grinned a sarcastic smile. 'I fell all my length,' said Mr. Dale. 'Nae great length, sir,' said Matthew. 'Indeed, Matthew, ye need not laugh,' said Mr. Dale; 'I have hurt the sma' of my back.' 'I wunner whaur *that* is,' said Matthew." Indeed, specimens like Matthew of serving men of the former time have latterly been fast going out, but I remember one or two specimens. A lady of my acquaintance had one named John in her house at Portobello. I remember how my modern ideas were offended by John's familiarity when waiting at table. "Some more wine, John," said his mistress. "There's some i' the bottle, mem," said John. A little after, "Mend the fire, John." "The fire's weel eneuch, mem," replied the impracticable John. Another "John" of my acquaintance was in the family of Mrs. Campbell of Ardnave, mother of the Princess Polignac and the Honorable Mrs. Archibald Macdonald. A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no response. The request was repeated; when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said very audibly, "There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun be keepit for the strangers."

The following was sent me by a kind correspondent—a learned Professor in India—as a sample of *squabbling* between Scottish servants. A mistress observing something peculiar in her maid's manner, addressed her, "Dear me, Tibbie, what are you so snappish about, that you go knocking the things as you dust them?" "Ou, mem, it's Jock." "Well, what has Jock been doing?" "Ou (with an indescribable but easily imaginable toss of the head), he was angry at me, an' misca'd me, an' I said I was juist as the Lord had made me, an'——" "Well, Tibbie?" "An' he said the Lord can hae had little to do whan he made me." The idea of Tibbie being the work of an idle moment was one the deliciousness of which was not likely to be relished by Tibbie.

The following characteristic anecdote of a Highland servant I have received from the same correspondent. An English gentleman, traveling in the Highlands, was rather late of coming down to dinner. Donald was sent upstairs to intimate that all was ready. He speedily returned, nodding significantly, as much as to say that it was all right. "But, Donald," said the master, after some further trial of a hungry man's patience, "are ye sure you made the gentleman understand?" "*Understand?*" retorted Donald (who had peeped into the room and found the guest engaged at his toilet), "I'se warrant ye he understands; he's *sharping* his teeth"—not supposing the toothbrush could be for any other use.

There have been some very amusing instances given of the matter-of-fact obedience paid to orders by Highland retainers when made to perform the ordinary duties of domestic servants; as when Mr. Campbell, a Highland gentleman, visiting in a country house, and telling Donald to bring everything out of the bedroom, found all its movable articles—fender, fire irons, etc.—piled up in the lobby; so literal was the poor man's sense of obedience to orders! And of this he gave a still more extraordinary proof during his sojourn in Edinburgh, by a very ludicrous exploit. When the family moved into a house there, Mrs. Campbell gave him very particular instructions regarding visitors, explaining that they were to be shown into the drawing-room, and no doubt used the Scotticism, "*Carry* any ladies that call upstairs." On the arrival of the first visitors, Donald was eager to show his strict attention to the mistress' orders. Two ladies came together, and Donald, seizing one in his arms, said to the other, "Bide ye there till I come for ye," and, in spite of her struggles and remonstrances, ushered the terrified visitor into Mrs. Campbell's presence in this unwonted fashion.

Another case of *literal* obedience to orders produced a somewhat startling form of message. A servant of an old maiden lady, a patient of Dr. Poole, formerly of Edinburgh, was under orders to go to the doctor every morning to report the state of her health, how she had slept, etc., with strict injunctions *always* to add, "with her compliments." At length, one morning the girl brought this extraordinary message: "Miss S——'s compliments, and she de'ed last night at aicht o'clock!"

I recollect, in Montrose (that fruitful field for old Scottish

stories!) a most naive reply from an honest lass, servant to old Mrs. *Captain* Fullerton. A party of gentlemen had dined with Mrs. Fullerton, and they had a turkey for dinner. Mrs. F. proposed that one of the legs should be *deviled*, and the gentlemen have it served up as a relish for their wine. Accordingly one of the company skilled in the mystery prepared it with pepper, cayenne, mustard, ketchup, etc. He gave it to Lizzy, and told her to take it down to the kitchen, supposing, as a matter of course, she would know that it was to be broiled, and brought back in due time. But in a little while, when it was rung for, Lizzy very innocently replied that she had ate it up. As it was sent back to the kitchen, her only idea was that it must be for herself. But on surprise being expressed that she had eaten what was so highly peppered and seasoned, she very quaintly answered, "Ou, I liket it a' the better."

A well-known servant of the old school was John, the servant of Pitfour, Mr. Ferguson, M.P., himself a most eccentric character, long father of the House of Commons, and a great friend of Pitt. John used to entertain the tenants on Pitfour's brief visits to his estate with numerous anecdotes of his master and Mr. Pitt; but he always prefaced them with something in the style of Cardinal Wolsey's *Ego et rex meus*, with "Me, and Pitt, and Pitfour," went somewhere, and performed some exploit. The famous Duchess of Gordon once wrote a note to John (the name of this eccentric valet), and said, "John, put Pitfour into the carriage on Tuesday, and bring him up to Gordon Castle to dinner." After sufficiently scratching his head, and considering what he should do, he showed the letter to Pitfour, who smiled, and said dryly, "Well, John, I suppose we must go."



THE DESPOTISM OF CUSTOM.

By JOHN STUART MILL.

(From "On Liberty.")

[JOHN STUART MILL: Political economist and philosopher; born at London, May 20, 1806; died at Avignon, May 8, 1873. His education was conducted by his father, James Mill, the philosopher, and he is said to have begun to learn Greek at the age of three. When fifteen years old he assisted his father in preparing a work on political economy. In 1823 he entered the India House as

junior clerk, rising to the position of chief examiner, and in 1865 he became a member of Parliament. Among his more important works are: "Logic" (1843), "Political Economy" (1848), "Essays on Liberty" (1859), "Utilitarianism" (1862), "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" (1865), "Auguste Comte, and Positivism" (1865), and "On the Subjection of Women" (1869). His "Autobiography" was published in 1873.]

HUMAN nature is not a machine to be built after a model, and set to do exactly the work prescribed for it, but a tree, which requires to grow and develop itself on all sides, according to the tendency of the inward forces which make it a living thing.

It will probably be conceded that it is desirable people should exercise their understandings, and that an intelligent following of custom, or even occasionally an intelligent deviation from custom, is better than a blind and simply mechanical adhesion to it. To a certain extent it is admitted that our understanding should be our own; but there is not the same willingness to admit that our desires and impulses should be our own likewise, or that to possess impulses of our own, and of any strength, is anything but a peril and a snare. Yet desires and impulses are as much a part of a perfect human being, as beliefs and restraints; and strong impulses are only perilous when not properly balanced,—when one set of aims and inclinations is developed into strength, while others, which ought to coexist with them, remain weak and inactive. It is not because men's desires are strong that they act ill; it is because their consciences are weak. There is no natural connection between strong impulses and a weak conscience. The natural connection is the other way. To say that one person's desires and feelings are stronger and more various than those of another is merely to say that he has more of the raw material of human nature, and is therefore capable, perhaps, of more evil, but certainly of more good. Strong impulses are but another name for energy. Energy may be turned to bad uses; but more good may always be made of an energetic nature than of an indolent and impassive one. Those who have most natural feeling are always those whose cultivated feelings may be made the strongest. The same strong susceptibilities which make the personal impulses vivid and powerful are also the source from whence are generated the most passionate love of virtue, and the sternest self-control. It is through the cultivation of these that society both does its duty and protects its interests:

not by rejecting the stuff of which heroes are made, because it knows not how to make them. A person whose desires and impulses are his own — are the expression of his own nature, as it has been developed and modified by his own culture — is said to have a character. One whose desires and impulses are not his own has no character, no more than a steam engine has a character. If, in addition to being his own, his impulses are strong, and are under the government of a strong will, he has an energetic character. Whoever thinks that individuality of desires and impulses should not be encouraged to unfold itself must maintain that society has no need of strong natures — is not the better for containing many persons who have much character — and that a high general average of energy is not desirable.

In some early states of society these forces might be, and were, too much ahead of the power which society then possessed of disciplining and controlling them. There has been a time when the element of spontaneity and individuality was in excess, and the social principle had a hard struggle with it. The difficulty then was to induce men of strong bodies or minds to pay obedience to any rules which required them to control their impulses. To overcome this difficulty, law and discipline, like the Popes struggling against the Emperors, asserted a power over the whole man, claiming to control all his life in order to control his character — which society had not found any other sufficient means of binding. But society has now fairly got the better of individuality; and the danger which threatens human nature is not the excess, but the deficiency, of personal impulses and preferences. Things are vastly changed, since the passions of those who were strong by station or by personal endowment were in a state of habitual rebellion against laws and ordinances, and required to be rigorously chained up to enable the persons within their reach to enjoy any particle of security. In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves — what do I prefer? or what would suit my character and disposition? or what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station

and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still) what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done; peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes; until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow; their human capacities are withered and starved; they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own. Now is this, or is it not, the desirable condition of human nature?

It is so, on the Calvinistic theory. According to that, the one great offense of man is self-will. All the good of which humanity is capable is comprised in obedience. You have no choice; thus you must do, and no otherwise: "Whatever is not a duty is a sin." Human nature being radically corrupt, there is no redemption for any one until human nature is killed within him. To one holding this theory of life, crushing out any of the human faculties, capacities, and susceptibilities is no evil: man needs no capacity, but that of surrendering himself to the will of God; and if he uses any of his faculties for any other purpose but to do that supposed will more effectually, he is better without them. This is the theory of Calvinism; and it is held, in a mitigated form, by many who do not consider themselves Calvinists: the mitigation consisting in giving a less ascetic interpretation to the alleged will of God, asserting it to be his will that mankind should gratify some of their inclinations; of course not in the manner they themselves prefer, but in the way of obedience, that is, in a way prescribed to them by authority, and, therefore, by the necessary condition of the case, the same for all.

In some such insidious form, there is at present a strong tendency to this narrow theory of life, and to the pinched and hidebound type of human character which it patronizes. Many persons, no doubt, sincerely think that human beings thus cramped and dwarfed are as their Maker designed them to be; just as many have thought that trees are a much finer thing

when clipped into pollards, or cut out into figures of animals, than as nature made them. But if it be any part of religion to believe that man was made by a good Being, it is more consistent with that faith to believe that this Being gave all human faculties that they might be cultivated and unfolded, not rooted out and consumed, and that he takes delight in every nearer approach made by his creatures to the ideal conception embodied in them, every increase in any of their capabilities of comprehension, of action, or of enjoyment. There is a different type of human excellence from the Calvinistic: a conception of humanity as having its nature bestowed on it for other purposes than merely to be abnegated. "Pagan self-assertion" is one of the elements of human worth, as well as "Christian self-denial." There is a Greek ideal of self-development, which the Platonic and Christian ideal of self-government blends with, but does not supersede. It may be better to be a John Knox than an Alcibiades, but it is better to be a Pericles than either; nor would a Pericles, if we had one in these days, be without anything good which belonged to John Knox.

It is not by wearing down into uniformity all that is individual in themselves, but by cultivating it, and calling it forth, within the limits imposed by the rights and interests of others, that human beings become a noble and beautiful object of contemplation; and as the works partake the character of those who do them, by the same process human life also becomes rich, diversified, and animating, furnishing more abundant aliment to high thoughts and elevating feelings, and strengthening the tie which binds every individual to the race, by making the race infinitely better worth belonging to. In proportion to the development of his individuality, each person becomes more valuable to himself, and is therefore capable of being more valuable to others. There is a greater fullness of life about his own existence, and when there is more life in the units there is more in the mass which is composed of them. As much compression as is necessary to prevent the stronger specimens of human nature from encroaching on the rights of others, cannot be dispensed with; but for this there is ample compensation even in the point of view of human development. The means of development which the individual loses by being prevented from gratifying his inclinations to the injury of others, are chiefly obtained at the expense of the development of other people. And even to himself there is a full equivalent in the better de-

velopment of the social part of his nature, rendered possible by the restraint put upon the selfish part. To be held to rigid rules of justice for the sake of others, develops the feelings and capacities which have the good of others for their object. But to be restrained in things not affecting their good, by their mere displeasure, develops nothing valuable, except such force of character as may unfold itself in resisting the restraint. If acquiesced in, it dulls and blunts the whole nature. To give any fair play to the nature of each, it is essential that different persons should be allowed to lead different lives. In proportion as this latitude has been exercised in any age, has that age been noteworthy to posterity. Even despotism does not produce its worst effects, so long as individuality exists under it; and whatever crushes individuality is despotism, by whatever name it may be called, and whether it professes to be enforcing the will of God or the injunctions of men.

Having said that Individuality is the same thing with development, and that it is only the cultivation of individuality which produces, or can produce, well-developed human beings, I might here close the argument: for what more or better can be said of any condition of human affairs than that it brings human beings themselves nearer to the best thing they can be? or what worse can be said of any obstruction to good than that it prevents this? Doubtless, however, these considerations will not suffice to convince those who most need convincing; and it is necessary further to show that these developed human beings are of some use to the undeveloped—to point out to those who do not desire liberty, and would not avail themselves of it, that they may be in some intelligible manner rewarded for allowing other people to make use of it without hindrance.

In the first place, then, I would suggest that they might possibly learn something from them. It will not be denied by anybody that originality is a valuable element in human affairs. There is always need of persons not only to discover new truths, and point out when what were once truths are true no longer, but also to commence new practices, and set the example of more enlightened conduct, and better taste and sense in human life. This cannot well be gainsaid by anybody who does not believe that the world has already attained perfection in all its ways and practices. It is true that this benefit is not capable of being rendered by everybody alike: there are but few

persons in comparison with the whole of mankind, whose experiments, if adopted by others, would be likely to be any improvement on established practice. But these few are the salt of the earth ; without them, human life would become a stagnant pool. Not only is it they who introduce good things which did not before exist : it is they who keep the life in those which already exist. If there were nothing new to be done, would human intellect cease to be necessary ? Would it be a reason why those who do the old things should forget why they are done, and do them like cattle, not like human beings ? There is only too great a tendency in the best beliefs and practices to degenerate into the mechanical ; and unless there were a succession of persons whose ever-recurring originality prevents the grounds of those beliefs and practices from becoming merely traditional, such dead matter would not resist the smallest shock from anything really alive, and there would be no reason why civilization should not die out, as in the Byzantine Empire. Persons of genius, it is true, are, and are always likely to be, a small minority ; but in order to have them, it is necessary to preserve the soil in which they grow. Genius can only breathe freely in an *atmosphere* of freedom. Persons of genius are, *ex vi termini*, more individual than any other people — less capable, consequently, of fitting themselves, without hurtful compression, into any of the small number of molds which society provides in order to save its members the trouble of forming their own character. If from timidity they consent to be forced into one of these molds, and to let all that part of themselves which cannot expand under the pressure remain unexpanded, society will be little the better for their genius. If they are of a strong character, and break their fetters, they become a mark for the society which has not succeeded in reducing them to commonplace, to point out with solemn warning as “wild,” “erratic,” and the like ; much as if one should complain of the Niagara River for not flowing smoothly between its banks like a Dutch canal.

I insist thus emphatically on the importance of genius, and the necessity of allowing it to unfold itself freely, both in thought and in practice, being well aware that no one will deny the position in theory, but knowing also that almost every one, in reality, is totally indifferent to it. People think genius a fine thing if it enables a man to write an exciting poem, or paint a picture. But in its true sense, that of originality in

thought and action, though no one says that it is not a thing to be admired, nearly all, at heart, think that they can do very well without it. Unhappily this is too natural to be wondered at. Originality is the one thing which unoriginal minds cannot feel the use of. They cannot see what it is to do for them: how should they? If they could see what it would do for them, it would not be originality. The first service which originality has to render them is that of opening their eyes; which, being once fully done, they would have a chance of being themselves original. Meanwhile, recollecting that nothing was ever yet done which some one was not the first to do, and that all good things which exist are the fruits of originality, let them be modest enough to believe that there is something still left for it to accomplish, and assure themselves that they are more in need of originality the less they are conscious of the want.

In sober truth, whatever homage may be professed, or even paid, to real or supposed mental superiority, the general tendency of things throughout the world is to render mediocrity the ascendant power among mankind. In ancient history, in the Middle Ages, and in a diminishing degree through the long transition from feudality to the present time, the individual was a power in himself; and if he had either great talents or a high social position, he was a considerable power. At present individuals are lost in the crowd. In politics it is almost a triviality to say that public opinion now rules the world. The only power deserving the name is that of masses, and of governments while they make themselves the organ of the tendencies and instincts of masses. This is as true in the moral and social relations of private life as in public transactions. Those whose opinions go by the name of public opinion are not always the same sort of public: in America they are the whole white population; in England chiefly the middle class. But they are always a mass, that is to say, collective mediocrity. And what is a still greater novelty, the mass do not now take their opinions from dignitaries in Church or State, from ostensible leaders, or from books. Their thinking is done for them by men much like themselves, addressing them or speaking in their name, on the spur of the moment, through the newspapers. I am not complaining of all this. I do not assert that anything better is compatible, as a general rule, with the present low state of the human mind. But that does not

hinder the government of mediocrity from being mediocre government.

No government by a democracy or a numerous aristocracy, either in its political acts or in the opinions, qualities, and tone of mind which it fosters, ever did or could rise above mediocrity, except in so far as the sovereign Many have let themselves be guided (which in their best times they always have done) by the counsels and influence of a more highly gifted and instructed One or Few. The initiation of all wise or noble things comes and must come from individuals; generally at first from some one individual. The honor and glory of the average man is that he is capable of following that initiative; that he can respond internally to wise and noble things, and be led to them with his eyes open. I am not countenancing the sort of "hero worship" which applauds the strong man of genius for forcibly seizing on the government of the world and making it do his bidding in spite of itself. All he can claim is freedom to point out the way. The power of compelling others into it is not only inconsistent with the freedom and development of all the rest, but corrupting to the strong man himself. It does seem, however, that when the opinions of masses of merely average men are everywhere become or becoming the dominant power, the counterpoise and corrective to that tendency would be the more and more pronounced individuality of those who stand on the higher eminences of thought. It is in these circumstances most especially that exceptional individuals, instead of being deterred, should be encouraged in acting differently from the mass. In other times there was no advantage in their doing so, unless they acted not only differently, but better. In this age, the mere example of nonconformity, the mere refusal to bend the knee to custom, is itself a service. Precisely because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable, in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has been proportional to the amount of genius, mental vigor, and moral courage it contained. That so few now dare to be eccentric marks the chief danger of the time.

I have said that it is important to give the freest scope possible to uncustomary things, in order that it may in time

appear which of these are fit to be converted into customs. But independence of action and disregard of custom are not solely deserving of encouragement for the chance they afford that better modes of action, and customs more worthy of general adoption, may be struck out; nor is it only persons of decided mental superiority who have a just claim to carry on their lives in their own way. There is no reason that all human existence should be constructed on some one or some small number of patterns. If a person possesses any tolerable amount of common sense and experience, his own mode of laying out his existence is the best, not because it is the best in itself, but because it is his own mode. Human beings are not like sheep; and even sheep are not undistinguishably alike. A man cannot get a coat or a pair of boots to fit him, unless they are either made to his measure, or he has a whole ware-houseful to choose from; and is it easier to fit him with a life than with a coat, or are human beings more like one another in their whole physical and spiritual conformation than in the shape of their feet? If it were only that people have diversities of taste, that is reason enough for not attempting to shape them all after one model. But different persons also require different conditions for their spiritual development, and can no more exist healthily in the same moral, than all the variety of plants can in the same physical, atmosphere and climate. The same things which are helps to one person towards the cultivation of his higher nature are hindrances to another. The same mode of life is a healthy excitement to one, keeping all his faculties of action and enjoyment in their best order, while to another it is a distracting burden, which suspends or crushes all internal life. Such are the differences among human beings in their sources of pleasure, their susceptibilities of pain, and the operation on them of different physical and moral agencies, that unless there is a corresponding diversity in their modes of life, they neither obtain their fair share of happiness, nor grow up to the mental, moral, and æsthetic stature of which their nature is capable. Why then should tolerance, as far as the public sentiment is concerned, extend only to tastes and modes of life which extort acquiescence by the multitude of their adherents? Nowhere (except in some monastic institutions) is diversity of taste entirely unrecognized; a person may, without blame, either like or dislike rowing, or smoking, or music, or athletic exercises, or chess, or

cards, or study, because both those who like each of these things, and those who dislike them, are too numerous to be put down. But the man, and still more the woman, who can be accused either of doing "what nobody does," or of not doing "what everybody does," is the subject of as much depreciatory remark as if he or she had committed some grave moral delinquency. Persons require to possess a title, or some other badge of rank, or of the consideration of people of rank, to be able to indulge somewhat in the luxury of doing as they like without detriment to their estimation. To indulge somewhat, I repeat: for whoever allow themselves much of that indulgence, incur the risk of something worse than disparaging speeches — they are in peril of a commission *de lunatico*, and of having their property taken from them and given to their relations.

There is one characteristic of the present direction of public opinion peculiarly calculated to make it intolerant of any marked demonstration of individuality. The general average of mankind are not only moderate in intellect, but also moderate in inclinations: they have no tastes or wishes strong enough to incline them to do anything unusual, and they consequently do not understand those who have, and class all such with the wild and intemperate whom they are accustomed to look down upon. Now, in addition to this fact, which is general, we have only to suppose that a strong movement has set in towards the improvement of morals, and it is evident what we have to expect. In these days such a movement has set in; much has actually been effected in the way of increased regularity of conduct and discouragement of excesses; and there is a philanthropic spirit abroad, for the exercise of which there is no more inviting field than the moral and prudential improvement of our fellow-creatures. These tendencies of the times cause the public to be more disposed than at most former periods to prescribe general rules of conduct, and endeavor to make every one conform to the approved standard. And that standard, express or tacit, is to desire nothing strongly. Its ideal of character is to be without any marked character: to maim by compression, like a Chinese lady's foot, every part of human nature which stands out prominently, and tends to make the person markedly dissimilar in outline to commonplace humanity.

As is usually the case with ideals which exclude one half of what is desirable, the present standard of approbation produces

only an inferior imitation of the other half. Instead of great energies guided by vigorous reason, and strong feelings strongly controlled by a conscientious will, its result is weak feelings and weak energies, which therefore can be kept in outward conformity to rule without any strength either of will or of reason. Already energetic characters on any large scale are becoming merely traditional. There is now scarcely any outlet for energy in this country except business. The energy expended in this may still be regarded as considerable. What little is left from that employment is expended on some hobby, which may be a useful, even a philanthropic, hobby, but is always some one thing, and generally a thing of small dimensions. The greatness of England is now all collective : individually small, we only appear capable of anything great by our habit of combining ; and with this our moral and religious philanthropists are perfectly contented. But it was men of another stamp than this that made England what it has been ; and men of another stamp will be needed to prevent its decline.

The despotism of custom is everywhere the standing hindrance to human advancement, being in unceasing antagonism to that disposition to aim at something better than customary which is called, according to circumstances, the spirit of liberty, or that of progress or improvement. The spirit of improvement is not always a spirit of liberty, for it may aim at forcing improvements on an unwilling people ; and the spirit of liberty, in so far as it resists such attempts, may ally itself locally and temporarily with the opponents of improvement ; but the only unfailing and permanent source of improvement is liberty, since by it there are as many possible independent centers of improvement as there are individuals. The progressive principle, however, in either shape, whether as the love of liberty or of improvement, is antagonistic to the sway of Custom, involving at least emancipation from that yoke ; and the contest between the two constitutes the chief interest of the history of mankind. The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East. Custom is there, in all things, the final appeal ; justice and right mean conformity to custom ; the argument of custom no one, unless some tyrant intoxicated with power, thinks of resisting. And we see the result. Those nations must once have had originality ; they

did not start out of the ground populous, lettered, and versed in many of the arts of life; they made themselves all this, and were then the greatest and most powerful nations of the world. What are they now? The subjects or dependents of tribes whose forefathers wandered in the forests when theirs had magnificent palaces and gorgeous temples, but over whom custom exercised only a divided rule with liberty and progress. A people, it appears, may be progressive for a certain length of time, and then stop: when does it stop? When it ceases to possess individuality. If a similar change should befall the nations of Europe, it will not be in exactly the same shape: the despotism of custom with which these nations are threatened is not precisely stationariness. It proscribes singularity, but it does not preclude change, provided all change together. We have discarded the fixed costumes of our forefathers; every one must still dress like other people, but the fashion may change once or twice a year. We thus take care that when there is a change it shall be for change's sake, and not from any idea of beauty or convenience; for the same idea of beauty or convenience would not strike all the world at the same moment, and be simultaneously thrown aside by all at another moment. But we are progressive as well as changeable: we continually make new inventions in mechanical things, and keep them until they are again superseded by better; we are eager for improvement in politics, in education, even in morals, though in this last our idea of improvement chiefly consists in persuading or forcing other people to be as good as ourselves. It is not progress that we object to; on the contrary, we flatter ourselves that we are the most progressive people who ever lived. It is individuality that we war against: we should think we had done wonders if we had made ourselves all alike; forgetting that the unlikeness of one person to another is generally the first thing which draws the attention of either to the imperfection of his own type, and the superiority of another, or the possibility, by combining the advantages of both, of producing something better than either. We have a warning example in China — a nation of much talent, and, in some respects, even wisdom, owing to the rare good fortune of having been provided at an early period with a particularly good set of customs, the work, in some measure, of men to whom even the most enlightened European must accord, under certain limitations, the title of sages and philosophers.

They are remarkable, too, in the excellence of their apparatus for impressing, as far as possible, the best wisdom they possess upon every mind in the community, and securing that those who have appropriated most of it shall occupy the posts of honor and power. Surely the people who did this have discovered the secret of human progressiveness, and must have kept themselves steadily at the head of the movement of the world. On the contrary, they have become stationary, have remained so for thousands of years; and if they are ever to be farther improved, it must be by foreigners. They have succeeded beyond all hope in what English philanthropists are so industriously working at—in making a people all alike, all governing their thoughts and conduct by the same maxims and rules: and these are the fruits. The modern *régime* of public opinion is, in an unorganized form, what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China.

What is it that has hitherto preserved Europe from this lot? What has made the European family of nations an improving, instead of a stationary, portion of mankind? Not any superior excellence in them which, when it exists, exists as the effect, not as the cause; but their remarkable diversity of character and culture. Individuals, classes, nations, have been extremely unlike one another: they have struck out a great variety of paths, each leading to something valuable; and although at every period those who traveled in different paths have been intolerant of one another, and each would have thought it an excellent thing if all the rest could have been compelled to travel his road, their attempts to thwart each other's development have rarely had any permanent success, and each has in time endured to receive the good which the others have offered. Europe is, in my judgment, wholly indebted to this plurality of paths for its progressive and many-sided development. But it already begins to possess this benefit in a considerably less degree. It is decidedly advancing towards the Chinese ideal of making all people alike. M. de Tocqueville, in his last important work, remarks how much more the Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another, than did those even of the last generation. The same remark might be made of Englishmen in a far greater degree. In a

passage already quoted from Wilhelm von Humboldt, he points out two things as necessary conditions of human development, because necessary to render people unlike one another; namely, freedom and variety of situations. The second of these two conditions is in this country every day diminishing. The circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more assimilated. Formerly, different ranks, different neighborhoods, different trades and professions, lived in what might be called different worlds; at present to a great degree in the same. Comparatively speaking, they now read the same things, listen to the same things, see the same things, go to the same places, have their hopes and fears directed to the same objects, have the same rights and liberties, and the same means of asserting them. Great as are the differences of position which remain, they are nothing to those which have ceased. And the assimilation is still proceeding. All the political changes of the age promote it, since they all tend to raise the low and to lower the high. Every extension of education promotes it, because education brings people under common influences, and gives them access to the general stock of facts and sentiments. Improvement in the means of communication promotes it, by bringing the inhabitants of distant places into personal contact, and keeping up a rapid flow of changes of residence between one place and another. The increase of commerce and manufactures promotes it, by diffusing more widely the advantages of easy circumstances, and opening all objects of ambition, even the highest, to general competition, whereby the desire of rising becomes no longer the character of a particular class, but of all classes. A more powerful agency than even all these, in bringing about a general similarity among mankind, is the complete establishment, in this and other free countries, of the ascendancy of public opinion in the State. As the various social eminences which enabled persons intrenched on them to disregard the opinion of the multitude gradually become leveled; as the very idea of resisting the will of the public, when it is positively known that they have a will, disappears more and more from the minds of practical politicians, there ceases to be any social support for nonconformity—any substantive power in society which, itself opposed to the ascendancy of numbers, is interested in taking under its protection opinions and tendencies at variance with those of the public.

The combination of all these causes forms so great a mass of influences hostile to Individuality, that it is not easy to see how it can stand its ground. It will do so with increasing difficulty, unless the intelligent part of the public can be made to feel its value — to see that it is good there should be differences, even though not for the better, even though, as it may appear to them, some should be for the worse. If the claims of Individuality are ever to be asserted, the time is now, while much is still wanting to complete the enforced assimilation. It is only in the earlier stages that any stand can be successfully made against the encroachment. The demand that all other people shall resemble ourselves grows by what it feeds on. If resistance waits till life is reduced *nearly* to one uniform type, all deviations from that type will come to be considered impious, immoral, even monstrous and contrary to nature. Mankind speedily become unable to conceive diversity, when they have been for some time unaccustomed to see it.



THE UNIFORMITY OF SOCIAL LAWS.

By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE.

(From the "History of Civilization in England.")

[HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE, philosophical historian, was born at Lee, Kent, November 24, 1821, and on account of his delicate health was educated at home, chiefly by his mother. In 1840, on the death of his father, a wealthy London shipowner, he inherited an ample fortune, which enabled him to indulge his fondness for books and to give himself up to literary pursuits. In 1857 he published the first volume of his famous "History of Civilization in England," which produced a sensation in Europe and America. The special doctrine that it sought to uphold was that climate, soil, food, and the aspects of nature are the determining factors in intellectual progress. After the publication of the second volume (1861), Buckle set out on an Eastern tour, and died of typhoid fever at Damascus, Syria, May 29, 1862. For twenty years he was reckoned one of the finest chess players in the world.]

THOSE readers who are acquainted with the manner in which in the physical world the operations of the laws of nature are constantly disturbed, will expect to find in the

moral world disturbances equally active. Such aberrations proceed, in both instances, from minor laws, which at particular points meet the larger laws, and thus alter their normal action. Of this, the science of mechanics affords a good example in the instance of that beautiful theory called the parallelogram of forces—according to which the forces are to each other in the same proportion as is the diagonal of their respective parallelograms. This is a law pregnant with great results; it is connected with those important mechanical resources, the composition and resolution of forces; and no one acquainted with the evidence on which it stands ever thought of questioning its truth. But the moment we avail ourselves of it for practical purposes, we find that in its action it is warped by other laws, such as those concerning the friction of air, and the different density of the bodies on which we operate, arising from the chemical composition, or, as some suppose, from their atomic arrangement. Perturbations being thus let in, the pure and simple action of the mechanical law disappears. Still, and although the results of the law are incessantly disturbed, the law itself remains intact. Just in the same way, the great social law that the moral actions of men are the product not of their volition, but of their antecedents, is itself liable to disturbances which trouble its operation without affecting its truth. And this is quite sufficient to explain those slight variations which we find from year to year in the total amount of crime produced by the same country. Indeed, looking at the fact that the moral world is far more abundant in materials than the physical world, the only ground for astonishment is that these variations should not be greater; and from the circumstances that the discrepancies are so trifling, we may form some idea of the prodigious energy of those vast social laws which, though constantly interrupted, seem to triumph over every obstacle, and which, when examined by the aid of large numbers, scarcely undergo any sensible perturbation.

Nor is it merely the crimes of men which are marked by this uniformity of sequence. Even the number of marriages annually contracted is determined, not by the temper and wishes of individuals, but by large general facts, over which individuals can exercise no authority. It is now known that marriages bear a fixed and definite relation to the price of corn; and in England the experience of a century has proved that,

instead of having any connection with personal feelings, they are simply regulated by the average earnings of the great mass of the people : so that this immense social and religious institution is not only swayed, but is completely controlled, by the price of food and by the rate of wages. In other cases, uniformity has been detected, though the causes of the uniformity are still unknown. Thus, to give a curious instance, we are now able to prove that the aberrations of memory are marked by this general character of necessary and invariable order. The post offices of London and of Paris have latterly published returns of the number of letters which the writers, through forgetfulness, omitted to direct ; and, making allowance for the difference of circumstances, the returns are year after year copies of each other. Year after year the same proportion of letter writers forget this simple act ; so that for each successive period we can actually foretell the number of persons whose memory will fail them in regard to this trifling and, as it might appear, accidental occurrence.

To those who have steady conception of the regularity of events, and have firmly seized the great truth that the actions of men, being guided by their antecedents, are in reality never inconsistent, but, however capricious they may appear, only form part of one vast scheme of universal order, of which we in the present state of knowledge can barely see the outline,—to those who understand this, which is at once the key and the basis of history, the facts just adduced, so far from being strange, will be precisely what would have been expected, and ought long since to have been known. Indeed, the progress of inquiry is becoming so rapid and so earnest, that I entertain little doubt that before another century has elapsed, the chain of evidence will be complete, and it will be as rare to find an historian who denies the undeviating regularity of the moral world, as it now is to find a philosopher who denies the regularity of the material world.

It will be observed that the preceding proofs of our actions, being regulated by law, have been derived from statistics—a branch of knowledge which, though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together. But although the statisticians have been the first to investigate this great subject by treating it according to those methods of reasoning which in other fields have been found successful ; and although they have, by the

application of numbers, brought to bear upon it a very powerful engine for eliciting truth,—we must not, on that account, suppose that there are no other resources remaining by which it may likewise be cultivated; nor should we infer that because the physical sciences have not yet been applied to history, they are therefore inapplicable to it. Indeed, when we consider the incessant contact between man and the external world, it is certain that there must be an intimate connection between human actions and physical laws; so that if physical science has not hitherto been brought to bear upon history, the reason is, either that historians have not perceived the connection, or else that, having perceived it, they have been destitute of the knowledge by which its workings can be traced. Hence there has arisen an unnatural separation of the two great departments of inquiry, the study of the internal, and that of the external: and although, in the present state of European literature, there are some unmistakable symptoms of a desire to break down this artificial barrier, still it must be admitted that as yet nothing has been actually accomplished towards effecting so great an end. The moralists, the theologians, and the metaphysicians continue to prosecute their studies without much respect for what they deem the inferior labors of scientific men; whose inquiries, indeed, they frequently attack, as dangerous to the interests of religion, and as inspiring us with an undue confidence in the resources of the human understanding. On the other hand, the cultivators of physical science, conscious that they are an advancing body, are naturally proud of their own success; and, contrasting their discoveries with the more stationary position of their opponents, are led to despise pursuits the barrenness of which has now become notorious.

It is the business of the historian to mediate between these two parties, and reconcile their hostile pretensions by showing the point at which their respective studies ought to coalesce. To settle the terms of this coalition will be to fix the basis of all history. For since history deals with the actions of men, and since their actions are merely the product of a collision between internal and external phenomena, it becomes necessary to examine the relative importance of those phenomena; to inquire into the extent to which their laws are known; and to ascertain the resources for future discovery possessed by these two great classes, the students of the mind and the students of nature.

A BULWARK OF SOUND RELIGION.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

(From "Janet's Repentance.")

[GEORGE ELIOT, pseudonym of Mrs. Marian Evans Cross: A famous English novelist; born in Warwickshire, England, November 22, 1819. After the death of her father (1849) she settled in London, where she became assistant editor of the *Westminster Review* (1851). In 1854 she formed a union with George Henry Lewes, and after his death married, in 1880, John Walter Cross. "Scenes of Clerical Life" first established her reputation as a writer, and was followed by the novels "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," "Romola," "Felix Holt," "Middemarch," and "Daniel Deronda." Among her other works may be mentioned "The Spanish Gypsy," a drama, and the poems "Agatha," "The Legend of Jubal," and "Armgar."]]

"NO!" SAID Lawyer Dempster, in a loud, rasping, oratorical tone, struggling against chronic huskiness, "as long as my Maker grants me power of voice and power of intellect, I will take every legal means to resist the introduction of demoralizing, methodistical doctrine into this parish; I will not supinely suffer an insult to be inflicted on our venerable pastor, who has given us sound instruction for half a century."

It was very warm everywhere that evening, but especially in the bar of the Red Lion at Milby, where Mr. Dempster was seated mixing his third glass of brandy-and-water. He was a tall and rather massive man, and the front half of his large surface was so well dredged with snuff, that the cat, having inadvertently come near him, had been seized with a severe fit of sneezing—an accident which, being cruelly misunderstood, had caused her to be driven contumeliously from the bar. Mr. Dempster habitually held his chin tucked in, and his head hanging forward, weighed down, perhaps, by a preponderant occiput and a bulging forehead, between which his closely clipped coronal surface lay like a flat and new-mown tableland. The only other observable features were puffy cheeks and a protruding yet lipless mouth. Of his nose I can only say that it was snuffy; and as Mr. Dempster was never caught in the act of looking at anything in particular, it would have been difficult to swear to the color of his eyes.

"Well! I'll not stick at giving *myself* trouble to put down such hypocritical cant," said Mr. Tomlinson, the rich miller. "I know well enough what your Sunday evening lectures are good for—for wenches to meet their sweethearts, and brew

mischief. There's work enough with the servant-maids as it is — such as I never heard the like of in my mother's time, and it's all along o' your schooling and new-fangled plans. Give me a servant as can nayther read nor write, I say, and doesn't know the year o' the Lord as she was born in. I should like to know what good those Sunday schools have done, now. Why, the boys used to go a bird's-nesting of a Sunday morning; and a capital thing too — ask any farmer; and very pretty it was to see the strings o' heggs hanging up in poor people's houses. You'll not see 'em nowhere now."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Luke Byles, who piqued himself on his reading, and was in the habit of asking casual acquaintances if they knew anything of Hobbes; "it is right enough that the lower orders should be instructed. But this sectarianism within the Church ought to be put down. In point of fact, these Evangelicals are not Churchmen at all; they're no better than Presbyterians."

"Presbyterians? what are they?" inquired Mr. Tomlinson, who often said his father had given him "no eddication, and he didn't care who knowed it; he could buy up most o' th' eddicated men he'd ever come across."

"The Presbyterians," said Mr. Dempster, in rather a louder tone than before, holding that every appeal for information must naturally be addressed to him, "are a sect founded in the reign of Charles I. by a man named John Presbyter, who hatched all the brood of Dissenting vermin that crawl about in dirty alleys, and circumvent the lord of the manor in order to get a few yards of ground for their pigeon-house conventicles."

"No, no, Dempster," said Mr. Luke Byles, "you're out there. Presbyterianism is derived from the word presbyter, meaning an elder."

"Don't contradict *me*, sir!" stormed Dempster. "I say the word presbyterian is derived from John Presbyter, a miserable fanatic who wore a suit of leather, and went about from town to village, and from village to hamlet, inoculating the vulgar with the asinine virus of Dissent."

"Come, Byles, that seems a deal more likely," said Mr. Tomlinson, in a conciliatory tone, apparently of opinion that history was a process of ingenious guessing.

"It's not a question of likelihood; it's a known fact. I could fetch you my Encyclopædia, and show it you this moment."

"I don't care a straw, sir, either for you or your Encyclopædia," said Mr. Dempster: "a farrago of false information of which you picked up an imperfect copy in a cargo of waste paper. Will you tell *me*, sir, that I don't know the origin of Presbyterianism? I, sir, a man known through the county, intrusted with the affairs of half a score parishes; while you, sir, are ignored by the very fleas that infest the miserable alley in which you were bred."

A loud and general laugh, with "You'd better let him alone, Byles;" "You'll not get the better of Dempster in a hurry," drowned the retort of the too well informed Mr. Byles, who, white with rage, rose and walked out of the bar.

"A meddlesome, upstart, Jacobinical fellow, gentlemen," continued Mr. Dempster. "I was determined to be rid of him. What does he mean by thrusting himself into our company? A man with about as much principle as he has property, which, to my knowledge, is considerably less than none. An insolvent atheist, gentlemen. A deistical prater, fit to sit in the chimney-corner of a pot-house, and make blasphemous comments on the one greasy newspaper fingered by beer-swilling tinkers. I will not suffer in my company a man who speaks lightly of religion. The signature of a fellow like Byles would be a blot on our protest."

"And how do you get on with your signatures?" said Mr. Pilgrim, the doctor, who had presented his large top-booted person within the bar while Mr. Dempster was speaking. Mr. Pilgrim had just returned from one of his long day's rounds among the farmhouses, in the course of which he had sat down to two hearty meals that might have been mistaken for dinners if he had not declared them to be "snaps"; and as each snap had been followed by a few glasses of "mixture," containing a less liberal proportion of water than the articles he himself labeled with that broadly generic name, he was in that condition which his groom indicated with poetic ambiguity by saying that "master had been in the sunshine." Under these circumstances, after a hard day, in which he had really had no regular meal, it seemed a natural relaxation to step into the bar of the Red Lion, where, as it was Saturday evening, he should be sure to find Dempster, and hear the latest news about the protest against the evening lecture.

"Have you hooked Ben Landor yet?" he continued, as he took two chairs, one for his body and the other for his right leg.

"No," said Mr. Budd, the churchwarden, shaking his head; "Ben Lander has a way of keeping himself neutral in everything, and he doesn't like to oppose his father. Old Lander is a regular Tryanite. But we haven't got your name yet, Pilgrim."

"Tut, tut, Budd," said Mr. Dempster, sarcastically, "you don't expect Pilgrim to sign? He's got a dozen Tryanite livers under his treatment. Nothing like cant and methodism for producing a superfluity of bile."

"Oh, I thought, as Pratt had declared himself a Tryanite, we should be sure to get Pilgrim on our side."

Mr. Pilgrim was not a man to sit quiet under a sarcasm, nature having endowed him with a considerable share of self-defensive wit. In his most sober moments he had an impediment in his speech, and as copious gin-and-water stimulated not the speech but the impediment, he had time to make his retort sufficiently bitter.

"Why, to tell you the truth, Budd," he spluttered, "there's a report all over the town that Deb Traunter swears you shall take her with you as one of the delegates, and they say there's to be a fine crowd at your door the morning you start, to see the row. Knowing your tenderness for that member of the fair sex, I thought you might find it impossible to deny her. I hang back a little from signing on that account, as Prendergast might not take the protest well if Deb Traunter went with you."

Mr. Budd was a small, sleek-headed bachelor of five and forty, whose scandalous life had long furnished his more moral neighbors with an after-dinner joke. He had no other striking characteristic, except that he was a currier of choleric temperament, so that you might wonder why he had been chosen as clergyman's churchwarden, if I did not tell you that he had recently been elected through Mr. Dempster's exertions, in order that his zeal against the threatened evening lecture might be backed by the dignity of office.

"Come, come, Pilgrim," said Mr. Tomlinson, covering Mr. Budd's retreat, "you know you like to wear the crier's coat, green o' one side and red o' the other. You've been to hear Tryan preach at Paddiford Common — you know you have."

"To be sure I have; and a capital sermon too. It's a pity you were not there. It was addressed to those 'void of understanding.'"

"No, no, you'll never catch me there," returned Mr. Tomlinson, not in the least stung; "he preaches without book, they say, just like a Dissenter. It must be a rambling sort of a concern."

"That's not the worst," said Mr. Dempster; "he preaches against good works; says good works are not necessary to salvation — a sectarian, antinomian, anabaptist doctrine. Tell a man he is not to be saved by his works, and you open the flood-gates of all immorality. You see it in all these canting innovators; they're all bad ones by the sly; smooth-faced, drawling, hypocritical fellows, who pretend ginger isn't hot in their mouths, and cry down all innocent pleasures; their hearts are all the blacker for their sanctimonious outsides. Haven't we been warned against those who make clean the outside of the cup and the platter? There's this Tryan, now, he goes about praying with old women, and singing with charity-children; but what has he really got his eye on all the while? A domineering ambitious Jesuit, gentlemen; all he wants is to get his foot far enough into the parish to step into Crewe's shoes when the old gentleman dies. Depend upon it, whenever you see a man pretending to be better than his neighbors, that man has either some cunning end to serve, or his heart is rotten with spiritual pride."

As if to guarantee himself against this awful sin, Mr. Dempster seized his glass of brandy-and-water, and tossed off the contents with even greater rapidity than usual.

"Have you fixed on your third delegate yet?" said Mr. Pilgrim, whose taste was for detail rather than for dissertation.

"That's the man," answered Dempster, pointing to Mr. Tomlinson. "We start for Elmstoke Rectory on Tuesday morning; so, if you mean to give us your signature, you must make up your mind pretty quickly, Pilgrim."

Mr. Pilgrim did not in the least mean it, so he only said, "I shouldn't wonder if Tryan turns out too many for you, after all. He's got a well-oiled tongue of his own, and has perhaps talked over Prendergast into a determination to stand by him."

"Ve-ry little fear of that," said Dempster, in a confident tone. "I'll soon bring him round. Tryan has got his match. I've plenty of rods in pickle for Tryan."

At this moment Boots entered the bar, and put a letter into the lawyer's hands, saying, "There's Trower's man just

come into the yard wi' a gig, sir, an' he's brought this here letter."

Mr. Dempster read the letter and said, "Tell him to turn the gig — I'll be with him in a minute. Here, run to Gruby's and get this snuff-box filled — quick!"

"Trower's worse, I suppose; eh, Dempster? Wants you to alter his will, eh?" said Mr. Pilgrim.

"Business — business — business — I don't know exactly what," answered the cautious Dempster, rising deliberately from his chair, thrusting on his low-crowned hat, and walking with a slow but not unsteady step out of the bar.

"I never see Dempster's equal; if I did I'll be shot," said Mr. Tomlinson, looking after the lawyer admiringly. "Why, he's drunk the best part of a bottle o' brandy since here we've been sitting, and I'll bet a guinea, when he's got to Trower's his head'll be as clear as mine. He knows more about law when he's drunk than all the rest on 'em when they're sober."

"Ay, and other things too, besides law," said Mr. Budd. "Did you notice how he took up Byles about the Presbyterians? Bless your heart, he know everything, Dempster does. He studied very hard when he was a young man."



FORBEARANCE.

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[1803-1882.]

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun?
 Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
 At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
 Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
 And loved so well a high behavior,
 In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
 Nobility more nobly to repay?
 Oh, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE RUOSE THAT DECKED HER BREAST.

By WILLIAM BARNES.

(Dorsetshire Dialect.)

[WILLIAM BARNES, poet, philologist, antiquarian enthusiast, and "character," was born in Dorsetshire, England, in 1800; was a grammar-school master, curate, finally rector; and died in 1886. He wrote serious studies on philology, grammar, early English history, perspective, etc., and various text-books; but his best work was on the line of his hobbies. These were the dialect of his native district, in which he wrote three volumes of poems (1844, 1859, — "Hwomely Rhymes," — and 1862), besides one in common English (1868); its old customs, in zeal for which he dressed with old-fashioned quaintness; and a propaganda of disusing all but the Teutonic elements of the English language.]

Poor Jenny wer her Roberd's bride
 Two happy years, an' then 'e died;
 An' zoo the wold voke made her come,
 Varsiaken, to her m Maiden huome,
 But Jenny's merry tongue wer dum;
 An' roun' her comely neck she wore
 A moorneen kerchief, wher avore
 The ruose did deck her breast.

She wa'ked aluone wi' eyeballs wet,
 To zee the flow'rs that she'd a-zet;
 The lilies, white 's her m Maiden frocks,
 The spik, to put 'ithin her box,
 Wi' columbines an' hollyhocks;
 The jilliflower an' noddin' pink,
 An' ruose that touched her soul to think
 O' thik that decked her breast.

Var at her weddin' jist avore
 Her m Maiden han' had yeet a-wore
 A wife's goold ring, wi' hangin' head
 She waked along thik flower bed,
 Wher bloodywâ'iors, stained wi' red,
 And miarygoolds did skirt the wa'k,
 And gathered vrom the ruose's sta'k
 A bud to deck her breast.

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
 Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud;
 But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
 'Tis piale 's the milk-white jessamine.
 But Roberd 'ave a-left behine
 A little biaby wi' his face,
 To smile an' nessle in the pliace
 Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

COSMOS :

A SKETCH OF A PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE.

BY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

[FRIEDRICH HEINRICH ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, one of the most versatile and massive leaders of modern science, was born at Berlin in 1769, son of the royal chamberlain; studied at the universities of Frankfort-on-the-Oder, Berlin, and Göttingen, and — after some travel and a scientific exploration of the Hartz Mountains and Rhine — at Freiburg Mining Academy under the famous geologist Werner. For some years in the state mining department, he resigned in 1799 to devote himself to pure science; studied anatomy at Jena, associating closely with Goethe and Schiller; going to Paris, began a long and adventurous intimacy with Aimé Bonpland the botanist, and with him undertook a vast five-years' scientific exploration of Spanish America. He remade South American geography and maps, determined over 700 positions, and made great numbers of barometrical, meteorological, and magnetic observations. The results were published 1807–1827 (29 vols.) in Paris, where he lived while Germany was too disturbed for his work; in 1827 he returned to Berlin. He made researches also in chemistry. In 1829 he headed Czar Nicholas' expedition to Central Asia, with similar and other contributions to science; it was detailed in 3 vols., 1843. On his advice magnetic and meteorological stations were established from St. Petersburg to Peking, and in the Southern Hemisphere. From 1830 till death he lived in Berlin, in high place at court, and much employed by the King of Prussia on diplomatic business, from his powerful friendships and great repute. His last great work, "Cosmos" (4 vols., 1845–1858), is one of the monuments of science. He died in 1859.]

It is almost with reluctance that I am about to speak of a sentiment, which appears to arise from narrow-minded views, or from a certain weak and morbid sentimentality, — I allude to the fear entertained by some persons, that nature may by degrees lose a portion of the charm and magic of her power, as we learn more and more how to unveil her secrets, comprehend the mechanism of the movements of the heavenly bodies, and estimate numerically the intensity of natural forces. It is true that, properly speaking, the forces of nature can only exercise a magical power over us as long as their action is shrouded in mystery and darkness, and does not admit of being classed among the conditions with which experience has made us acquainted. The effect of such a power is therefore to excite the imagination; but that, assuredly, is not the faculty of the mind we would evoke to preside over the laborious and elaborate observations by which we strive to attain to a knowledge of the greatness and excellence of the laws of the universe.

The astronomer who, by the aid of the heliometer or a double-refracting prism, determines the diameter of planetary

bodies, who measures patiently, year after year, the meridian altitude and the relative distances of stars, or who seeks a telescopic comet in a group of nebulae, does not feel his imagination more excited — and this is the very guarantee of the precision of his labors — than the botanist who counts the divisions of the calyx, or the number of stamens in a flower, or examines the connected or the separate teeth of the peristoma surrounding the capsule of a moss. Yet the multiplied angular measurements on the one hand, and the detail of organic relations on the other, alike aid in preparing the way for the attainment of higher views of the laws of the universe.

We must not confound the disposition of mind in the observer at the time he is pursuing his labors, with the ulterior greatness of the views resulting from investigation and the exercise of thought. The physical philosopher measures with admirable sagacity the waves of light of unequal length which by interference mutually strengthen or destroy each other, even with respect to their chemical actions; the astronomer, armed with powerful telescopes, penetrates the regions of space, contemplates, on the extremest confines of our solar system, the satellites of Uranus, or decomposes faintly sparkling points into double stars differing in color. The botanist discovers the constancy of the gyratory motion of the chara in the greater number of vegetable cells, and recognizes in the genera and natural families of plants the intimate relations of organic forms. The vault of heaven, studded with nebulae and stars, and the rich vegetable mantle that covers the soil in the climate of palms, cannot surely fail to produce on the minds of these laborious observers of nature, an impression more imposing and more worthy of the majesty of creation, than on those who are unaccustomed to investigate the great mutual relations of phenomena. I cannot, therefore, agree with Burke when he says, "It is our ignorance of natural things that causes all our admiration, and chiefly excites our passions."

Whilst the illusion of the senses would make the stars stationary in the vault of heaven, astronomy by her aspiring labors has assigned indefinite bounds to space; and if she have set limits to the great nebula to which our solar system belongs, it has only been to show us in those remote regions of space, which appear to expand in proportion to the increase of our optic powers, islet on islet of scattered nebulae. The

feeling of the sublime, so far as it arises from a contemplation of the distance of the stars, of their greatness and physical extent, reflects itself in the feeling of the infinite, which belongs to another sphere of ideas included in the domain of mind. The solemn and imposing impressions excited by this sentiment, are owing to the combination of which we have spoken, and to the analogous character of the enjoyment and emotions awakened in us, whether we float on the surface of the great deep, stand on some lonely mountain summit enveloped in the half-transparent vapory veil of the atmosphere, or by the aid of powerful optical instruments scan the regions of space, and see the remote nebulous mass resolve itself into worlds of stars.

The mere accumulation of unconnected observations of details, devoid of generalization of ideas, may doubtless have tended to create and foster the deeply-rooted prejudice, that the study of the exact sciences must necessarily chill the feelings, and diminish the nobler enjoyments, attendant upon a contemplation of nature. Those who still cherish such erroneous views in the present age, and amid the progress of public opinion, and the advancement of all branches of knowledge, fail in duly appreciating the value of every enlargement of the sphere of intellect, and the importance of the detail of isolated facts in leading us on to general results. The fear of sacrificing the free enjoyment of nature, under the influence of scientific reasoning, is often associated with an apprehension that every mind may not be capable of grasping the truths of the philosophy of nature. It is certainly true that in the midst of the universal fluctuation of phenomena and vital forces—in that inextricable network of organisms by turns developed and destroyed—each step that we make in the more intimate knowledge of nature leads us to the entrance of new labyrinths; but the excitement produced by a presentiment of discovery, the vague intuition of the mysteries to be unfolded, and the multiplicity of the paths before us, all tend to stimulate the exercise of thought in every stage of knowledge. The discovery of each separate law of nature leads to the establishment of some other more general law, or at least indicates to the intelligent observer its existence. Nature, as a celebrated physiologist has defined it, and as the word was interpreted by the Greeks and Romans, is “that which is ever growing and ever unfolding itself in new forms.” . . .

It remains to be considered whether, by the operation of thought, we may hope to reduce the immense diversity of phenomena comprised by the Cosmos to the unity of a principle, and the evidence afforded by rational truths. In the present state of empirical knowledge, we can scarcely flatter ourselves with such a hope. Experimental sciences, based on the observation of the external world, cannot aspire to completeness; the nature of things, and the imperfection of our organs, are alike opposed to it. We shall never succeed in exhausting the immeasurable riches of nature; and no generation of men will ever have cause to boast of having comprehended the total aggregation of phenomena. It is only by distributing them into groups, that we have been able, in the case of a few, to discover the empire of certain natural laws, grand and simple as nature itself. The extent of this empire will no doubt increase in proportion as physical sciences are more perfectly developed. Striking proofs of this advancement have been made manifest in our own day, in the phenomena of electromagnetism, the propagation of luminous waves and radiating heat. In the same manner the fruitful doctrine of evolution shows us how, in organic development, all that is formed is sketched out beforehand, and how the tissues of vegetable and animal matter uniformly arise from the multiplication and transformation of cells.

The generalization of laws, which, being at first bounded by narrow limits, had been applied solely to isolated groups of phenomena, acquires in time more marked gradations, and gains in extent and certainty, as long as the process of reasoning is applied strictly to analogous phenomena; but as soon as dynamical views prove insufficient where the specific properties and heterogeneous nature of matter come into play, it is to be feared that by persisting in the pursuit of laws we may find our course suddenly arrested by an impassable chasm. The principle of unity is lost sight of, and the guiding clew is rent asunder whenever any specific and peculiar kind of action manifests itself amid the active forces of nature. The law of equivalents and the numerical proportions of composition, so happily recognized by modern chemists, and proclaimed under the ancient form of atomic symbols, still remains isolated and independent of mathematical laws of motion and gravitation.

Those productions of nature which are objects of direct observation may be logically distributed in classes, orders, and

families. This form of distribution undoubtedly sheds some light on descriptive natural history; but the study of organized bodies, considered in their linear connection, although it may impart a greater degree of unity and simplicity to the distribution of groups, cannot rise to the height of a classification based on one sole principle of composition and internal organization. As different gradations are presented by the laws of nature according to the extent of the horizon, or the limits of the phenomena to be considered, so there are likewise differently graduated phases in the investigation of the external world. Empiricism originates in isolated views, which are subsequently grouped according to their analogy or dissimilarity. To direct observation succeeds, although long afterwards, the wish to prosecute experiments, — that is to say, to evoke phenomena under different determined conditions. The rational experimentalist does not proceed at hazard, but acts under the guidance of hypotheses, founded on a half indistinct and more or less just intuition of the connection existing among natural objects or forces. That which has been conquered by observation or by means of experiments leads, by analysis and induction, to the discovery of empirical laws. These are the phases in human intellect that have marked the different epochs in the life of nations; and by means of which that great mass of facts has been accumulated which constitutes at the present day the solid basis of the natural sciences. . . .

We are still very far from the time when it will be possible for us to reduce, by the operation of thought, all that we perceive by the senses, to the unity of a rational principle. It may even be doubted if such a victory could ever be achieved in the field of natural philosophy. The complication of phenomena, and the vast extent of the Cosmos, would seem to oppose such a result; but even a partial solution of the problem — the tendency towards a comprehension of the phenomena of the universe — will not the less remain the eternal and sublime aim of every investigation of nature.

In conformity with the character of my former writings, as well as with the labors in which I have been engaged during my scientific career, in measurements, experiments, and the investigation of facts, I limit myself to the domain of empirical ideas.

The exposition of mutually connected facts does not exclude the classification of phenomena according to their rational connection, the generalization of many specialities in the great mass

of observations, or the attempt to discover laws. Conceptions of the universe solely based upon reason and the principles of speculative philosophy, would no doubt assign a still more exalted aim to the science of the Cosmos. I am far from blaming the efforts of others solely because their success has hitherto remained very doubtful. Contrary to the wishes and counsels of those profound and powerful thinkers who have given new life to speculations which were already familiar to the ancients, systems of natural philosophy have in our own country for some time past turned aside the minds of men from the graver study of mathematical and physical sciences. The abuse of better powers which has led many of our noble but ill-judging youth into the saturnalia of a purely ideal science of nature has been signalized by the intoxication of pretended conquests, by a novel and fantastically symbolical phraseology, and by a predilection for the formulæ of a scholastic rationalism, more contracted in its views than any known to the middle ages. I use the expression "abuse of better powers," because superior intellects devoted to philosophical pursuits and experimental sciences have remained strangers to these saturnalia. The results yielded by an earnest investigation in the path of experiment, cannot be at variance with a true philosophy of nature. If there be any contradiction, the fault must lie either in the unsoundness of speculation, or in the exaggerated pretensions of empiricism, which thinks that more is proved by experiment than is actually derivable from it.

External nature may be opposed to the intellectual world, as if the latter were not comprised within the limits of the former; or nature may be opposed to art when the latter is defined as a manifestation of the intellectual power of man: but these contrasts, which we find reflected in the most cultivated languages, must not lead us to separate the sphere of nature from that of the mind, since such a separation would reduce the physical science of the world to a mere aggregation of empirical specialities. Science does not present itself to man until mind conquers matter, in striving to subject the result of experimental investigation to rational combinations. Science is the labor of mind applied to nature, but the external world has no real existence for us beyond the image reflected within ourselves through the medium of the senses. As intelligence and forms of speech, thought and its verbal symbols, are united by secret and indissoluble links, so does the external world

blend almost unconsciously to ourselves with our ideas and feelings. "External phenomena," says Hegel in his *Philosophy of History*, "are in some degree translated in our inner representations." The objective world, conceived and reflected within us by thought, is subjected to the eternal and necessary conditions of our intellectual being. The activity of the mind exercises itself on the elements furnished to it by the perceptions of the senses. Thus in the early ages of mankind there manifests itself in the simple intuition of natural facts, and in the efforts made to comprehend them, the germ of the philosophy of nature. These ideal tendencies vary, and are more or less powerful according to the individual characteristics and moral dispositions of nations, and to the degrees of their mental culture, whether attained amid scenes of nature that excite or chill the imagination.

History has preserved the record of the numerous attempts that have been made to form a rational conception of the whole world of phenomena, and to recognize in the universe the action of one sole active force by which matter is penetrated, transformed, and animated. These attempts are traced in classical antiquity in those treatises on the principles of things which emanated from the Ionian school, and in which all the phenomena of nature were subjected to hazardous speculations, based upon a small number of observations. By degrees, as the influence of great historical events has favored the development of every branch of science supported by observation, that ardor has cooled, which formerly led men to seek the essential nature and connection of things by ideal construction and in purely rational principles. In recent times, the mathematical portion of natural philosophy has been most remarkable and admirably enlarged. The method and the instrument (analysis) have been simultaneously perfected. That which has been acquired by means so different — by the ingenious application of atomic suppositions, by the more general and intimate study of phenomena, and by the improved construction of new apparatus — is the common property of mankind, and should not in our opinion now, more than in ancient times, be withdrawn from the free exercise of speculative thought.

It cannot be denied, that in this process of thought the results of experience have had to contend with many disadvantages; we must not therefore be surprised if in the perpetual vicissitude of theoretical views, as is ingeniously expressed

by the author of *Giordano Bruno*, "most men see nothing in philosophy but a succession of passing meteors, whilst even the grander forms in which she has revealed herself share the fate of comets, bodies that do not rank in popular opinion amongst the eternal and permanent works of nature, but are regarded as mere fugitive apparitions of igneous vapor." We would here remark that the abuse of thought and the false track it too often pursues ought not to sanction an opinion derogatory to intellect, which would imply that the domain of mind is essentially a world of vague fantastic illusions, and that the treasures accumulated by laborious observations in philosophy are powers hostile to its own empire. It does not become the spirit which characterizes the present age, distrustfully to reject every generalization of views, and every attempt to examine into the nature of things by the process of reason and induction. It would be a denial of the dignity of human nature and the relative importance of the faculties with which we are endowed, were we to condemn at one time austere reason engaged in investigating causes and their mutual connections, and at another that exercise of the imagination which prompts and excites discoveries by its creative powers.



THE STORY OF SAÏDJAH AND ADINDA.

BY EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER.

(From "Max Havelaar": translated by Baron Nahuys.)

[EDUARD DOUWES DEKKER: A Dutch novelist; born in Amsterdam in 1820; died at Nieder-Ingelheim on the Rhine, February 19, 1887. He held a responsible government position in a province of Java, which he resigned because of his disapproval of the Dutch administration in that country. In 1860 he published his experiences among the coffee traders of the far East. The book, entitled "Max Havelaar," written under the pen name Multatuli, created a profound sensation, from its exposition of the shocking wrongs committed by the European trader. His style is careful, his thought original, and his language rich in Eastern imagery. Among his other books are: "Parables"; "The Holy Virgin," a novel; "School for Princes," a drama; and "The Story of Wontertje Pieterse," published by his widow in 1888.]

SAÏDJAH'S father had a buffalo, with which he plowed his field. When this buffalo was taken away from him by the district chief at Parang-Koodjang, he was very dejected, and did

not speak a word for many a day. For the time for plowing was come, and he had to fear that if the *sawah* [rice field] was not worked in time, the opportunity to sow would be lost, and lastly, that there would be no paddy to cut, none to keep in the *lombong* [storeroom] of the house. I have here to tell readers who know Java, but not Bantam, that in that Residency there is personal landed property, which is not the case elsewhere. Saïdjah's father, then, was very uneasy. He feared that his wife would have no rice, nor Saïdjah himself, who was still a child, nor his little brothers and sisters. And the district chief too would accuse him to the Assistant Resident if he was behind-hand in the payment of his land taxes, for this is punished by the law. Saïdjah's father then took a *kris* [poniard] which was *poosaka* [inheritance] from his father. The *kris* was not very handsome, but there were silver bands round the sheath, and at the end there was a silver plate. He sold this *kris* to a Chinaman who dwelt in the capital, and came home with twenty-four guilders, for which money he bought another buffalo.

Saïdjah, who was then about seven years old, soon made friends with the new buffalo. It was not without meaning that I say "made friends," for it is indeed touching to see how the *karbo* [buffalo] is attached to the little boy who watches over and feeds him. Of this attachment I shall very soon give an example. The large, strong animal bends its heavy head to the right, to the left, or downwards, just as the pressure of the child's finger, which he knows and understands, directs.

Such a friendship little Saïdjah had soon been able to make with the newcomer, and it seemed as if the encouraging voice of the child gave still more strength to the heavy shoulders of the strong animal, when it tore open the stiff clay and traced its way in deep, sharp furrows.

The buffalo turned willingly, on reaching the end of the field, and did not lose an inch of ground when plowing backwards the new furrow, which was ever near the old, as if the *sawah* was a garden ground raked by a giant. Quite near were the *sawahs* of the father of Adinda (the father of the child that was to marry Saïdjah); and when the little brothers of Adinda came to the limit of their fields just at the same time that the father of Saïdjah was there with his plow, then the children called out merrily to each other, and each praised the strength and the docility of his buffalo. But I believe that the buffalo of Saïdjah was the best of all; perhaps because its

master knew better than any one else how to speak to the animal, and buffaloes are very sensible to kind words. Saïdjah was nine and Adinda six, when this buffalo was taken from the father of Saïdjah by the chief of the district of Parang-Koodjang. Saïdjah's father, who was very poor, thereupon sold to a Chinaman two silver *klamboo* [curtain] hooks — *poosaka* from the parents of his wife — for eighteen guilders, and for that money bought a new buffalo. But Saïdjah was very dejected. For he knew from Adinda's little brothers that the other buffalo had been driven to the capital, and he had asked his father if he had not seen the animal when he was there to sell the hooks of the *klamboo*. To this question Saïdjah's father refused to give an answer. Therefore he feared that his buffalo had been slaughtered, as the other buffaloes which the district chief had taken from the people. And Saïdjah wept much when he thought of this poor buffalo, which he had known for such a long time, and he could not eat for many days, for his throat was too narrow when he swallowed. It must be taken into consideration that Saïdjah was a child.

The new buffalo soon got acquainted with Saïdjah, and very soon obtained in the heart of Saïdjah the same place as his predecessor, — alas ! too soon ; for the wax impressions of the heart are very soon smoothed to make room for other writing. However this may be, the new buffalo was not so strong as the former : true, the old yoke was too large for his neck, but the poor animal was willing, like his predecessor, which had been slaughtered ; but though Saïdjah could boast no more of the strength of his buffalo when he met Adinda's brothers at the boundaries, yet he maintained that no other surpassed his in willingness, and if the furrow was not so straight as before, or if lumps of earth had been turned, but not cut, he willingly made this right as much as he could with his *patjol* [spade]. Moreover, no buffalo had an *oeser-oeseran* [peculiar whirl in the hair] like his. The *penghooloo* [village priest] himself had said that there was *ontong* [good luck] in the course of the hair whirls on its shoulders. Once when they were in the field, Saïdjah called in vain to his buffalo to make haste. The animal did not move. Saïdjah grew angry at this unusual refractoriness, and could not refrain from scolding. He said “a——s——.” Every one who has been in India will understand me, and he who does not understand me gains by it if I spare him the explanation of a coarse expression.

Yet Saïdjah did not mean anything bad. He only said it because he had often heard it said by others when they were dissatisfied with their buffaloes. But it was useless; his buffalo did not move an inch. He shook his head, as if to throw off the yoke; the breath appeared out of his nostrils, he blew, trembled; there was anguish in his blue eye, and the upper lip was curled upwards, so that the gums were bare.

"Fly! Fly!" Adinda's brothers cried. "Fly, Saïdjah! there is a tiger!"

And they all unyoked the buffaloes, and throwing themselves on their broad backs, galloped away through *sawahs*, *galangans* [trenches], mud, brushwood, forest, and *allang-allang* [jungle], along fields and roads, and when they tore panting and dripping with perspiration into the village of Badoer, Saïdjah was not with them.

For when he had freed his buffalo from the yoke, and had mounted him as the others had done to fly, an unexpected jump made him lose his seat and fall to the earth. The tiger was very near — Saïdjah's buffalo, driven on by his own speed, jumped a few paces past the spot where his little master awaited death. But through his speed alone, and not of his own will, the animal had gone further than Saïdjah, for scarcely had it conquered the momentum which rules all matter even after the cause had ceased, when it returned, and placing its big body, supported by its big feet, like a roof over the child, turned its horned head towards the tiger, which bounded forward — but for the last time. The buffalo caught him on his horns, and only lost some flesh, which the tiger took out of his neck. The tiger lay there with his belly torn open, and Saïdjah was saved. Certainly there had been *ontong* in the *oeser-oeseran* of the buffalo.

When this buffalo had also been taken away from Saïdjah's father and slaughtered —

I tell you, reader, that my story is monotonous.

When this buffalo was slaughtered, Saïdjah was just twelve, and Adinda was wearing *sarongs* and making figures on them. She had already learned to express thoughts in melancholy drawings on her tissue, for she had seen Saïdjah very sad. And Saïdjah's father was also sad, but his mother still more so; for she had cured the wound in the neck of the faithful animal which had brought her child home unhurt, after having thought, by the news of Adinda's brothers, that it had been taken away by the tiger. As soon as she saw this wound, she

thought how far the claws of the tiger, which had entered so deeply into the coarse flesh of the buffalo, would have penetrated into the tender body of her child; and every time she put fresh dressings on the wound she caressed the buffalo, and spoke kindly to him, that the good faithful animal might know how grateful a mother is.

Afterwards she hoped that the buffalo understood her, for then he must have understood why she wept when he was taken away to be slaughtered, and he would have known that it was not the mother of Saïdjah who caused him to be slaughtered. Some days afterwards Saïdjah's father fled out of the country; for he was much afraid of being punished for not paying his land taxes, and he had not another heirloom to sell, that he might buy a new buffalo, because his parents had always lived in Parang-Koodjang, and had therefore left him but few things. The parents of his wife, too, lived in the same district. However, he went on for some years after the loss of his last buffalo, by working with hired animals for plowing; but that is a very ungrateful labor, and, moreover, sad for a person who has had buffaloes of his own.

Saïdjah's mother died of grief, and then it was that his father, in a moment of dejection, fled from Bantam, in order to endeavor to get labor in the Buitenzorg districts.

But he was punished with stripes, because he had left Lebak without a passport, and was brought back by the police of Badoer. There he was put in prison, because he was supposed to be mad, which I can readily believe, and because it was feared that he would run *amuck* [killing everybody he meets] in a moment of *mata-glap* [frenzy]. But he was not long in prison, for he died soon afterwards. What became of the brothers and sisters of Saïdjah I do not know. The house in which they lived at Badoer was empty for some time, and soon fell down; for it was only built of bamboo, and covered with *atap* [cane]. A little dust and dirt covered the place where there had been much suffering. There are many such places in Lebak. Saïdjah was already fifteen years of age when his father set out for Buitenzorg; and he did not accompany him thither, because he had *other* plans in view. He had been told that there were at Batavia many gentlemen who drove in *bendies* [sort of carriages], and that it would be easy for him to get a post as *bendy* boy, for which generally a young person is chosen, so as not to disturb the equilibrium of the two-

wheeled carriage by too much weight behind. He would, they told him, gain much in that way if he behaved well, — perhaps he would be able to spare in three years money enough to buy two buffaloes. This was a smiling prospect for him. With the proud step of one who has conceived a grand idea, he, after his father's flight, entered Adinda's house, and communicated to her his plan.

"Think of it," said he, "when I come back we shall be old enough to marry, and shall possess two buffaloes!"

"Very well, Saïdjah, I will gladly marry you when you return. I will spin and weave *sarongs* and *slendangs* [petticoats and linens], and be very diligent all the time."

"Oh, I believe you, Adinda, but — if I find you married?"

"Saïdjah, you know very well that I shall marry nobody but you; my father promised me to your father."

"And you yourself?"

"I shall marry you, you may be sure of that."

"When I come back, I will call from afar off."

"Who shall hear it, if we are stamping rice in the village?"

"That is true; but, Adinda — oh, yes, this is better, wait for me under the *djati* [Indian oak] wood, under the *ketapan* [Indian tree] where you gave me the *melatti* [flower]."

"But, Saïdjah, how can I know when I am to go to the *ketapan*?"

Saïdjah considered and said: —

"Count the moons; I shall stay away three times twelve moons, . . . this moon not included. . . . See, Adinda, at every new moon cut a notch in your rice block. When you have cut three times twelve lines, I will be under the *ketapan* the next day; do you promise to be there?"

"Yes, Saïdjah, I will be there under the *ketapan*, near the *djati* wood, when you come back."

Hereupon Saïdjah tore a piece off his blue turban, which was very much worn, and gave the piece of linen to Adinda to keep it as a pledge; and then he left her and Badoer. He walked many days. He passed Rankas-Betong, which was not then the capital of Lebak, and Warong-Goonoong, where was the house of the Assistant Resident, and the following day saw Pamarangang, which lies as in a garden. The next day he arrived at Serang, and was astonished at the magnificence and size of the place, and the number of stone houses covered with red tiles. Saïdjah had never before seen such a thing.

He remained there a day, because he was tired; but, during the night, in the coolness, he went further, and the following day, before the shadow had descended to his lips, though he wore the long *toodoong* [broad-brimmed straw hat] which his father had left him, he arrived at Tangetang.

The first day, and the second day likewise, he had not felt so much how lonely he was, because his soul was quite captivated by the grand idea of gaining money enough to buy two buffaloes, and his father had never possessed more than one; and his thoughts were too much concentrated in the hope of seeing Adinda again, to make room for much grief at his leave-taking. . . .

Saïdjah arrived at Batavia. He begged a gentleman to take him into his service, which this gentleman did, because he did not understand Saïdjah's language [Sundanese]; for they like to have servants at Batavia who do not speak Malay, and are, therefore, not so corrupted as others, who have been longer in connection with Europeans. Saïdjah soon learned Malay, but behaved well; for he always thought of the two buffaloes which he should buy, and of Adinda. He became tall and strong, because he ate every day, — which could not always be done at Badoer. He was liked in the stable, and would certainly not have been rejected if he had asked the hand of the coachman's daughter. His master even liked Saïdjah so much that he soon promoted him to be an indoor servant, increased his wages, and continually made him presents, to show that he was well pleased with his services. Saïdjah's mistress had read Sue's novel, "The Wandering Jew," which for a short time was so popular; she always thought of Prince Djalma when she saw Saïdjah, and the young girls, too, understood better than before how the Javanese painter, Radeen Saleh, had met with such great success at Paris.

But they thought Saïdjah ungrateful, when he, after almost three years of service, asked for his dismissal, and a certificate that he had always behaved well. This could not be refused, and Saïdjah went on his journey with a joyful heart.

He passed Pisang, where Havelaar once lived many years ago. But Saïdjah did not know this; and even if he had known it, he had something else in his soul which occupied him. He counted the treasures which he was carrying home. In a roll of bamboo he had his passport and a certificate of good conduct. In a case, which was fastened to a leathern

girdle, something heavy seemed to sling continually against his shoulder, but he liked to feel that. And no wonder! this contained thirty piasters, enough to buy three buffaloes! What would Adinda say? And this was not all. On his back could be seen the silver-covered sheath of the *kris* [poniard], which he wore in the girdle. The hilt was certainly very fine, for he had wound it round with a silk wrapper. And he had still more treasures! In the folds of the *kahin* [linen] round his loins, he kept a belt of silver links, with gold *ikat-pendieng* [clasp]. It is true that the belt was short, but she was so slender — Adinda!

And suspended by a cord round his neck, under his *baadjoe* [clothes], he wore a small silk bag, in which were some withered leaves of the *melatti*.

Was it a wonder that he stopped no longer at Sangerang than was necessary to visit the acquaintances of his father who made such fine straw hats? Was it a wonder that he said little to the girls on his road, who asked him where he came from, and *where* he was going — the common salutation in those regions? . . .

No; he heard little of what was told him. He heard quite different tones; he heard how Adinda would say "Welcome, Saïdjah! I have thought of you in spinning and weaving, and stamping the rice on the floor, which bears three times twelve lines made by my hand. Here I am under the *ketapan* the first day of the new moon. Welcome, Saïdjah, I will be your wife."

That was the music which resounded in his ears, and prevented him from listening to all the news that was told him on the road.

At last he saw the *ketapan*, or rather he saw a large dark spot which many stars covered, before his eye. That must be the wood of *djati*, near the tree where he should see again Adinda, next morning after sunrise. He sought in the dark, and felt many trunks — soon found the well-known roughness on the south side of a tree, and thrust his finger into a hole which Si-Panteh had cut with the *parang* [grass cutter] to exorcise the *pontianak* [Evil Spirit] who was the cause of his mother's toothache, a short time before the birth of Panteh's little brother. This was the *ketapan* he looked for.

Yes, this was indeed the spot where he had looked upon Adinda for the first time with quite a different eye from his other companions in play, because she had for the first time re-

fused to take part in a game which she had played with other children — boys and girls — only a short time before. There she had given him the *melatti*. He sat down at the foot of the tree, and looked at the stars ; and when he saw a shooting star he accepted it as a welcome of his return to Badoer, and he thought whether Adinda would now be asleep, and whether she had rightly cut the moons on her rice floor. It would be such a grief to him if she had omitted a moon, as if thirty-six were not enough ! And he wondered whether she had made nice *sarongs* and *slendangs*. And he asked himself, too, who would now be dwelling in her father's house ? And he thought of his youth, and of his mother ; and how that buffalo had saved him from the tiger, and he thought of what would have become of Adinda if that buffalo had been less faithful ! He paid much attention to the sinking of the stars in the west, and as each star disappeared in the horizon, he calculated how much nearer the sun was to his rising in the east, and how much nearer he himself was to seeing Adinda. For she would certainly come at the first beam — yes, at daybreak she would be there. Ah ! Why had she not already come the day before ?

It pained him that she had not anticipated the supreme moment which had lighted up his soul for three years with inexpressible brightness ; and, unjust as he was in the selfishness of his love, it appeared to him that Adinda ought to have been there waiting for him, who complained before the time appointed, that he had to wait for *her*. . . .

Saïdjah had not learnt to pray, and it would have been a pity to teach him ; for a more holy prayer, more fervent thanksgiving, than was in the mute rapture of his soul, could not be conceived in human language. He would not go to Badoer — to see Adinda in reality seeming to him less pleasurable than the expectation of seeing her again. He sat down at the foot of the *ketapan* and his eyes wandered over the scenery. Nature smiled at him, and seemed to welcome him as a mother welcoming the return of her child, and as she pictures her joy by voluntary remembrance of past grief, when showing what she has preserved as a keepsake during his absence. So Saïdjah was delighted to see again so many spots that were witnesses of his short life. But his eyes or his thoughts might wander as they pleased, yet his looks and longings always reverted to the path which leads from Badoer to the *ketapan* tree. All that his senses could observe was called Adinda. He saw the

abyss to the left, where the earth is so yellow, where once a young buffalo sank down into the depth,—they had descended with strong rattan cords, and Adinda's father had been the bravest. Oh, how she clapped her hands, Adinda! And there, further on, on the other side, where the wood of cocoa trees waved over the cottages of the village, there somewhere, Si-Oenah had fallen out of a tree and died. How his mother cried, "because Si-Oenah was still such a little one," she lamented,—as if she would have been less grieved if Si-Oenah had been taller. But he was small, that is true, for he was smaller and more fragile than Adinda. Nobody walked upon the little road which leads from Badoer to the tree. By and by she would come: it was yet very early.

And still there was nobody on the path leading from Badoer to the *ketapan*.

Oh! she must have fallen asleep towards morning, tired of watching during the night, of watching for many nights:—she had not slept for weeks: so it was!

Should he rise and go to Badoer!—No, that would be doubting her arrival. Should he call that man who was driving his buffalo to the field? That man was too far off, and, moreover, Saïdjah would speak to no one about Adinda, would ask no one after Adinda. He would see her again, he would see her alone, he would see her first. Oh, surely, surely she would soon come!

He would wait, wait—

But if she were ill, or—dead?

Like a wounded stag Saïdjah flew along the path leading from the *ketapan* to the village where Adinda lived. He saw nothing and heard nothing; and yet he *could* have heard something, for there were men standing in the road at the entrance of the village, who cried, "Saïdjah, Saïdjah!"

But—was it his hurry, his eagerness, that prevented him from finding Adinda's house? He had already rushed to the end of the road, through the village, and like one mad he returned and beat his head, because he must have passed her house without seeing it. But again he was at the entrance of the village, and—O God, was it a dream?

Again he had not found the house of Adinda. Again he flew back and suddenly stood still, seized his head with both his hands to press away the madness that overcame him, and cried aloud:—

“Drunk, drunk; I am drunk!”

And the women of Badoer came out of their houses, and saw with sorrow poor Saïdjah standing there, for they knew him, and understood that he was looking for the house of Adinda, and they knew that there was no house of Adinda in the village of Badoer.

For, when the district chief of Parang-Koodjang had taken away Adinda's father's buffaloes —

I told you, reader! that my narrative was monotonous.

— Adinda's mother died of grief, and her baby sister died because she had no mother, and had no one to suckle her. And Adinda's father, who feared to be punished for not paying his land taxes —

I know, I know that my tale is monotonous.

— had fled out of the country; he had taken Adinda and her brothers with him. But he had heard how the father of Saïdjah had been punished at Buitenzorg with stripes for leaving Badoer without a passport. And therefore Adinda's father had not gone to Buitenzorg nor to the Preangan, nor to Bantam. He had gone to Tjilangkahan, the quarter of Lebak bordering on the sea. There he had concealed himself in the woods, and waited for the arrival of Pa Ento, Pa Lontah, Si-Oenah, Pa Ansive, Abdoel Isma, and some others that had been robbed of their buffaloes by the district chief of Parang-Koodjang, and all of whom feared punishment for not paying their land taxes.

There they had at night taken possession of a fishing boat, and had gone to sea. They had steered towards the west, and kept the country to the right of them as far as Java Head: then they had steered northwards till they came in sight of Prince's Island, and sailed round the east coast of that island, and from there to the Lampoons.

Such at least was the way that people told each other in whispers in Lebak, when there was a question of buffalo robbery and unpaid land taxes.

But Saïdjah did not well understand what they said to him; he did not even quite understand the news of his father's death. There was a buzzing in his ears, as if a gong had been sounded in his head: he felt the blood throbbing convulsively through the veins of his temples, that threatened to yield under the pressure of such severe distention. He spoke not, and looked

about as one stupefied, without seeing what was around and about him; and at last he began to laugh horribly.

An old woman led him to her cottage, and took care of the poor fool.

Soon he laughed less horribly, but still did not speak. But during the night the inhabitants of the hut were frightened at his voice, when he sang monotonously: "I do not know where I shall die," and some inhabitants of Badoer put money together to bring a sacrifice to the *bojajas* [crocodiles] of the Tji-Udjung for the cure of Saïdjah, whom they thought insane. But he was not insane.

For upon a certain night when the moon was very clear, he rose from the *baleh-baleh* [couch], softly left the house, and sought the place where Adinda had lived. This was not easy, because so many houses had fallen down; but he seemed to recognize the place by the width of the angle which some rays of light formed through the trees, at their meeting in his eye, as the sailor measures by lighthouses and the tops of mountains.

Yes, there it ought to be: there Adinda had lived!

Stumbling over half-rotten bamboo and pieces of the fallen roof, he made his way to the sanctuary which he sought. And, indeed, he found something of the still standing *pagger* [inclosure], near to which the *baleh-baleh* of Adinda had stood, and even the pin of bamboo was still with its point in that *pagger*, the pin on which she hung her dress when she went to bed.

But the *baleh-baleh* had fallen down like the house, and was almost turned to dust. He took a handful of it, and pressed it to his opened lips, and breathed very hard.

The following day he asked the old woman who had taken care of him where the rice floor was which stood in the grounds of Adinda's house. The woman rejoiced to hear him speak, and ran through the village to seek the floor. When she could point out the new proprietor to Saïdjah, he followed her silently, and being brought to the rice floor, he counted thereupon thirty-two lines.

Then he gave the woman as many piasters as were required to buy a buffalo, and left Badoer. At Tjilangkahan, he bought a fishing boat, and, after having sailed two days, arrived in the Lampoons, where the insurgents were in insurrection against the Dutch rule. He joined a troop of Badoer men, not so

much to fight as to seek Adinda; for he had a tender heart, and was more disposed to sorrow than to bitterness.

One day that the insurgents had been beaten, he wandered through a village that had just been taken by the Dutch army, and was *therefore* in flames. Saïdjah knew that the troop that had been destroyed there consisted for the most part of Badoer men. He wandered like a ghost among the houses, which were not yet burned down, and found the corpse of Adinda's father with a bayonet wound in the breast. Near him Saïdjah saw the three murdered brothers of Adinda, still boys—children—and a little further lay the corpse of Adinda, naked, and horribly mutilated.

A small piece of blue linen had penetrated into the gaping wound in the breast, which seemed to have made an end to a long struggle.

Then Saïdjah went to meet some soldiers who were driving, at the point of the bayonet, the surviving insurgents into the fire of the burning houses; he embraced the broad bayonets, pressed forward with all his might, and still repulsed the soldiers, with a last exertion, until their weapons were buried to the sockets in his breast.

A little time afterwards there was much rejoicing at Batavia for the new victory, which so added to the laurels of the Dutch-Indian army. And the Governor wrote that tranquillity had been restored in the Lampoons; the king of Holland, enlightened by his statesmen, again rewarded so much heroism with many orders of knighthood.

And probably thanksgivings mounted to heaven from the hearts of the saints in churches and tabernacles, at the news that "the Lord of hosts" had again fought under the banner of Holland.



LIBERTY.

By WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

[1805-1879.]

HIGH walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;

But scorns the immortal mind such base control;
 No chains can bind it, and no cell inclose.
 Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
 And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
 It leaps from mount to mount; from vale to vale
 It wanders, plucking honeyed fruits and flowers;
 It visits home to hear the fireside tale
 And in sweet converse pass the joyous hours;
 'Tis up before the sun, roaming afar,
 And in its watches wearies every star.



IRISH HISTORY AND IRISH CHARACTER.

By GOLDWIN SMITH.

[GOLDWIN SMITH, English historical scholar and political critic, was born at Reading in 1823; educated at Eton; graduated from Magdalen College, Oxford, with brilliant honors; was tutor at University College, and called to the bar; was secretary to the two commissions on Oxford Reform, and was on the Popular Education Commission of 1858. In that year he was made regius professor of modern history at Oxford; held the place till 1866, when he resigned; in 1868 accepted the chair of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University; in 1871 removed to Toronto, Canada, and has since resided there. He was placed on the Senate of Toronto University; edited the *Canadian Monthly*, 1872-1874; established *The Week* in 1884. He has been always an advanced liberal and reformer, and was one of the few conspicuous Englishmen who favored the North in the Civil War; but broke with his party on Home Rule. Among his many works are "Lectures on Modern History" (1861), "Irish History and Irish Character" (1861), "Rational Religion" (1861), "Church Endowments" (1862), "The Empire" (1863), "The Civil War in America" (1866), "Three English Statesmen" (1867), "Relations between America and England" (1869), "Conduct of England to Ireland" (1882), "History of the United States" (1893). **Died June 7, 1910.**]

THE history of Ireland from the Conquest to the Union is the miserable history of a half-subdued dependency. Its annals are the weary annals of an aggression on the one side and of rebellion on the other; of aggression sometimes more, sometimes less cruel and systematic, of rebellion sometimes more, sometimes less violent and extensive, but of aggression and rebellion without end. Few are the points, few are the characters of moral interest in such a story. It is a long agony, of which the only interest lies in the prospect of its long-deferred close. Yet a knowledge of these events must be of the highest practical importance to those who may be called upon to deal as rulers or landlords with the Irish people.

The destiny of the country has, to some extent, been written

on its face by nature. It is a large island, close to a much larger island, which lies between it and the mainland. The course of its history could not fail to be greatly influenced by the history of its more powerful neighbor. It was almost certain, in the primitive age of conquest, to be subdued. Yet, from its magnitude, it was almost certain not to be subdued without a long and painful struggle. Had it been a third part of the size, its independence would have expired without a pang. Moreover, the channel between the two islands, though steam has now bridged it over, was broad enough to form, in the infancy of navigation, a considerable impediment to the arms of an English conqueror; more especially as the nearest point of contact with England was Wales, a mountainous district, remote from the early seats of English wealth and power, and one which itself long remained unsubdued.

Britain itself is cut in two by the Cheviots and the wilds of the Border; whence its inhabitants were naturally divided into two nations with separate histories. Ireland is in closer contact with the northern division; and in the earliest times it exerted great influence on Scotland, if it was not, as seems most probable, the mother country of the Gael. In later times Scotland has exerted great influence on Ireland. Ulster has, in fact, become a part not so much of Keltic and Catholic Ireland as of Saxon and Presbyterian Scotland.

England being interposed between Ireland and France, the continental country to which Ireland lies most open is Spain. By Spain, in the sixteenth century, the most determined efforts were made to detach Ireland from England. The architecture of the old houses in the town of Galway and the gay and graceful dresses of the neighboring peasantry are by some supposed to recall the time when that town was the port of a Spanish trade; a trade which was so prized as a source of wealth that, for an act of piracy committed on a Spanish vessel, a mayor of Galway, with Roman spirit, hanged his own son over his own gate. The mansions of little merchant princes, which once emulated the luxury and jealousy of Seville, have sunk into Irish squalor and decay; but from the coast of Galway the fisherman still sees a visionary shore rise out of the Atlantic; a dreamy recollection, perhaps, of Spain, realized again in the New World.

The siren pamphleteers of France may sing as they will of the fitness of Ireland for all kinds of agricultural produce; of

her self-sufficiency, variety of wealth, and of the immense population which she might maintain if she would only listen to disinterested advice, and facilitate the influx of the requisite capital by rebellion and civil war. According to all trustworthy economists, those of France included, Ireland is a grazing country. "The whole island," says M. de Lavergne, speaking of Ireland in former times, "then formed but one immense pasture, which is evidently its natural destination, and the best mode of turning it to account." The same writer remarks that the herbaceous vegetation of Ireland is admirable, and that it is not without reason that the trefoil has become the heraldic emblem of the *green isle*. The vast Atlantic clouds, which soften the hues and outlines of the scenery, drop fertility on the grazing lands and clothe the mountains high up with the brightest verdure. On the other hand, it is difficult, over a great part of the island, to get in a wheat harvest. The true agricultural wealth of the country is displayed in the great cattle-fair of Balinasloe. Its natural way to commercial prosperity seems to be to supply with the produce of its grazing and dairy farms the population of England; a population which is sure, from the quantity of coals and minerals beneath the surface of the country, to be very large in proportion to the agricultural area. The notion that a country can supply all its own wants, like the Stoic notion that each man can be complete in himself and self-sufficing, is a mischievous dream. For the purposes of the great human community, nations and men alike have been so made as to be dependent on each other.

The growth of flax and the linen manufacture form a variety in the occupations of the people, and, as a natural consequence, modify their intellectual character; and when the influx of capital shall enable the Irish thoroughly to work the various coal fields, another new social element of an important kind may perhaps be introduced. The mining element generally appears destined to remain of subordinate importance.

As a commercial country Ireland is furnished with excellent harbors, and with a superabundance of internal water communication. But she pays a heavy price for her lakes and rivers in having nearly a seventh of her area covered with bog. The broad and brimming Shannon, half lake, half river, is fed by the vast and wasteful bog of Allen.

The dampness of the climate, while it is the source of vegetable beauty, could not fail to relax the energies of the people.

and to throw them back in the race of nations of preëminence in things requiring physical exertion. We see this when we compare the early history of the Irish with that of the Scandinavians, braced to daring and enterprise by the climate of the north. These influences weigh heavily on man in the infancy of civilization : in its more advanced stages they are in a great degree subdued and neutralized by the sovereign power of mind.

Of the physical influences which affect the character and destiny of nations, the most important seems to be that of race. We need not here inquire whether peculiarities of race spring from an actual diversity of origin, or whether they were superinduced upon the common type of humanity by the different circumstances under which different primeval families or tribes were placed. That which it is important always to remark in touching on this subject is, that peculiarities of race, however strong, are not indelible. There is a considerable difference, as we shall have occasion to notice, between the character of the mass of Irishmen and that of the mass of Englishmen ; but between individual Irishmen and Englishmen who have received the same education and lived in the same society, the difference is not perceptible ; and the same influences which produce a complete assimilation in certain cases may, if extended to the whole of both races, produce it in all.

The sure test of language proves that the native Irish were a portion of the great Keltic race which once covered all Britain as well as all Gaul, and probably Spain. This race, swept from the plains of England and the Lowlands of Scotland by the conquering Teuton, found a refuge in the Welsh mountains, in the hill country of Devonshire and Cornwall, and in the Highlands of Scotland ; but its great asylum was Ireland. In Ireland we probably see its peculiarities in their most native and genuine form. In France, where it has reached its highest pitch of greatness and most fully developed its tendencies and capacities, its natural character has been greatly modified by external influences, especially by the influence of Rome, both as an empire and as an imperial church.

In the primeval struggle of races for the leadership of humanity, the Keltic race for the most part ultimately succumbed ; but it was a mighty race, and at one moment its sword, cast into the scale of fate, nearly outweighed the destiny of Rome. The genius of Cæsar at last decided in favor of his countrymen a contest which they had waged at intervals

during four centuries, not merely for empire, but for existence. Not only did the Kelts vanquish in the battlefields of Italy, t Allia, at Thrasymene and at Cannæ, and bring Rome to the extremity from which she was saved by Marius ; they carried their terrible arms into Greece, sacked Delphi, and founded as conquerors their principalities in Asia Minor. They met the summons of Alexander with gasconading defiance ; they overthrew the phalanx in the plains of Macedon. The most brilliant and reckless of mercenaries, they filled the armies of the ancient powers, and Carthage and her Keltic soldiery are as modern France and her Irish brigade.

M. Martin, the French historian of France, says, speaking of the Kelts of that country, "From the beginning of historic time, the soil of France appears peopled by a race lively, witty, imaginative, eloquent, prone at once to faith and to skepticism, to the highest aspirations of the soul and to the attractions of sense ; enthusiastic and yet satirical, unreflecting and yet logical, full of sympathy yet restive under discipline, endowed with practical good sense yet inclined to illusions ; more disposed to striking acts of self-devotion than to patient and sustained effort ; fickle as regards particular things and persons, persevering as regards tendencies and the essential rules of life ; equally adapted for action and for the acquisition of knowledge ; loving action and knowledge each for its own sake ; loving, above all, war, less for the sake of conquest than for that of glory and adventure, for the attraction of danger and the unknown ; uniting, finally, to an extreme sociability and indomitable personality, a spirit of independence which absolutely repels the yoke of the external world and the face of destiny." A critic might say that in this portrait of the Kelts by a Kelt is unconsciously depicted a point of character which is not named. Vanity is a quality which the French hardly disclaim, and which indeed, by partly creating the superiority which it implies, has helped to enable them to do great things. It might also be asked, whether by "practical good sense" is meant only a certain clearness of view, dexterity, and tact, or the highest practical wisdom ; for of the highest practical wisdom the political history of France can scarcely be called an example. Those violent oscillations, again, between unreasoning faith and a skepticism almost as unreasoning, and between extremes of all kinds, to which M. Martin points, may lend an exciting interest to French

history, and amuse while they trouble the world; but the race which is conscious of such tendencies will do well, if it aspires to real greatness, not to boast of them, but to correct them.

Different fortunes and different institutions have, however, as was before said, produced a great difference of character between the French and the Irish Kelt. The French Kelt is all lightness and gayety of heart; but in the Irish Kelt there is, besides the hilarity, the conviviality, the love of fun, a strain of melancholy, which belongs to the same lively and emotional temperament, and which finds a charming expression in the "Irish Melodies" of Moore. The effect of despotism, whether political or ecclesiastical, is, by interdicting to the people grave subjects of thought, to produce a childlike carelessness of disposition, which shows itself in the perpetual pursuit of gayety and pleasure. In the case of the French Kelt, both political and ecclesiastical despotism have been at work, and they have produced their natural effect. In the case of the Irish Kelt, the circumstances of his country and his church have conspired to preserve the sadder part of the character only too well; and in him, close beside the source of laughter, still flows the fountain of tears.

From the loss of the melancholy and pensive element of the common nature, the poetry of the French is, in the main, a mere poetry of art. France has had masterpieces of taste and correctness in her Corneilles and Racines, but she has scarcely produced a poet so touching as Moore.

The Keltic race readily took to the rhetorical part of Roman education; and rhetoric is a peculiar gift both of the French and Irish mind, nor is it wanting to the descendants of the Welsh Cymry or the Scotch Gael. It is unhappily a bane as well as a gift; and much that is called eloquence in Ireland, perhaps not a little that is called eloquence in all countries, is mere extravagance and violence of language, the mark, not of genius, but of want of sense and self-control. The excesses of French rhetoric do not in substance fall short of the excesses in Irish rhetoric; but from assiduous literary culture they have assumed a polished and classical form, and the French rhetorician avoids those strained metaphors and violations of metaphor by which the best efforts of Irish orators have been disfigured. No speaker trained in the school of French taste would commit such offense against the rules of taste as were committed by Curran, by Grattan, and even by Burke. Those who blame

Burke's party for not putting him in a high place of responsibility should consider the extravagant violence and absurdity of some of his rhetorical sallies. Nor, again, would any French speaker but a Jacobin indulge in the rabid invectives which disgraced the debates of the Irish Parliament and formed a main part of the oratory of O'Connell.

The source of Irish *bulls* is a national quickness of wit which, when uncontrolled by judgment and education, tumbles, in its haste, into laughable blunders. Such a bull as, "The minister had a majority in everything but numbers," is merely a lively idea expressed without reflection.

Cruelty and recklessness of human life seem the qualities of a fiend. But it will be found that, like indulgence in violent invective and other uncontrolled exhibitions of passion, they are often connected less with deep depravity than with a most wretched kind of weakness. They may often be classed among those infirmities to which the Latin language gave the expressive name of *impotentia*. The civil wars, the religious persecutions, the revolutions of French history are marked by these qualities in their worst form, and the same may be said of the civil wars, rebellions, and agrarian insurrections of Ireland. The delirium of bloodthirstiness extended to the Irish women in O'Neils' massacre and in the Wexford massacres of 1798. In the same manner French ladies are recorded to have looked on with horrible pleasure at executions in the civil war of the Burgundian and Armagnacs, and in that of the League; and women were among the most constant and exulting spectators of the guillotine. The allusion in Shakespeare's "Henry IV." to the Welsh women who frantically mutilated the bodies of the slain after the defeat of Mortimer's army, is historical; and this atrocity may be classed among the instances of a sort of demoniac possession to which weak natures are exposed.

M. Martin, in the passage above quoted, admits that the French Kelts are more distinguished by a power of making extraordinary efforts than by perseverance, the palm of which he tacitly surrenders to their Teutonic rivals. There seems no good reason for believing that the Irish Kelts are averse from labor, provided they be placed, as people of all races require to be placed for at least two or three generations, in circumstances favorable to industry. They are capable of great endurance and of great abstinence. It is true that when they seek enjoyment it is rather in the shape of excitement than of comfort.

What an Englishman wants to make him happy, it has been said, is a full belly and a warm back ; what an Irishman wants to make him happy is a glass of whisky and a stick. But it is difficult to distinguish the faults of the Irish from their misfortunes. It has been well said of their past industrial character and history: "We were reckless, ignorant, improvident, drunken, and idle. We were idle, for we had nothing to do ; we were reckless, for we had no hope ; we were ignorant, for learning was denied us ; we were improvident, for we had no future ; we were drunken, for we sought to forget our misery. That time has passed away forever." No part of this defense, probably, is more true than that which connects the drunkenness of the Irish peasantry with their misery. Drunkenness is, generally speaking, the vice of despair ; and it springs from the despair of the English peasant as rankly as from that of his Irish fellow. The sums of money which have been lately transmitted by Irish emigrants to their friends in Ireland seem a conclusive answer to much loose denunciation of the national character, both in a moral and in an industrial point of view.

As Ireland is, in its agricultural produce, the supplement of England, so are the endowments of the Kelt the supplement to those of the Saxon. What the Saxon wants in liveliness, grace, and warmth, the Kelt can supply ; what the Kelt lacks in firmness, judgment, perseverance, and the more solid elements of character, the Saxon can afford. The two races blended together may well be expected to produce a great and gifted nation ; and it would probably detract from our greatness and from the richness of our national gifts if the Keltic element of the united people should be too much drained away by unlimited emigration. It was not without a providential object that the earth was so laid out with island, mountain, and morass as to give refuge to remnants of the weaker races in the primeval era of wandering and conflict, when the open country was swept by the conquering inroads of the strong. The warm friendships so often formed between characters the most diverse prove that in diversity of character there is a fundamental sympathy beneath a superficial antipathy. Between the Kelt and the Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Saxon, the diversity of character was great. The antipathy, therefore, was strong, and long and cruel has been the process by which it has been in part worked off. But we shall come to the source of sympathy at last.

The primitive form of Irish society was the sept or clan, the next grade in the ascending scale of political progress to the patriarchal state, the lineaments of which it to a great extent preserves; the chief being, in fact, the father of the clan, whose members all, like members of a family, bear the same name. This form of society seems to have been common to the whole Keltic race. It subsisted nearly down to our own time among the Keltic Gael of the Scotch Highlands, and determined, by its peculiar nature, the action of the Highland population in our last great civil contests. It prevailed in Wales previous to the final subjugation of that country and the complete introduction of Anglo-Norman laws and institutions. The population of ancient Gaul and Britain was, in like manner, divided into a number of clans or septs, varying in numbers and power, with which the Romans contended, and from which, acting singly or in loose and fickle coalitions, they encountered the same fitful and unsteady, yet protracted, resistance which Scottish kings encountered from the Gael, the Plantagenets from the Cymry, and the Anglo-Norman colonists of Ireland from the chiefs of the native septs.

The clan, however, seems to have varied considerably in the distinctness of its form under different local circumstances and at different periods of its existence. In the glens of Scotland, fenced in by mountains, each clan would naturally be kept separate, compact, and independent. The same would be the case among the hills of Wales. But in a plain country intermixture and fusion would occur; the original tie of blood would give place to one merely of name; and the sentiment of the clansman would consequently grow weaker. At the same time, the chiefs of the more powerful clans would obtain a permanent ascendancy, and the transition from a cluster of independent clans to a monarchy would begin. Such seems to have been the course which matters were taking in Gaul when it was invaded by the Romans, and in Ireland when it was invaded by the Danes and Normans. The possession of horses, and the consequent rise of a sort of military aristocracy of horsemen or charioteers, must also have tended to break up in Gaul, Britain, and Ireland the equality of the clansmen and the brotherhood of the clan. In the Highlands the chief clansmen necessarily continued to fight on foot by the side of the humblest members of their clan.

The process of fusion and consolidation had advanced so far

in Ireland that the country was divided into five principalities; while above these principalities a supreme monarchy had begun to struggle into existence, though it had not yet finally settled in any one house. The great bogs or forests in the center of the island must have presented a serious obstacle to complete union. On the other hand, union was promoted, for a time at least, by the incursions of the Danes, which made the natives feel the necessity of having a single commander. The greatest of the kings of all Ireland was styled Brian of the Tribute; and tribute, rather than regular jurisdiction, seems to have been the prerogative of the kings. In like manner, the chiefs of the more powerful clans in the Highlands exacted tribute from the less powerful without bringing them regularly under their jurisdiction. The memory of the united monarchy and of the assemblies of its chiefs, priests, lawgivers, and bards lingers round the great mound of Tara, where a fond imagination has placed the princely halls of ancient Irish state, where the national cause of Ireland has more than once rallied, and where O'Connell put on his mock crown. The memory of the principalities dwells in that most striking monument of antiquity, the rock crowned with its cathedral, its palace, and its round towers, which rises from the plain of Cashel.

In the septs we probably see the origin of the ridiculous factions among the Irish peasantry, the Caravats and Shanavests, the Two-Year-Olds, and the Three-Year-Olds, which have scarcely yet ceased to "trail their coats" to each other. It is not long since the police were called upon to stop a fight between the Two-Year-Olds and the Three-Year-Olds. The original source of the feud between those factions is supposed to have been a dispute about the age of a young bull; but the spirit of division and combat dates from the primitive institutions of the race. The divisions of counties seem to have partly succeeded as ties of factions to the divisions of septs.

The abode which Greek fancy feigned for the gods, and the life of enjoyment which it assigned to them, were but the counterpart of the abode and the life of a Grecian prince. The fairy-land of the Irish has its factions and its faction fights. There are the Donegal fairies, the Kerry fairies, the Limerick fairies, the Tipperary fairies; and an Irishman once helped the Kerry fairies to gain a great victory over the Limerick fairies, and was rewarded for his assistance by a fairy-cap.

There appears to be in the Keltic race a strong tendency to what is called Imperialism, as opposed to the Constitutionalism to which the Teutonic races tend. The Teuton loves laws and parliaments, the Kelt loves a king. Even the highly civilized Kelt of France, familiar as he is with the theories of political liberty, seems almost incapable of sustaining free institutions. After a moment of constitutional government he reverts, with a bias which the fatalist might call irresistible, to despotism in some form, whether it be that of a Bonaparte or that of a Robespierre. The Irish have hitherto shown a similar attachment to the rule of persons rather than to that of institutions. So far as willingness to submit to governors is concerned, they are only too easily governed. Loyalty is the great virtue of their political character. Its great defect is want of independence and of that strong sense of right by which law and personal liberty are upheld. These are the characteristic qualities of clansmen, to whom, in their half-patriarchal state, the will and the protecting power of the chief are more than any law. But whether it was the clan that engendered the political tendency of the Keltic race, or an innate tendency of the race that produced the clan, or at least preserved that form of society when it had been discarded by other races, is a question which cannot here be considered. It opens a wider and more interesting question, of a general kind, as to the historical relation between the characters of different races and their different primitive institutions.

The direct and manifest influence of the clan feeling, and of the feeling towards the chief of the clan, reaches far down into Irish history; and it is probable that its indirect and secret influence is not yet extinct.

We see the different political tendencies of the Irish and English races combined, yet distinguishable from each other, in the political character of Burke, to whose writing we owe, more than we are aware, the almost religious reverence with which we regard the Constitution. Trained among English statesmen, Burke had learnt to love English institutions, but he loved them not as an Englishman, from a practical sense of their usefulness, but like an Irishman, with the passionate fervor of personal attachment, and rendered to their imagined founders, collectively, the homage of the heart which devoted loyalty pays to a king. His feelings, diffused by his eloquence, have become those of our whole nation.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

[JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the distinguished American poet, was born of Quaker parentage at Haverhill, Mass., December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm in his boyhood, and earned enough by shoemaking to warrant his entering a local academy. At twenty-two he began his journalistic career as editor of the *American Manufacturer*; and was later connected with the *New England Weekly Review* and *Haverhill Gazette*. Becoming noted for his opposition to slavery, he was appointed secretary of the American Antislavery Society, and for a year in Philadelphia edited the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which was suppressed by a mob that sacked and burned the printing office. In 1840 he settled in Amesbury, and continued to reside there until his death in 1892. Among his numerous publications were: "Legends of New England," "Moll Pitcher," "Mogg Megone," "The Voices of Freedom," "Songs of Labor," "Home Ballads," "In War Time," "National Lyrics," "Snow-Bound," "Tent on the Beach," "Ballads of New England," "Hazel Blossoms," "Bay of Seven Islands."]

STILL sits the schoolhouse by the road;

A ragged beggar, sunning;

Around it still the sumachs grow,

And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,

Deep-scarred by raps official;

The warping floor, the battered seats,

The jack-knife's carved initial;

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;

Its door's worn sill, betraying

The feet that, creeping slow to school,

Went storming out to playing.

Long years ago a winter sun

Shone over it at setting;

Lit up its Western window-panes

And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,

And brown eyes full of grieving,

Of One who still her steps delayed

When all the school were leaving.

For near her stood the little boy

Her childish favor singled,

His cap pulled low upon a face

Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
 To right and left, he lingered,
 As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing;
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing:—

"I'm sorry that I spelled the word;
 I hate to go above you,
 Because" (the brown eyes lower fell),
 "Because, you see, I love you."

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child face is showing:
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing.

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her,—because they love him.



THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

[BAYARD TAYLOR, traveler, novelist, poet, and critic, was born in Pennsylvania in 1825; died as U.S. minister to Germany in 1878; was secretary of legation at St. Petersburg, 1862-1863. His first book, "Views Afoot" (1846), was the result of an adventurous journey to Europe almost without money at nineteen, on the chance (successful) of writing letters to the home newspapers. He traveled thereafter almost all over the world, and his descriptive books were very popular. His novels, "Hannah Thurston" (1863) and "The Story of Kennett" (1866), had some success. But his permanent repute rests on his poetry, including besides many excellent lyrics the narratives "Lars" (1873) and "Prince Deukalion" (1878), and, perhaps his masterpiece, the translation of Goethe's "Faust."]

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
 The outer trenches guarding,
 When the heated guns of the camps allied
 Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
 Lay, grim and threatening, under;

And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said :
" We storm the forts to-morrow :
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon ;
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory ;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang " Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong —
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of " Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing ;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

THE WARFARE OF LIFE.

BY OWEN MEREDITH

(From "Lucile.")

[EDWARD ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON, first Earl of Lytton, better known to literature as "Owen Meredith," was the only son of the famous novelist, and was born in London, November 8, 1831. He began his diplomatic career as private secretary to his uncle, Sir H. L. Bulwer, at Washington, D.C., and afterwards held various important posts in Europe. He was viceroy of India (1876-1880), and ambassador at Paris from 1887 until his death, November 24, 1891. The chief events of his viceroyalty were the Afghan War and the proclamation of Queen Victoria as Empress of India. Under the pen name of "Owen Meredith" he published "Clytemnestra," "The Earl's Return," etc., (1855); "The Wanderer" (1859); "Lucile," a novel in verse, his best known production (1860); "The Ring of Amasis," a prose romance (1863); "Orval" (1869), "Julian Fane" (1871), "Glenaveril" (1885), "After Paradise" (1887); and other works.]

I.

MAN is born on a battle-field. Round him, to rend
 Or resist, the dread Powers he displaces attend,
 By the cradle which Nature, amidst the stern shocks
 That have shattered creation, and shapen it, rocks.
 He leaps with a wail into being; and lo!
 His own mother, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
 Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head:
 'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes: her solitudes spread
 To daunt him: her forces dispute his command:
 Her snows fall to freeze him: her suns burn to brand:
 Her seas yawn to engulf him: her rocks rise to crush:
 And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
 On their startled invader.

In lone Malabar,
 Where the infinite forest spreads breathless and far,
 'Mid the cruel of eye and the stealthy of claw
 (Striped and spotted destroyers!) he sees, pale with awe,
 On the menacing edge of a fiery sky
 Grim Doorga, blue-limbed and red-handed, go by,
 And the first thing he worships is Terror.

Anon,

Still impelled by necessity hungrily on,
 He conquers the realms of his own self-reliance,
 And the last cry of fear wakes the first of defiance.
 From the serpent he crushes its poisonous soul:
 Smitten down in his path see the dead lion roll!

On toward Heaven the son of Alcmæna strides high on
 The heads of the Hydra, the spoils of the lion:
 And man, conquering Terror, is worshiped by man.

A camp has this world been since first it began!
 From his tents sweeps the roving Arabian; at peace,
 A mere wandering shepherd that follows the fleece;
 But, warring his way through a world's destinies,
 Lo from Delhi, from Bagdad, from Cordova, rise
 Domes of empire, dowered with science and art,
 Schools, libraries, forums, the palace, the mart!

New realms to man's soul have been conquered. But those,
 Forthwith they are peopled for man by new foes!
 The stars keep their secrets, the earth hides her own,
 And bold must the man be that braves the Unknown!
 Not a truth has to art or to science been given,
 But brows have ached for it, and souls toiled and striven;
 And many have striven, and many have failed,
 And many died, slain by the truth they assailed.

But when Man hath tamed Nature, asserted his place
 And dominion, behold! he is brought face to face
 With a new foe — himself!

Nor may man on his shield
 Ever rest, for his foe is forever afield,
 Danger ever at hand, till the armed Archangel
 Sound o'er him the trump of earth's final evangel.

II.

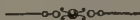
Silence straightway, stern Muse, the soft cymbals of pleasure
 Be all bronzen these numbers, and martial the measure!
 Breathe, sonorously breathe, o'er the spirit in me
 One strain, sad and stern, of that deep Epopee
 Which thou, from the fashionless cloud of far time,
 Chantest lonely, when Victory, pale, and sublime
 In the light of the aureole over her head,
 Hears, and heeds not the wound in her heart fresh and red
 Blown wide by the blare of the clarion, unfold
 The shrill clanging curtains of war!

And behold

A vision!

The antique Heracleian seats;
 And the long Black Sea billow that once bore those fleets

Which said to the winds, "Be ye, too, Genoese!"
 And the red angry sands of the chafed Chersonese;
 And the two foes of man, War and Winter, allied
 Round the Armies of England and France, side by side
 Enduring and dying (Gaul and Briton abreast!)
 Where the towers of the North fret the skies of the East.



DINNERS.

By OWEN MEREDITH.

(From "Lucile.")

O HOUR of all hours, the most blessed upon earth,
 Blessèd hour of our dinners!

The land of his birth;
 The face of his first love; the bills that he owes;
 The twaddle of friends and the venom of foes;
 The sermon he heard when to church he last went;
 The money he borrowed, the money he spent; —
 All of these things a man, I believe, may forget
 And not be the worse for forgetting; but yet
 Never, never, oh never! earth's luckiest sinner
 Hath unpunished forgotten the hour of his dinner!
 Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
 Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
 Or some pain; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
 As the Furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
 We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
 We may live without friends; we may live without books;
 But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
 He may live without books, — what is knowledge but grieving?
 He may live without hope, — what is hope but deceiving?
 He may live without love, — what is passion but pining?
 But where is the man that can live without dining?

EACH AND ALL.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the eminent American poet, essayist, and lecturer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. He came of a long line of ministers; and after graduating from Harvard, taught for a few years, and in 1829 was ordained pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. This office, however, he resigned in 1832, on account of the gradually increasing differences between his own modes of thought and those of his hearers. He then made a brief trip to Europe, during which he became acquainted with Carlyle, and on his return commenced his career as lecturer, meeting with continued success in the United States and England. In 1840, on the establishment of the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists, he became a contributor, and from 1842 to 1844 its editor. He died at his home in Concord, Mass., April 27, 1882. His collected works include: "Nature," "Essays" (two series), "Representative Men," "English Traits," "Society and Solitude," "Letters and Social Aims," "Poems."]

LITTLE thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee, from the hilltop looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm
Far heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight
Whilst his files sweep around yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one —
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now;
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear — they sang to my eye.

The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam —
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;

Nor knew her beauty's best attire
 Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
 At last she came to his hermitage,
 Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
 The gay enchantment was undone —
 A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said: "I covet truth;
 Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
 I leave it behind with the games of youth." —
 As I spoke, beneath my feet
 The ground pine curled its pretty wreath,
 Running over the club-moss burrs;
 I inhaled the violet's breath;
 Around me stood the oaks and firs;
 Pine cones and acorns lay on the ground;
 Over me soared the eternal sky,
 Full of light and of deity;
 Again I saw, again I heard,
 The rolling river, the morning bird;
 Beauty through my senses stole —
 I yielded myself to the perfect whole.



THE RHODODENDRON:

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

IN MAY, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,

Made the black water with their beauty gay;
 Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!

I never thought to ask, I never knew:

But, in my simple ignorance, suppose

The self-same Power that brought me there, brought you.

NATIONAL HYMNS.

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

[RICHARD GRANT WHITE, Shakespearean scholar, critic of music and language, and acute general *littérateur*, was born at New York in 1821. Of ultra High Church and Tory ancestry, and intended for the church, he studied medicine and then law instead, after graduation from the University of New York, and was called to the bar; but turned to literature, was musical, art, and dramatic critic of the New York *Courier and Enquirer* 1845-1854, and its editor 1854-1859; helped found and wrote for *Yankee Doodle* 1846-1847, and the *World* 1860-1861. He was on the commission to select a national hymn in 1861, and wrote a booklet on its disappointing results; during the war greatly served the national interests abroad by letters to the London *Spectator* signed "A Yankee"; and continued his political writing by "The New Gospel of Peace according to St. Benjamin" (anonymous, 1863) and "The Chronicles of Gotham" (on the Tweed Ring, anonymous, 1871). From about 1860 to 1878 he was chief of the U.S. Revenue Marine Bureau of New York. His voluminous Shakespeare work began in 1852 with a crushing review in *Putnam's Magazine* of Collier's emendations; he edited two editions of Shakespeare (1857-1865 and 1883), wrote "Shakespeare's Scholar" (1854), an essay on the authorship of Henry VI. (1859), "Memoirs of William Shakespeare" (1865), and many magazine articles. "Words and their Uses" (1870), "Every-Day English" (1881), and magazine work, represent his contributions to this department. "England Without and Within" (travel sketches, 1881), and a novel, "The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys" (1884), were the fruit of a stay in England. He wrote also "The American View of the Copyright Question" (1880), an article on "The Failure of the Public School System in the United States" (1880), and many other things. He died in 1885.]

WE HAVE no national music, as we have no national literature. But to a national hymn, a national music is not essential; for the British (it never was the English) national hymn is the finest in existence, and that was produced in England, which is as barren of melody as America. The germ of the air is not of English growth; but the thing as a whole is of English fabrication. The music, in the present form of its melody and harmony, is in certain points superior even to Haydn's noble air, written for the Austrian national hymn, which a true-born Briton, comparing the two, has naively said, "Wants the manly, majestic, full-hearted boldness of the strains in which we are accustomed to express, not more our respect for our monarch than our own national pride." The words, indeed, are poor enough. Lyrically, they are naught: but they express in strong, blunt language the British national feeling; they denounce the king's enemies roundly, and rate them in good set terms; and they do this in the form of prayer to God. They have thus become, by mingled fitness and association, the

most absolute expression of John Bull-ism, and so are sung with equal gusto by your true Briton before a big battle and after a big dinner.

But this fine national air, and its well-suited words, were they written for a coronation, or a victory, or in a general way to express "not more our respect for our monarch than our own national pride"? By whom were they written, and when, and on what inspiration? These points were long mooted, but they have been pretty nearly settled; and before we are done with the subject, we trust that there will be no doubt left upon the question; for the history of this hymn is so curious and instructive that it is worth our attention.

"God save the King," then, which has become the recognized British national hymn, the concentrated expression of loyalty to King, Lords, and Commons, is, words and music, a rebel composition, written in honor of a pretender to the British throne; and the "enemies" that it so denounces are the reigning House of Hanover and its supporters. It has been attributed to Dr. John Bull, a musician who lived in England in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.; but this could have been done only by persons entirely unacquainted with Bull's compositions, which are formal, dry, and dreary to the last degree, besides being "impossible" enough to please Dr. Johnson. It was even said, upon the authority of a Dr. Cook, who had inspected the archives of the Academy of Ancient Music upon this subject, to have been "written by a Dr. Rogers, in the time of Henry VIII., prior to the Reformation." But the truth is, that it has not yet been known a hundred and twenty-five years, or recognized as a British national hymn for seventy-five years. As late as 1796, a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* expresses a "wish" that "the song of God save the king, may long cheer the heart of many a loyal subject." The air is originally French, and is still sung by the vine-dressers in the south of France. This air Henry Carey, a musician who lived in the reign of William and Mary, Anne, and the first Georges, adopted and rewrote, writing also, and perhaps partly adopting, the verses which are now sung to it, with the exception of two very important words.

"God save the King" was first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1745, where it appears, with the music, among the miscellaneous collection of rhyming odds and ends, at the end of the number, merely as, "*A Song, for two*

voices. *As sung at both Playhouses.*" The melody of the first strain and the last bar is different from, and much inferior to, the present reading. (The change is said to have been made by Dr. Pepusch.) The harmony is Dr. Arne's, he having arranged the song and brought it into public notice at one of the theaters; and hence its publication by Cave in his magazine. Testimony has been produced to show that Henry Carey avowed the authorship of the song once in private. His son, George Savile Carey, set up the same claim for his father, and actually applied to George III. for a pecuniary "gratification" on that account. John Christopher Smith, Handel's well-known amanuensis, also asserted that Carey was the composer. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1795, p. 907, a correspondent complains of the "extreme pains lately taken to degrade the excellent old melody, 'God save Great George our king,' by attributing it to Henry Carey; a very pleasant well-humored fellow, and a good composer, but too much of a buffoon to be the parent of an offspring of such awful deportment." Carey's claim to the authorship of this famous song has been recently scouted in England by distinguished musical writers. But there are circumstances and strong internal evidence which sustain the testimony in favor of Carey; and in a way which accounts for his never having owned the song publicly himself.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first line of the song, which is called "a new song" in the Index, is, of course, —

"God save great George, our king."

But as the song grew in favor, it began to be said by some people that, when *they* first heard it, it began —

"God save great *James*, our king."

And indubitable evidence was produced that such was its first form. But there had not been any King James in England since one dark night in 1688! So what did all this mean? The only "person of the name of James," whom any one in England could have asked to have kept particularly safe as king, between 1688 and 1745, was either the dethroned James II., who died in 1701, or his son James, the first Pretender. The song, then, is a Jacobite song; and the enemies against whose politics and knavish tricks it is so devoutly dammnatory are, as before said, the grandfathers, in various degrees of greatness, of her present Most Gracious Majesty. This has been before hesitatingly asserted, and stoutly denied in England: but, it would

seem, after a very partial examination of the subject; for at this very day the song, strangely enough, still retains evidence in support of its Jacobite origin, and also of the period at which it was produced. This evidence appears in the first and second stanzas, the former of which was thus sung during the reign of the Georges:—

“God save great George our king!
 Long live our noble king!
 God save the king!
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the king!”

The advent of William and of Victoria to the throne, whose names would not fit the verse, made a change in the first line necessary, which is now sung,—

“God save *our gracious Queen!*”

And this form will probably be preserved hereafter, adapted to the sex of the monarch, omitting the proper name. But while they were making alterations, it is strange indeed that one word was passed over. The neglect must have happened either from sheer oversight or from the unwillingness to change, even from worse to better, which has become such a distinctive trait of Brother Bull's character. The word in question is in the fourth line of the stanza: “*Send* her (or him) victorious, . . . long to reign over us.” Send her whence and whither? Why, Victoria, William, George is there: in England: on the throne. It is as plain as the nose on a Bourbon's face that the king for whom that prayer was first sent up was not within the narrow seas. He was over the water. This is made the surer by the form in which the stanza in question was first written, according to the testimony of those who had heard it sung before 1745, which is supported by interesting collateral evidence.

“*Send* him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Soon to reign over us,
 God save the King!”

This king, very clearly, had not arrived, but was expected; and his faithful subjects were impatient. But rather equivocal—

and yet rather unequivocal — words these, to be singing in the year of grace 1740, in the thirteenth year of the reign of our gracious lord and sovereign King George II., son and rightful heir of his Most Gracious Majesty George I., of happy memory. The incongruity is said to have been seen by the composer himself, who sang the song in 1740, at a dinner given at a tavern in Cornhill, in honor of Admiral Vernon's capture of Porto Bello. He then changed "soon" to "long," and owned the song as his composition. But neither Carey nor, strange to say, those who have since manipulated the song seem to have seen the full significance of the stanza; for while "soon" was stricken out, "send," the twin telltale, and the first-born and louder-voiced of the two, was left, and has been prating, open-mouthed, of his bastardy for a hundred and twenty years. And even now, if the inappropriateness of the neglected word should be noticed in the proper official quarter, so much does John Bull prefer his *mumpsimus* that he is used to, to a *sumpsimus* that common-sense shows to be right; so reluctant is he to change for the better, that it is more than probable that the obvious correction to be made — "*Grant* her victorious" — will not be made, and that we shall hear him praying, "with heart and voice," for the very monarch to be *sent* to him under whose glorious reign he is so happy as to be living.

But the second stanza gives evidence even more strongly than the first, though not quite so palpably, to the Jacobite origin of this song: —

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall!
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hopes we fix,
God save us all!"

Merely observing the pitiful tameness of "And make them fall," and the ludicrous bluntness of the two following lines, remark particularly that this stanza concerns itself about a king who is in personal peril, from enemies open and secret, and who, with his faithful subjects, is awaiting deliverance. God is called upon not to "scatter his enemies" generally, but to arise, then and there, and do it quickly. The singers do not fix their trust upon the king, but their "hopes"; and

deliverance is expected, longed for, and not only for him:—"God save us *all!*" See too, in this light, the fitness and the significance of those two queer lines—

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks."

Sung under the scepter of Victoria, or her uncle, or her grandfather, they are relatively as absurd as they are intrinsically ridiculous. But think of them sung at night, in a retired room, over a jorum of punch or a magnum of claret, by a knot of Jacobite fellows, expecting the Pretender, and having in mind the politics of Lord Townshend and the knavish tricks of Walpole; and although the poetry is made no better, the incongruity disappears.

It is not certain, however, that Carey originated the motive of this song; and it is not improbable that he derived the form of it, and some of the words, from an old Jacobite song now lost. For the following curious inscription has been discovered upon the drinking glasses, among the relics preserved in Scotland, of an ancient Jacobite family:—

"God save the King, I pray!
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Soon to reign over us!
God bless the Prince of Wales,
The true-born Prince of Wales,
Sent us by Thee!
Grant us one favor more,
The King for to restore,
As thou hast done before,
The Familie!"

Is this the original of Carey's song or a reminiscence of it? The absence of the name of the king introduced by Carey in the first lines, and the allusion in the latter to the birth of the son of James II., which was regarded by the Jacobites as a special interposition of Providence, and by the Whigs as too nearly miraculous to be believed in, seem to point it out as of the very earliest Jacobite origin, and written probably in the first years of the reign of William and Mary, as the king mentioned is plainly James himself, who lost the battle of the Boyne in 1690 and died in 1701. As Carey died by his own hand three years

before the Jacobite insurrection of 1745, he probably composed what Mr. George Hogarth calls "this noble strain of patriotic loyalty" in 1714 or 1715, when the landing of the Pretender was anxiously expected by all parties, and the writ of *habeas corpus* was suspended.

Many additional stanzas have been written to "God save the King," but none of them have established themselves as a part of the hymn. One of them is sufficiently comical to be worth noticing. It was written during the second British civil war of the last century, and after the first victories of the young Pretender, against whom was sent, among other commanders, General Wade, an officer from whom much was expected. So the lieges added a stanza to their loyal song, and sang it at both the playhouses, beginning:—

"Lord grant that Marshal Wade
May, by thy mighty aid,
Victory bring."

A petition that brings to the mind some of those put up now-a-days in New England, in which the petitioners, not content to ask for daily bread or other benefits in general terms, send up with their prayers special intimations of the mode in which they might most conveniently, or at least agreeably, be granted. For manifestly Wade is the individual mainly looked to; and the mighty aid plainly has its chief value in rhyming with the marshal's name, and in furnishing also a parenthetical conscience-saver, or assurance of distinguished consideration in the other quarter. . . .

But to return to the new song which some Englishmen were singing at both the playhouses about the time of these battles, for the success of King George, while some others—these, too, the "real original Jacob-ites"—were singing it at their own houses for the success of King James.

The majestic beauty of the music of "God save the King" has won it a singular distinction which is quite inconsistent with one of the functions of a national air. It has been adopted for the national hymns of Prussia, Hanover, Weimar, Brunswick, and Saxony; so that its distinctive nationality is no longer in its music, but only in its poor, perverted, rebel-born words.

The history of the other great national hymn of the world, "The Marseillaise,"—for these two separate themselves by emi-

nence from all the others,—is noticeably and significantly unlike that which has just been examined. Every reader of this little book may not know all the brief history of that marvelous song, which is almost travestied in Lamartine's sentimental melodramatic account of it in the "Girondins." It received its name from the men who first made it known in Paris, the ruffian Marseillais—a horde, some five hundred strong, of the vilest and most brutal of the floating population of a Mediterranean seaport town, who were summoned to Paris by Barbaroux for the purpose of exciting and assisting at the atrocities of 1792.¹ Headed by the wretch Santerre, they marched into Paris, and through its principal streets, on the 30th of July in that year, a band of swarthy, fierce, travel-soiled desperadoes, wearing red Phrygian caps wreathed with green leaves, dragging cannon, and singing as they marched, a song beginning—

"Allons, enfans de la patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous, de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez vous dans ces campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats!
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras
Égorger vos fils et vos compagnes!—
Aux armes, citoyens! formez vos bataillons!
Marchons! qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons!"

These inflaming accents were just suited to the intense craving of the morbid appetite created by the revolution; they at once stimulated and gratified, though they could not slake it; and on that day Paris drank in with greedy ears an intoxication from which, in spite of certain seeming intervals of imposed restraint, she has been reeling ever since.

But who had done this? Not a Marseillais, not a *sans-culotte*, not even a revolutionist. Rouget de Lisle was none of these, but an accomplished officer: an enthusiast for liberty, it is true, but no less a champion of justice and an upholder of constitutional monarchy. He was at Strasbourg early in 1792. One day Dietrich, the mayor of the town, who knew him well, asked him to write a martial song to be sung on the departure of six hundred volunteers who would soon set out to join the army

¹This is now utterly disproved. Their enrollment lists show them to have been nearly all respectable country householders, tradesmen, etc.; and there is no proof that they were summoned to commit massacres, or did so. — H. D.

of the Rhine. De Lisle consented, wrote the song that night,—the words sometimes coming to him before the music, sometimes the music before the words,—and gave it to Dietrich the next morning. As is not uncommon with authors, he was at first dissatisfied with the fruit of his sudden inspiration, and as he handed the manuscript to the mayor, he said, “Here is what you asked for ; but I fear it is not very good.” But Dietrich looked, and knew better. They went to the harpsichord with madame and sang it ; they gathered the band of the theater together and rehearsed it ; it was sung in the public square, and excited such enthusiasm that, instead of six hundred volunteers, nine hundred left Strasbourg for the army. This song its author called merely “The War-Song of the Army of the Rhine” (*Chant de guerre de l’armée du Rhin*). But in the course of a few months it worked its way southwards, and became a favorite with the Marseillais, who carried it to Paris, where the people, knowing nothing of its name, its author, or its original purpose, spoke of it simply as “the Song of the Marseillais” ; and as “The Marseillaise” it will be known forever, and forever be the rallying cry of France against tyranny.

How widely do the histories of these two hymns differ, and how characteristic is their difference of the two people who have adopted them ! The British hymn, like the British constitution, the product of no man and of no time ; the origin of its several parts various and uncertain, or seen darkly through the obscurity of the past ; its elements the product of different peoples ; broached at first in secret, and when brought to light, frowned down as treasonable, heretical, damnable : but at length openly avowed, and gradually growing into favor ; modified, curtailed, added to in important points by various hands, yet remaining vitally untouched ; at last accepted because it is no longer prudent to refuse to yield it place ; and finally insisted upon as the time-honored palladium of British liberty. The Marseillaise, written to order, and in one night, to meet a sudden, imperative demand : struck out at the white heat of unconscious inspiration, perfect in all its parts, *totus, teres, atque rotundus* ; and in six months adopted by the people, the army, and the legislature of the whole nation. The air of the one, simple, solid, vigorous, dignified, grand, the music of common-sense and fixed determination ; the words, though poor enough, mingling trust, and prayer, and self-confidence, and

respect for whoever is above us, and a readiness to fight stoutly when God and the law are on our side: the other a war cry, a summons to instant battle, warning, appealing, denouncing, fiercely threatening the vengeance of the Furies; having no inspiration but glory, and invoking no god but liberty; beginning in deliberate enthusiasm, and ending in conscious frenzy.

How different the service, too, to which the two songs have been put! The one used always to sustain, to build up, to perpetuate, to express loyalty and faithful endurance; a song of peace and plethoric festivity. The other the signal of destruction, the warning note of revolution; the song that rises from the field where the red plowshare turns up petrified abuses to the light of heaven and vengeance stalks between the stilts; the howl of famished men, and the shriek of nursing mothers whose breasts are dry. The one at best a tonic, but mostly sedative in its operation, and harmless at any time; the other from the beginning a stimulant, and to be used on great occasions only, and for great objects. The Girondists sang the first four lines of it, as — except one who fell before his judges, struck through the heart with his own dagger — they turned away from the bloody tribunal which had condemned them to death in the name of the liberty they had done so much to gain. At the battle of Jemappes, at the most perilous hour of that long doubtful day, Dumouriez, finding his right wing almost without officers, and giving way before the fire of the Austrian infantry and a threatened charge of the Hussars, put himself at the head of his battalions and began to sing the Marseillaise hymn, then not many months old; the soldiers joined in the song, their courage rallied, they charged and carried all before them. And in August of the next year, at the fête of the inauguration of the constitution (always a fête and an inauguration!), when the convention and the delegates from the primary assemblies, including eighty-six *doyens* — which seems to be French for the oldest inhabitant — to represent the eighty-six departments, assembled with a throng of “citizens generally” in the *Place de la Bastille* at four o’clock in the morning around a great fountain, called the Fountain of Regeneration, as soon as the first beams of the sun appeared, they saluted him by singing stanzas to the air of the Marseillaise; and then the President took a cup, poured out before the sun the waters of regeneration, and drank thereof himself, and passed the cup to the oldest inhabitants, and they also drank

thereof, in their parochial capacity. These ways are not the ways of our race. Indeed, even if Sir John Cope had begun to sing "God save the King" at Preston-pans, or General Hawley had in like manner lifted up his voice at Falkirk, or General McDowell had favored the army with the "Star-Spangled Banner" at Manassas (always supposing it to be within the compass of his voice), I doubt much whether they would have produced any change in the fortunes of those battles; nay, I fear they would have been greeted only with unseemly merriment. Sir John Cope's regulars would still have "fled in the utmost confusion at the first onset"; General Hawley's veterans would have been "broke by the first volley"; and General McDowell's raw volunteers, after fighting three hours and a half against an intrenched enemy in superior force, and driving him two miles before them, would still have been seized with a sudden panic and retreated in disgraceful disorder to Washington, leaving their enemy so crippled that he could not, even if he dared, pursue them.

But differing thus entirely in spirit and origin, these celebrated songs have one historical point in common, which is interesting in itself, and full of significance to such folk as say, Go to, let us make a national hymn:—they have both been perverted from their original purpose. The British hymn, made up, as we have seen, of an air from France, and words from Jacobite Scotland, into a song praying for the scattering, the confounding, the frustrating, and the general damnation of the reigning family, with its words altered by this man and the other, and its melody doctored by this musician and its harmony by the other, has come to be the recognized formal expression of loyalty to the very house for whose overthrow it first petitioned. And as to the Marseillaise, the purpose of its author is sadly told in his sad fate. Soon proscribed as a royalist, he fled from France, and took refuge in the Alps. But the echoes of the chord that he so unwittingly had struck pursued him even to the mountain tops of Switzerland. "What," said he to a peasant guide in the upper fastnesses of the border range, "is this song I hear—*Allons, enfans de la patrie?*" "That? That is the Marseillaise." And thus, suffering from the excesses that he had innocently stimulated, he first learned the name which his countrymen had given to the song that he had written.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

[1780-1843.]

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?

And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,

Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,

As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,

In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;

'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore

That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion

A home and a country should leave us no more?

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave

From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;

And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand

Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.

Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just;

And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;"

And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave,

AMERICA.

BY DR. SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

[1808-1896.]

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

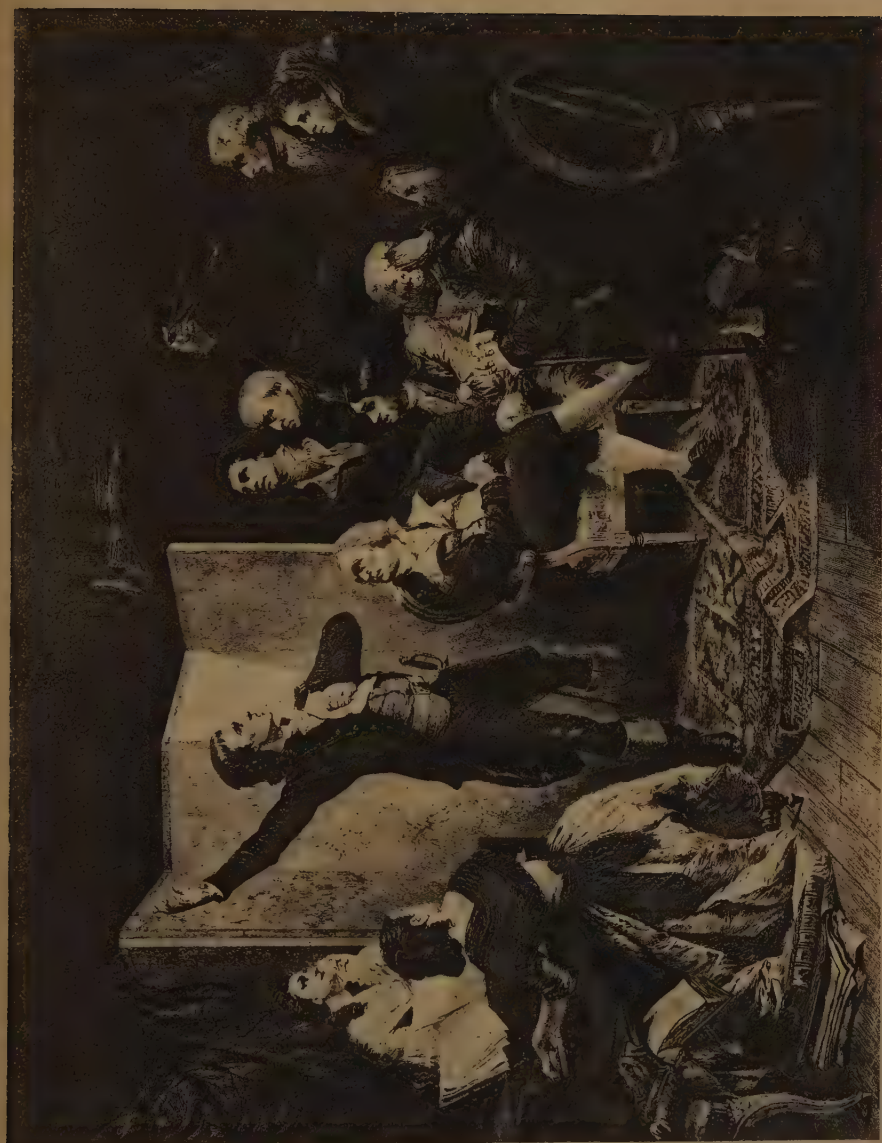
My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love:
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break, —
The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

La Marseillaise

La Marseillaise est une
chanson de guerre
écrite par Rousselle
et composée par Mouton.
Elle a été créée le 25
avril 1792 à Marseille.



O Liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept bewailing
 That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms! ye brave,
 The avenging sword unsheath:
 March on! march on! all hearts resolved
 On victory or death.



THE DEPARTURE FOR SYRIA (1809).

BY M. DE LABORDE.

[1773-1842.]

[The music of this song, which was composed by Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III., became the national air of the French Empire.]

To Syria young Dunois will go,
 That gallant, handsome knight,
 And prays the Virgin to bestow
 Her blessing on the fight.
 "O Thou who reign'st in heaven above,"
 He prayed, "Grant this to me:
 The fairest maiden let me love,
 The bravest warrior be."

He pledges then his knightly word,
 His vow writes on the stone,
 And following the count, his lord,
 To battle he has gone.
 To keep his oath he ever strove,
 And sang aloud with glee,
 "The fairest maid shall have my love,
 And honor mine shall be."

Then said the count, "To thee we owe
 Our victory, I confess;
 Glory on me thou didst bestow,—
 I give thee happiness:

GOD SAVE THE KING.

My daughter, whom I fondly love,
 I gladly give to thee;
 She, who is fair all maids above,
 Should valor's guerdon be."

They kneel at Mary's altar both, —
 The maid and gallant knight, —
 And there with happy hearts their troth
 Right solemnly they plight.
 It was a sight all souls to move;
 And all cried joyously,
 "Give honor to the brave, and love
 Shall beauty's guerdon be."



GOD SAVE THE KING.

By HENRY CAREY.

[1696-1743.]

God save our gracious king,
 Long live our noble king,
 God save the king.
 Send him victorious,
 Happy and glorious,
 Long to reign over us,
 God save the king.

O Lord our God, arise,
 Scatter his enemies,
 And make them fall;
 Confound their politics,
 Frustrate their knavish tricks,
 On him our hopes we fix,
 God save us all.

The choicest gifts in store,
 On him be pleased to pour,
 Long may he reign.
 May he defend our laws,
 And ever give us cause
 To sing with heart and voice,
 God save the king.

RECESSIONAL.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

[December 30, 1865-.]

[In the London *Times*, at the end of the Queen's Jubilee, 1897.]

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart:
 Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe, —
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law, —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard, —
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not thee to guard, —
 For frantic boast and foolish word,
 Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
 Amen,

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

By MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

[1819-1849.]

A VOICE resounds like thunder peal,
'Mid dashing waves and clang of steel:—
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

CHORUS.

Dear Fatherland, no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand, a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,—
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

IF I COULD ONLY WRITE.

By CAMPOAMOR.

(Translated by Ellen Watson.)

[RAMON DE CAMPOAMOR, Spanish poet, playwright, and general author, was born at Navia in 1817. His works are very numerous, including "Moral and Political Fables," stories in verse, dramas, many short poems, and writings on social and political subjects.]

"AND will you write a letter for me, padre?" —

"Yes, child — no need to tell me the address!"

"Do you know whom it's for because on that dark evening
You saw us walking?" — "Yes."

"Pardon! forgive!" — "Oh no, I don't reproach you!

The night, the chance — they tempted you, I know.

Pass me the pen and paper — I will begin, then —

'My own Antonio!' —

"'My own'?" — "Why, yes, I have it written;

But if you like, I'll —" — "Oh no, no, go on!" —

"'How sad I am' — is that it?" — "Yes, of course, sir!" —

"How sad I am alone!"

"'Now that I'm writing you, I feel so troubled!'" —

"How do you know so well?" —

"The secrets of a young girl's heart, my daughter,
The old can always tell."

"'What is the world alone? a vale of tears, love!

With you — a happy land!'" —

"Be sure you write it *plainly*, won't you, padre?

So that he'll understand." —

"'The kiss I gave you on the eve of marching —'"

"Why, how did you find out?" —

"Oh, when young people come and go together,

Always — nay, do not pout!"

"'And if your love can't bring you back here quickly,

'Twill make me suffer — I —'"

"Suffer! and nothing more? No, no, dear padre,

Tell him 'twill make me die!"

"Die! child, do you know that offends our Father?" —

"But still, padre, write '*die*.'" —

"I will not write '*die*.'" — "What a man of iron!

If I could only try!

"Oh no, it is no use, you dear good padre :
 'Twill never perfect be
 If in these signs you cannot lay before him
 The very heart of me.

"Write him, I pray you, that my soul without him
 Would gladly mourn and die,
 But that this lonely heart-ache does not kill me
 Because I've learned to cry.

"And that my lips, the roses of my love's breath,
 Will never ope again ;
 That they forget the very art of smiling,
 By dint of so much pain.

"And that my eyes he always thought so lovely, —
 No longer clear and bright,
 Since there is no dear face to mirror in them,
 Forever shun the light.

"And that of all the torments ever suffered,
 Parting's most hard to bear ;
 That like a dream the echo of his voice is ringing
 Forever in my ear.

"But since it is for his dear sake I suffer,
 My heavy heart grows light ;
 Goodness ! how many things I'd like to tell him
 If I could only write !

"But, padre—" — "Bravo, Amor ! I'll copy and conclude there
 Our learning should be meek :
 'Tis clear that one needs for this style of writing
 Small Latin and less Greek."



AN ORDER FOR A PICTURE.

By ALICE CARY.

[1820-1871.]

O good painter, tell me true,
 Has your hand the cunning to draw
 Shapes of things that you never saw ?
 Ay ? Well, here is an order for you,

Woods and cornfields a little brown, —
 The picture must not be overbright, —
 Yet all in the golden and gracious light
 Of a cloud, when the summer sun is down.

Alway and alway, night and morn,
 Woods upon woods, with fields of corn
 Lying between them, not quite sere,
 And not in the full, thick, leafy bloom,
 When the wind can hardly find breathing room
 Under their tassels, — cattle near,
 Biting shorter the short green grass,
 And a hedge of sumac and sassafras,
 With bluebirds twittering all around, —
 Ah! good painter, you can't paint sound!

These, and the house where I was born,
 Low and little, and black and old,
 With children, many as it can hold,
 All at the windows, open wide,
 Heads and shoulders clear outside,
 And fair young faces all ablush:
 Perhaps you may have seen, some day,
 Roses crowding, the selfsame way,
 Out of a wilding, wayside bush.

Listen closer. When you have done
 With woods and cornfields and grazing herds,
 A lady, the loveliest ever the sun
 Looked down upon, you must paint for me:
 Oh! if I could only make you see
 The clear blue eyes, the tender smile,
 The sovereign sweetness, the gentle grace,
 The woman's soul, and the angel's face
 That are beaming on me all the while,
 I need not speak these foolish words;
 Yet one word tells you all I would say, —
 She is my mother: you will agree,
 That all the rest may be thrown away.

Two little urchins, at her knee,
 You must paint, sir; one like me,
 The other with a clearer brow,
 And the light of his adventurous eyes
 Flashing with boldest enterprise:

At ten years old he went to sea, —
 God knoweth if he be living now!
 He sailed in the good ship "Commodore";
 Nobody ever crossed her track
 To bring us news, and she never came back.
 Ah, 'tis twenty long years and more
 Since that old ship went out of the bay
 With my great-hearted brother on her deck:
 I watched him till he shrank to a speck,
 And his face was toward me all the way.
 Bright his hair was, a golden brown,
 The time we stood at our mother's knee;
 That beauteous head, if it did go down,
 Carried sunshine into the sea!

Out in the fields one summer night,
 We were together, half afraid
 Of the corn leaves' rustling, and of the shade
 Of the high hills, stretching so still and far, —
 Loitering till after the low, little light
 Of the candle shone through the open door,
 And over the haystack's pointed top,
 All of a tremble, and ready to drop,
 The first half-hour, the great yellow star
 That we, with our staring, ignorant eyes,
 Had often and often watched to see
 Propped and held in its place in the skies
 By the fork of a tall, red mulberry tree,
 Which close in the edge of our flax field grew, —
 Dead at the top — just one branch full
 Of leaves, notched round, and lined with wool
 From which it tenderly shook the dew
 Over our heads, when we came to play
 In its handbreadth of shadow, day after day.
 Afraid to go home, sir; for one of us bore
 A nest full of speckled and thin-shelled eggs;
 The other, a bird, held fast by the legs,
 Not so big as a straw of wheat;
 The berries we gave her she wouldn't eat,
 But cried and cried till we held her bill,
 So slim and shining, to keep her still.

At last we stood at our mother's knee.
 Do you think, sir, if you try,
 You can paint the look of a lie?

If you can, pray, have the grace
To put it solely in the face
Of the urchin that is likest me :
I think 'twas solely mine, indeed ;
But that's no matter — paint it so :
The eyes of our mother, take good heed,
Looking not on the nest full of eggs,
Nor the fluttering bird, held so fast by the legs,
But straight through our faces, down to our lies,
And, oh ! with such injured reproachful surprise !
I felt my heart bleed where that glance went, as though
A sharp blade struck through it.

You, sir, know

That you on the canvas are to repeat
Things that are fairest, things most sweet, —
Woods, and cornfields, and mulberry tree,
The mother — her lads, with their bird, at her knee ;
But, oh ! that look of reproachful woe !
High as the heavens your name I'll shout,
If you'll paint me the picture and leave that out !



THE FAIRIES.

(SONG FOR CHILDREN.)

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

[Irish songwright; born Ballyshannon, County Donegal, in 1828; son of a local banker, clerk in the bank some years, then in the customs; assistant editor *Fraser's Magazine*, 1870-1874, then chief editor succeeding Froude; died 1889. He published "Poems" (1850); "Day and Night Songs" (1854); "Lawrence Bloomfield; or, Richard Poor in Ireland" (1864); two anthologies (1862 and 1865); "The Rambles of Patricius Walker" (1872), in *Fraser's Magazine*; "Ashby Manor," a play (1882); etc.]

UP THE airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men:
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather.

Down along the rocky shore
 Some have made their home;
 They live on crispy pancakes
 Of yellow-tide foam.
 Some in the reeds
 Of the black mountain-lake,
 With frogs for their watch-dogs,
 All night awake.

High on the hill-top
 The old King sits;
 He is now so old and gray
 He's nigh lost his wits.
 With a bridge of white mist
 Columbkil he crosses,
 On his stately journeys
 From Sliveleague to Rosses;
 Or going up with music
 On cold, starry nights,
 To sup with the Queen
 Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget
 For seven years long;
 When she came down again
 Her friends were all gone.
 They took her lightly back
 Between the night and morrow;
 They thought that she was fast asleep,
 But she was dead with sorrow.
 They have kept her ever since
 Deep within the lakes,
 On a bed of flag leaves
 Watching till she wakes.

By the craggy hillside,
 Through the mosses bare,
 They have planted thorn-trees
 For pleasure here and there.
 Is any man so daring
 As dig them up in spite,
 He shall feel their sharpest thorns
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,
 Down the rushy glen,
 We daren't go a-hunting
 For fear of little men:
 Wee folk, good folk,
 Trooping all together;
 Green jacket, red cap,
 And white owl's feather.



THE CONVICT IN THE MARSHES.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

(From "Great Expectations.")

[CHARLES DICKENS, one of the greatest novelists and humorists of the world, was born February 7, 1812, at Portsea, Eng. His father being unprosperous, he had no regular education and much hardship; at fourteen became an attorney's clerk, and at seventeen a reporter. His first short story appeared in December, 1833; the collected "Sketches by Boz" in 1836, which also saw the first number of "The Pickwick Papers," finished in November, 1837. There followed "Oliver Twist" (1839), "Nicholas Nickleby" (1839), "Master Humphrey's Clock" (finally dissolved into the "Old Curiosity Shop" and "Barnaby Rudge") (1840-1841), "American Notes" (1842), "A Christmas Carol" (1843: many other Christmas stories followed later), "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844), "Pictures from Italy" (1846), "Dombey and Son" (1848), "David Copperfield" (1850), "Bleak House" (1853), "Hard Times" (1854), "Little Dorrit" (1857), "A Tale of Two Cities" (1859), "Great Expectations" (1861), "Our Mutual Friend" (1865), and the unfinished "Mystery of Edwin Drood" (1870). Several of these, and his "Uncommercial Traveller" papers, appeared in *All the Year Round*, which he edited. He died June 9, 1870.]

[This piece is inserted in the sure and happy belief that any one who reads it will be unable to resist reading the novel of which it is the introductory chapter. — ANDREW LANG.]

MY FATHER'S family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip.

I give Pirrip as my father's family name, on the authority of his tombstone and my sister — Mrs. Joe Gargery, who married the blacksmith. As I never saw my father or my mother,

and never saw any likeness of either of them (for their days were long before the days of photographs), my first fancies regarding what they were like were unreasonably derived from their tombstones. The shape of the letters on my father's gave me an odd idea that he was a square, stout, dark man, with curly black hair. From the character and turn of the inscription, "*Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above,*" I drew a childish conclusion that my mother was freckled and sickly. To five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, which were arranged in a neat row beside their grave, and were sacred to the memory of five little brothers of mine -- who gave up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle -- I am indebted for a belief I religiously entertained that they had all been born on their backs with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence.

Ours was the marsh country, down by the river, within, as the river wound, twenty miles of the sea. My first most vivid and broad impression of the identity of things seems to me to have been gained on a memorable raw afternoon towards evening. At such a time I found out for certain that this bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard; and that Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried; and that Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias, and Roger, infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried; and that the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard, intersected with dikes and mounds and gates, with scattered cattle feeding on it, was the marshes; and that the low leaden line beyond was the river; and that the distant savage lair from which the wind was rushing was the sea; and that the small bundle of shivers growing afraid of it all and beginning to cry was Pip.

"Hold your noise!" cried a terrible voice, as a man started up from among the graves at the side of the church porch. "Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!"

A fearful man, all in coarse gray, with a great iron on his leg. A man with no hat, and with broken shoes, and with an old rag tied round his head. A man who had been soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones, and cut by flints, and stung by nettles, and torn by briars; who limped, and shivered, and glared, and growled; and whose teeth chattered in his head as he seized me by the chin.

"Oh! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

"Tell us your name!" said the man. "Quick!"

"Pip, sir."

"Once more," said the man, staring at me. "Give it mouth!"

"Pip. Pip, sir."

"Show us where you live," said the man. "Pint out the place!"

I pointed to where our village lay, on the flat inshore among the alder trees and pollards, a mile or more from the church.

The man, after looking at me for a moment, turned me upside down and emptied my pockets. There was nothing in them but a piece of bread. When the church came to itself — for he was so sudden and strong that he made it go head over heels before me, and I saw the steeple under my feet — when the church came to itself, I say, I was seated on a high tombstone, trembling, while he ate the bread ravenously.

"You young dog," said the man, licking his lips, "what fat cheeks you ha' got."

I believe they were fat, though I was at that time undersized for my years, and not strong.

"Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em," said the man, with a threatening shake of his head, "and if I han't half a mind to't!"

I earnestly expressed my hope that he wouldn't, and held tighter to the tombstone on which he had put me; partly to keep myself upon it; partly to keep myself from crying.

"Now lookee here!" said the man. "Where's your mother?"

"There, sir!" said I.

He started, made a short run, and stopped and looked over his shoulder.

"There, sir!" I timidly explained. "Also Georgiana. That's my mother."

"Oh!" said he, coming back. "And is that your father alonger your mother?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "him too; late of this parish."

"Ha!" he muttered then, considering. "Who d'ye live with — supposing you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

"My sister, sir — Mrs. Joe Gargery — wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

"Blacksmith, eh?" said he. And looked down at his leg.

After darkly looking at his leg and at me several times, he came closer to my tombstone, took me by both arms, and tilted me back as far as he could hold me; so that his eyes looked most powerfully down into mine, and mine looked most helplessly up into his.

"Now lookee here," he said, "the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you know what wittles is?"

"Yes, sir."

After each question he tilted me over a little more, so as to give me a greater sense of helplessness and danger.

"You get me a file." He tilted me again. "And you get me wittles." He tilted me again. "You bring 'em both to me." He tilted me again. "Or I'll have your heart and liver out." He tilted me again.

I was dreadfully frightened, and so giddy that I clung to him with both hands, and said, "If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more."

He gave me a most tremendous dip and roll, so that the church jumped over its own weathercock. Then, he held me by the arms in an upright position on the top of the stone, and went on in these fearful terms:—

"You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that

young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now what do you say?"

I said that I would get him the file, and I would get him what broken bits of food I could, and I would come to him at the Battery, early in the morning.

"Say, Lord strike you dead if you don't!" said the man.

I said so, and he took me down.

"Now," he pursued, "you remember what you've undertook, and you remember that young man, and you get home!"

"Goo-good night, sir," I faltered.

"Much of that!" said he, glancing about him over the cold, wet flat. "I wish I was a frog. Or a eel!"

At the same time he hugged his shuddering body in both his arms — clasping himself, as if to hold himself together — and limped towards the low church wall. As I saw him go, picking his way among the nettles, and among the brambles that bound the green mounds, he looked in my young eyes as if he were eluding the hands of the dead people, stretching up cautiously out of their graves, to get a twist upon his ankle and pull him in.

When he came to the low church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff, and then turned round to look for me. When I saw him turning, I set my face towards home, and made the best use of my legs. But presently I looked over my shoulder, and saw him going on again towards the river, still hugging himself in both arms, and picking his way with his sore feet among the great stones dropped into the marshes here and there for stepping places when the rains were heavy, or the tide was in.

The marshes were just a long black horizontal line then, as I stopped to look after him; and the river was just another horizontal line, not nearly so broad nor yet so black; and the sky was just a row of long angry red lines and dense black lines intermixed. On the edge of the river I could faintly make out the only two black things in all the prospect that seemed to be standing upright: one of these was the beacon by which the sailors steered, — like an unhooped cask upon a pole, — an ugly thing when you were near it; the other a gibbet, with some chains hanging to it which had once held a pirate. The man was limping on towards this latter, as if he were the pirate come to life, and come down, and going back to hook

himself up again. It gave me a terrible turn when I thought so ; and as I saw the cattle lifting their heads to gaze after him, I wondered whether they thought so too. I looked all round for the horrible young man, and could see no signs of him. But now I was frightened again, and ran home without stopping.



COPPERFIELD AT SCHOOL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

[Probably a not incorrect picture of life at a private school about 1825.]

MY "FIRST HALF" AT SALEM HOUSE.

SCHOOL began in earnest next day. A profound impression was made upon me, I remember, by the roar of voices in the schoolroom suddenly becoming hushed as death when Mr. Creakle entered after breakfast, and stood in the doorway looking round upon us like a giant in a story book surveying his captives.

Tungay stood at Mr. Creakle's elbow. He had no occasion, I thought, to cry out "Silence !" so ferociously, for the boys were all struck speechless and motionless.

Mr. Creakle was seen to speak, and Tungay was heard to this effect.

"Now, boys, this is a new half. Take care what you're about in this new half. Come fresh up to the lessons, I advise you, for I come fresh up to the punishment. I won't flinch. It will be of no use your rubbing yourselves ; you won't rub the marks out that I shall give you. Now get to work, every boy !"

When this dreadful exordium was over, and Tungay had stumped out again, Mr. Creakle came to where I sat, and told me that if I were famous for biting, he was famous for biting, too. He then showed me the cane, and asked me what I thought of *that* for a tooth ? Was it a sharp tooth, hey ? Was it a double tooth, hey ? Had it a deep prong, hey ? Did it bite, hey ? Did it bite ? At every question he gave me a fleshy cut with it that made me writhe ; so I was very soon made free of Salem House (as Steerforth said), and was very soon in tears also.

Not that I mean to say these were special marks of distinction, which only I received. On the contrary, a large majority of the boys (especially the smaller ones) were visited with similar instances of notice, as Mr. Creakle made the round of the schoolroom. Half the establishment was writhing and crying, before the day's work began; and how much of it had writhed and cried before the day's work was over, I am really afraid to recollect, lest I should seem to exaggerate.

I should think there never can have been a man who enjoyed his profession more than Mr. Creakle did. He had a delight in cutting at the boys, which was like the satisfaction of a craving appetite. I am confident that he couldn't resist a chubby boy, especially; that there was a fascination in such a subject, which made him restless in his mind, until he had scored and marked him for the day. I was chubby myself, and ought to know. I am sure when I think of the fellow now, my blood rises against him with the disinterested indignation I should feel if I could have known all about him without having ever been in his power; but it rises hotly, because I know him to have been an incapable brute, who had no more right to be possessed of the great trust he held, than to be the Lord High Admiral, or Commander in Chief---in either of which capacities, it is probable, that he would have done infinitely less mischief.

Miserable little propitiators of a remorseless Idol, how abject we were to him! What a launch in life I think it now, on looking back, to be so mean and servile to a man of such parts and pretensions!

Here I sit at the desk again, watching his eye---humbly watching his eye, as he rules a ciphering book for another victim whose hands have just been flattened by that identical ruler, and who is trying to wipe the sting out with a pocket handkerchief. I have plenty to do. I don't watch his eye in idleness, but because I am morbidly attracted to it, in a dread desire to know what he will do next, and whether it will be my turn to suffer, or somebody else's. A lane of small boys beyond me, with the same interest in his eye, watch it too. I think he knows it, though he pretends he don't. He makes dreadful mouths as he rules the ciphering book; and now he throws his eye sideways down our lane, and we all droop over our books and tremble. A moment afterwards we are again eying him. An unhappy culprit, found guilty of imperfect

exercise, approaches at his command. The culprit falters excuses, and professes a determination to do better to-morrow. Mr. Creakle cuts a joke before he beats him, and we laugh at it — miserable little dogs, we laugh, with our visages as white as ashes, and our hearts sinking into our boots.

Here I sit at the desk again, on a drowsy summer afternoon. A buzz and hum go up around me, as if the boys were so many blue bottles. A cloggy sensation of the lukewarm fat of meat is upon me (we dined an hour or two ago), and my head is as heavy as so much lead. I would give the world to go to sleep. I sit with my eye on Mr. Creakle, blinking at him like a young owl; when sleep overpowers me for a minute, he still looms through my slumber, ruling those ciphering books, until he slowly comes behind me and wakes me to plainer perception of him, with a red ridge across my back.

Here I am in the playground, with my eye still fascinated by him, though I can't see him. The window at a little distance from which I know he is, having his dinner stands for him, and I eye that instead. If he shows his face near it, mine assumes an imploring and submissive expression. If he looks out through the glass, the boldest boy (Steerforth excepted) stops in the middle of a shout or yell, and becomes contemplative. One day, Traddles (the most unfortunate boy in the world) breaks that window accidentally with a ball. I shudder at this moment with the tremendous sensation of seeing it done, and feeling that the ball had bounded on to Mr. Creakle's sacred head.

Poor Traddles! In a tight sky-blue suit that made his arms and legs like German sausages, or roly-poly puddings, he was the merriest and most miserable of all the boys. He was always being caned — I think he was caned every day that half year, except one holiday Monday when he was only rulered on both hands — and was always going to write to his uncle about it, and never did. After laying his head on the desk for a little while, he would cheer up somehow, begin to laugh again, and draw skeletons all over his slate before his eyes were dry. I used at first to wonder what comfort Traddles found in drawing skeletons, and for some time looked upon him as a sort of hermit, who reminded himself by those symbols of mortality that caning couldn't last forever. But I believe he only did it because they were easy, and didn't want any features.

He was very honorable, Traddles was, and held it as a

solemn duty in the boys to stand by one another. He suffered for this on several occasions; and particularly once, when Steerforth laughed in church, and the Beadle thought it was Traddles, and took him out. I see him now, going away in custody, despised by the congregation. He never said who was the real offender, though he smarted for it next day, and was imprisoned so many hours that he came forth with a whole churchyardful of skeletons swarming all over his Latin Dictionary. But he had his reward. Steerforth said there was nothing of the sneak in Traddles, and we all felt that to be the highest praise. For my part, I could have gone through a good deal (though I was much less brave than Traddles, and nothing like so old) to have won such a recompense.

To see Steerforth walk to church before us, arm in arm with Miss Creakle, was one of the great sights of my life. I didn't think Miss Creakle equal to little Em'ly in point of beauty, and I didn't love her (I didn't dare); but I thought her a young lady of extraordinary attractions, and in point of gentility not to be surpassed. When Steerforth, in white trousers, carried her parasol for her, I felt proud to know him; and believed that she could not choose but adore him with all her heart. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Mell were both noted personages in my eyes; but Steerforth was to them what the sun was to two stars.

Steerforth continued his protection of me, and proved a very useful friend, since nobody dared to annoy one whom he honored with his countenance. He couldn't—or at all events he didn't—defend me from Mr. Creakle, who was very severe with me; but whenever I had been treated worse than usual, he always told me that I wanted a little of his pluck, and that he wouldn't have stood it himself; which I felt he intended for encouragement, and considered to be very kind of him. There was one advantage, and only one that I know of, in Mr. Creakle's severity. He found my placard in his way when he came up or down behind the form on which I sat, and wanted to make a cut at me in passing; for this reason it was soon taken off, and I saw it no more.

An accidental circumstance cemented the intimacy between Steerforth and me in a manner that inspired me with great pride and satisfaction, though it sometimes led to inconvenience. It happened on one occasion, when he was doing me the honor of talking to me in the playground, that I hazarded the obser-

vation that something or somebody — I forget what now — was like something or somebody in “Peregrine Pickle.” He said nothing at the time, but when I was going to bed at night, asked me if I had got that book?

I told him no, and explained how it was that I had read it, and all those other books of which I had made mention.

“And do you recollect them?” Steerforth said.

Oh, yes, I replied; I had a good memory, and I believed I recollected them very well.

“Then I tell you what, young Copperfield,” said Steerforth, “you shall tell ’em to me. I can’t get to sleep very early at night, and I generally wake rather early in the morning. We’ll go over ’em one after another. We’ll make some regular Arabian Nights of it.”

I felt extremely flattered by this arrangement, and we commenced carrying it into execution that very evening. What ravages I committed on my favorite authors in the course of my interpretation of them I am not in a condition to say, and should be very unwilling to know; but I had a profound faith in them, and I had, to the best of my belief, a simple earnest manner of narrating what I did narrate; and these qualities went a long way.

The drawback was that I was often sleepy at night, or out of spirits and indisposed to resume the story, and then it was rather hard work, and it must be done; for to disappoint or to displease Steerforth was of course out of the question. In the morning, too, when I felt weary, and should have enjoyed another hour’s repose very much, it was a tiresome thing to be roused, like Sultana Scheherazade, and forced into a long story before the getting-up bell rang; but Steerforth was resolute; and as he explained to me, in return, my sums and exercises, and anything in my tasks that was too hard for me, I was no loser by the transaction. Let me do myself justice, however. I was moved by no interested or selfish motive, nor was I moved by fear of him. I admired and loved him, and his approval was return enough. It was so precious to me that I look back on these trifles, now, with an aching heart.

Steerforth was considerate, too, and showed his consideration, in one particular instance, in an unflinching manner that was a little tantalizing, I suspect, to poor Traddles and the rest. Peggotty’s promised letter — what a comfortable letter it was! — arrived before “the half” was many weeks old, and

with it a cake, in a perfect nest of oranges, and two bottles of cowslip wine. This treasure, as in duty bound, I laid at the feet of Steerforth, and begged him to dispense.

"Now, I'll tell you what, young Copperfield," said he; "the wine shall be kept to wet your whistle when you are story-telling."

I blushed at the idea, and begged him, in my modesty, not to think of it. But he said he had observed I was sometimes hoarse — a little roopy was his exact expression — and it should be, every drop, devoted to the purpose he had mentioned. Accordingly, it was locked up in his box, and drawn off by himself in a phial, and administered to me through a piece of quill in the cork, when I was supposed to be in want of a restorative. Sometimes, to make it a more sovereign specific, he was so kind as to squeeze orange juice into it, or to stir it up with ginger, or dissolve a peppermint drop in it; and although I cannot assert that the flavor was improved by these experiments, or that it was exactly the compound one would have chosen for a stomachic, the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, I drank it gratefully, and was very sensible of his attention.

We seem, to me, to have been months over "Peregrine," and months more over the other stories. The institution never flagged for want of a story, I am certain, and the wine lasted out almost as well as the matter. Poor Traddles — I never think of that boy but with a strange disposition to laugh, and with tears in my eyes — was a sort of chorus in general, and affected to be convulsed with mirth at the comic parts, and to be overcome with fear when there was any passage of an alarming character in the narrative. This rather put me out, very often. It was a great jest of his, I recollect, to pretend that he couldn't keep his teeth from chattering, whenever mention was made of an Alguazil in connection with the adventures of Gil Blas; and I remember that when Gil Blas met the captain of the robbers in Madrid, this unlucky joker counterfeited such an ague of terror that he was overheard by Mr. Creakle, who was prowling about the passage, and handsomely flogged for disorderly conduct in the bedroom.

Whatever I had within me that was romantic and dreamy, was encouraged by so much story-telling in the dark; and in that respect the pursuit may not have been very profitable to me. But the being cherished as a kind of plaything in my

room, and the consciousness that this accomplishment of mine was bruited about among the boys, and attracted a good deal of notice to me though I was the youngest there, stimulated me to exertion. In a school carried on by sheer cruelty, whether it is presided over by a dunce or not, there is not likely to be much learnt. I believe our boys were, generally, as ignorant a set as any schoolboys in existence; they were too much troubled and knocked about to learn; they could no more do that to advantage than any one can do anything to advantage in a life of constant misfortune, torment, and worry.



THE DEATH OF DORA.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

ANOTHER RETROSPECT.

[Dora is Copperfield's first love and "child wife." Agnes is the guardian angel who is in love with him, though he does not know it. The piece is an example of Dickens' pathos, not in its most exuberant manifestation.]

THEY have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed — she sitting at the bedside — and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes, the little birdlike ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be — and in all life, within doors and without — when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child

wife turned towards me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh, what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," said Dora, "*then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes, we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned towards me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say unreasonable after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her!"

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go downstairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived; has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know, now, that my child wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times to-day, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have thought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly

settle in my mind is that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make

me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go downstairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone.”

I promise that she shall, immediately; but I cannot leave her for my grief.

“I said that it was better as it is!” she whispers, as she holds me in her arms. “Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!”

Agnes is downstairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs.

“Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!”

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

“Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!”

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry is dead.

"Oh, Agnes ! Look, look, here !"

— That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven !

"Agnes !"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes ; and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.



THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

[JEAN INGELOW, a popular English poet and novelist, was born in 1830 at Boston, Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker. Her first book, "A Rhyming Chronicle of Incidents and Feelings" (1850), was published anonymously, and her second, "Poems" (1863), which included "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire," attained instant success. Later works are: "A Story of Doom," collected poems; "Poems of the Old Days and the New"; and the novels "Off the Skelligs," "Fated to be Free," "Don John," and "Sarah de Berenger." Miss Ingelow died at Kensington, July 19, 1897.]

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
"Pull, if you never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells !
Ply all your changes, all your swells
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde —
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sate and spun within the doore;
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes —
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dewes were falling,
 Farre away I heard her song.
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along
 Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
 Floweth, floweth,
 From the meads where melick groweth
 Faintly came her milking song. —

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 "For the dewes will soone be falling;
 Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 From the clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
 Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
 Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
 And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
 Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
 That ring the tune of Enderby.

All fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
 Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene.
 And lo! the great bell farre and wide
 Was heard in all the countryside
 That Saturday at eventide.

The swannerds where their sedges are
 Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
 The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
 Till, floating o'er the grassy sea
 Came down that kyndly message free,
 The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
 To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows.
 They sayde, "And why should this thing be,
 What danger lowers by land or sea?
 They ring the tune of Enderby!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,
 Of pyrate galleys warping down;
 For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
 They have not spared to wake the towne.
 But while the west bin red to see,
 And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
 Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
 Came riding downe with might and main;
 He raised a shout as he drew on,
 Till all the welkin ran again,
 "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
 (A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea wall [he cried] is downe,
 The rising tide comes on apace,
 And boats adrift in yonder towne
 Go sailing uppe the market place."
 He shook as one that looks on death:
 "God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
 "Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
 With her two bairns I marked her long;
 And ere yon bells beganne to play
 Afar I heard her milking song."
 He looked across the grassy lea,
 To right, to left. "Ho, Enderby!"
 They rang "The Brides of Enderby."

With that he cried and beat his breast;
 For lo! along the river's bed
 A mighty eygre reared his crest,
 And up the Lindis raging sped.
 It swept with thunderous noises loud;
 Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
 Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
 Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
 Then madly at the eygre's breast
 Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
 Then bankes came down with ruin and rout —
 Then beaten foam flew round about —
 Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
 The heart had hardly time to beat,
 Before a shallow, seething wave
 Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
 The feet had hardly time to flee
 Before it brake against the knee,
 And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
 The noise of bells went sweeping by:
 I marked the lofty beacon light
 Stream from the church tower, red and high
 A lurid mark and dread to see;
 And awesome bells they were to mee,
 That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
 From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
 And I — my sonne was at my side,
 And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
 And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
 "O, come in life, or come in death!
 O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
 Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare,
 The waters laid thee at his doore,
 Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
 Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
 The lifted sun shone on thy face,
 Downe drifted to thy dwelling place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
 That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
 A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
 To manye more than myne and mee;
 But each will mourn his own (she saith),
 And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
 Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
 By the reedy Lindis shore,
 "Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
 Ere the early dews be falling;
 I shall never hear her song,
 "Cusha! Cusha!" all along,
 Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
 Goeth, floweth;
 From the meads where melick groweth,
 Where the water, winding down,
 Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
 Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
 Shiver, quiver;
 Stand beside the sobbing river,
 Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
 To the sandy, lonesome shore;
 I shall never hear her calling,
 "Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
 Mellow, mellow;
 Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
 Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
 Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
 Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
 Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
 From your clovers lift your head;
 Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
 Jetty, to the milking shed."



THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF GOD.¹

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

(From "Ten Great Religions.")

[JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, an American Unitarian clergyman, theologian, and miscellaneous author, was born at Hanover, N. H., April 4, 1810, and died at Jamaica Plain, Mass., June 8, 1888. Having graduated at Harvard, he prepared for the ministry at the Cambridge Divinity School; preached at Louisville, Ky., 1833-1840, and in 1841 founded, in Boston, the Church of the Disciples, of which he was pastor for forty-five years. He became noted as a preacher and

¹ Copyright, 1883, by James Freeman Clarke. Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

author, and took a prominent part in all educational and reform movements in Boston. His principal publications are: "Ten Great Religions" (1871-1883), "Christian Doctrine of Prayer," "Thomas Didymus," "Common Sense in Religion," "Events and Epochs in Religious History," and "Self-Culture."]

THE mixture of a hidden and private Monotheism with a public Polytheism was the religion of the civilized world, with the exception of Judea, when Christ came. Now, probably, one half of the human race have a Monotheistic religion. These Monotheistic religions are the work of two prophets, Moses and Jesus, from whose teachings Mohammed drew his own inspiration. The semi-Monotheism of China and Eastern Asia is also the result of the teaching of two great souls, Buddha and Confucius. The nature of their inspiration we shall consider in another chapter. Christianity teaches the highest form of Monotheism. Jesus gives no personal name to the Deity, as the religions before him had done. He does not call God by the sacred Jewish name of Yahveh, but by a word designating his character of parental care and love, "Father." The peculiarity of Christian Monotheism is that it combines with the conception of one Supreme, All-perfect Being, Maker and Ruler of all things, which is the philosophic Monotheism, and with that of holy Lawgiver and Judge, and Beneficent Providence, the faith in an infinite tenderness of love. God in Christ comes near to each soul, as an ever-present friend and helper; as one who forgives and saves; a perpetual inspiration and guide; a friend nearer than any other to every child high or low. Farther than this Monotheism can hardly go, for this combines the two extremes of religious thought in a harmonious whole, that of the Being who is infinitely removed from us by his greatness, and the Being who comes nearest to us by his love. This is the fullness of him who fills all in all.

Of all the beliefs of man in regard to the supernatural world, the belief in a human soul as a substantial essence, capable of existing independently of the body, has prevailed most widely. It is found in all parts of the world, in all times, among all classes, however widely separated from each other by physical and moral barriers. The lowest tribes of savages unite with the most sublime philosophers in this conviction. On this point the Hottentot and the Fiji islander agree with Plato and Aristotle.

The evidence of this belief among the lower races, who have no metaphysical theories or language, is to be found in their

universal conviction that all men continue to exist after the death of the body, as disembodied spirits, or, as we say, ghosts.

Our word "ghost," it must be remembered, the same as the German "geist," simply means a spirit. Now the belief of the existence of disembodied spirits is well-nigh universal among the primitive races. All believe in apparitions, in unsubstantial appearances of departed friends. The Esquimaux in the Arctic Circle of North America; the natives of Siberia in the same latitudes in Asia; the Australians and Patagonians at the other extreme of the world; the great religions of antiquity — those of Egypt, China, India, Persia, Greece, Rome, Mexico, Peru, the Tartar tribes of Central Asia, the Negroes of Central and Western Africa; the inhabitants of the innumerable islands of the Pacific — have all believed in such a continued spiritual existence of the dead. This belief could only have come from one of two sources — from outward experience or inward consciousness. Either they have all actually seen ghosts, and believe in them for that reason, or else they have not seen them. If they have not seen them, if ghosts have never appeared, this universal belief has prevailed with no facts of outward experience to support it. It must then be based on some profound and universal fact of inward experience. Is there any such fact? There is. We are conscious of a thinking, feeling, and acting self, which has no bodily qualities. This self acts and feels in every part of the body, and yet is not located in any part, for if a part of the body is lost, the thinking and feeling and acting energy remains unimpaired. It seems to go out of the body in dreams, in memory, in imagination, and in thought which makes the past present, the distant near. The soul seems to leave the body in dreams, for then it enters into another world, seemingly as real as this one. It has a marvelous unity, correlating and combining in a central self or ego, imagination, memory, hope and fear, love and hatred, thought and sensation, action, choice, and passive receptivity. It is the one simple ego which has all this experience. Our consciousness does not allow us to suppose that one part of the soul is devoted to thought, another part to feeling, and the like. We say, "I think, I feel, I remember, I am in pain, I like the taste of this fruit, I smell the perfume of that rose, I foresee that some evil may occur, I intend to build a house next year." It is one and the same undivided, indivisible self which does all this. The consciousness of this indivisible unity, a unity of which the

body is incapable, is the same in the savage and the philosopher. It is a primitive, universal, and necessary conviction. The body dissolves at death, but the self within the body is indissoluble. It continues one and the same through all the changes of life, and therefore will continue, men believe, after the physical body dies. Primitive man does not argue in this way, and convince himself thus of his immortality; but the belief is the natural outgrowth of his self-consciousness.

Some eminent thinkers, however, take a different view. They tell us that the man who sleeps and dreams thinks he has two individualities, one of which leaves the other in his sleep, and comes back to it again when he wakes.

Schoolcraft reports that "the North American Indians believe in duplicate souls, one of which remains with the body, while the other departs during sleep." But this is surely a misinterpretation of their idea. There is evidence enough that many primitive races believe that the conscious thinking soul leaves the body during sleep. But there is not a second conscious thinking soul left behind. There is no evidence that any human being, on awakening from a dream, ever remembered that he existed simultaneously in two distinct series of conscious thoughts and actions. His thinking self was only one. It seemed to leave his body and go elsewhere. He saw that the body had a principle of life left with it, but not a second principle of thought. This theory, then, of a double soul is a mere misuse of words, and rests on no scientific basis of observation or experience.

There have been instances of persons who, by some strange cerebral conditions, have passed from one state of consciousness into another, and in the second state have forgotten all they knew in the previous condition. They have then passed back, during an interval of sleep, into their original state, instantly remembering all they learned before while in that condition, but forgetting all they knew in the second. But even this extremely rare phenomenon does not justify the assumption of a double soul. The patient in this case had no double consciousness, but simply forgot in one condition what was remembered in another. This was not having two souls, but it was one soul passing into two different states of thought and life.

It is often asserted that the primitive races regard their shadows as their soul, and hence it is argued that the very notion of the soul may have been derived from the sight of the

shadow. This is reversing the order of thought. The idea of the soul must have existed before it could have been compared to a shadow. When the Romans called a disembodied spirit an "umbra," or shadow, and the Greeks used the same word, they simply meant that it was unsubstantial, like a shadow.

As a shadow is visible, but not tangible, as it retains the outline of the form, so the ghost was believed to be visible but not tangible, and to have a vague outline of the human form. But how could any human being believe that the shadow which always accompanies the body, and is never seen without it, can be the spirit which has no body, and which leaves the body in dreams? The most striking case on record of such an imagination is in the story of Peter Schlemihl, the man who sold his shadow. We ourselves often use the word "shadow" to express something unsubstantial, as when we say, "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" No one would infer from this that we considered our souls to be the shadows. We can usually best get at the conceptions of the undeveloped races by recalling our own notions when we were children. We shall remember, I think, that our shadow had a mysterious quality to our infantile mind. It aroused our fancy; we may have tried to run away from it; we may have stamped upon it; it was an attendant from which we could not get away. But it never occurred to us for a moment that it was our soul, or self. Similar childish fancies take possession of the childlike races. The natives of Benin call a man's shadow his guide, and believe it will witness if he has done well or ill. The Basutos are careful not to let their shadow fall on the river, lest a crocodile should seize it, and draw them in.

One remarkable and unaccountable exception, if it is an exception, to the universal belief of mankind in the soul as a simple substantial principle of feeling, thought, and will, known by consciousness, is the great religion of Buddha. We are positively assured by the best-informed writers on this religion, that it persistently denies and rejects the notion of a soul in man. This is stated in the most decided form by Rhys Davids, one of the most recent and learned writers. Buddhism, he says, teaches that man is a flux of emotions, thought, acts, with no abiding principle behind them. He quotes a passage from the "Sutta Pitaka," to the effect that the unlearned and sensual man regards the soul as residing in sensation and matter, and so gets the idea "I am." But the wise man who has

escaped both from ignorance and from acquired knowledge does not have this idea, "I am."

Here, however, comes in the necessity of understanding the meaning of words, of entering into the state of mind of the Buddhist thinker. It is of small consequence to have any statement, unless we comprehend the intention of the man who makes it.

Now the whole purpose of original Buddhism was to teach men how to escape the miseries of life by the destruction of desire. Among these desires is the wish for continued existence. This also must be destroyed. Therefore the Pitakas, or oldest religious books, perpetually repeat such statements as this:—

I see in the world this trembling race given to desire for existences; they lament in the mouth of death, not being free from the desire for reiterated existences. Look on those men trembling with selfishness; let them be unselfish, not having any attachment to existences.

The object being to produce perfect peace by the destruction of all desire—even the desire for continued existence—the remedy must be found in knowledge, which is the Buddhist way of salvation. Brahmanism in the time of Buddha sought the same end. The Laws of Manu say of the sage: "Let him not seek for death, let him not seek for life." But their method of extinguishing all desire was by ascetic mortifications. Buddha had tried these, and found them insufficient. His great discovery was that salvation came through knowledge, knowledge of the laws of being. He reached that state, not by reasoning or philosophy, which he declares can never produce knowledge, but only fluctuating opinion. To him knowledge came by an interior insight of spiritual, moral, and physical law. To destroy all desire, the desire for future existence must be destroyed. This is destroyed by seeing that there is no soul, or personal identity, or ego to continue. Thus Buddhism seems to deny the existence of the soul.

On the other hand it teaches transmigration. This is a fundamental doctrine with Buddhism. But how can there be a migration of souls from one body to another, unless there are souls to migrate? The answer is an ingenious one. Here comes in the great law called Karma, which is the law of cause

and effect made universal. Every moral or immoral action which a man performs produces its result. If he does right he goes up, if wrong he goes down. When a man dies the whole results of his life are summed up in a new being, who takes his place by the law of Karma. He does not pass into another body, but another being appears as the consequence of his conduct. So the Buddhist metaphysicians say that what we call transmigration is really metamorphosis.

But this fine-spun doctrine belongs to the metaphysics, not to the religion of Buddhism. Even Hardy himself tells us that "it is almost universally repudiated." In historical composition, in narrative, and in conversation, the common idea of transmigration is always presented. We meet with innumerable passages like the following: "These four, by the help of Buddha, went after death to the celestial world. 'I myself was the wise merchant of this transaction.'"

This Buddhist doctrine of no soul is, therefore, no exception to the general law. The Buddhists, like the rest of mankind, believe in the personal ego, and its continued existence hereafter. Whatever their metaphysics may demand, their faith is in the continued existence of the individual through many births and deaths till he reach Nirvána. One of the most learned writers on Buddhism, Samuel Beal, takes this view in his introduction to "The Romantic History of Buddha."

We have seen how belief in a personal self arises through consciousness. Observation of organized life leads to a like conclusion. We observe in all animals and plants an organization in which matter is governed, molded, renewed, correlated, and brought into unity by some power not perceptible to the senses. There is a cause which operates steadily and constantly on every part of the organization, bringing all under the use of the unit,—a law of growth in the plant, of sensation in the animal, of thought in the man. While the vital vortex is going on, all the physical laws to which the molecules of the body are otherwise subject are neutralized and overcome. The law of gravity is neutralized and overcome in the plant which grows upward. The law of inertia is overcome in animals, who can originate motion. The chemical laws are overcome in plants and animals, which resist change and decay. If the phrase vital principle is objected to, no one can deny the existence of a vital unity, which is unexplained by the senses. We are obliged to suppose some cause of all this, and a common

cause of this correlation. Men have decided to call it life or soul.

Not only has the existence of the soul been received in all religions (with the apparent exception of Buddhism), but also it has been the basis of all philosophies which deserve that name.

According to Pythagoras the soul is an emanation of the world soul, and so partakes of the divine nature. At death it leaves this body to take another, and so goes through the circle of appointed forms. The soul in man is a self-moving principle. Ovid describes this Pythagorean view of transmigration in verses thus translated by Dryden:—

Souls cannot die. They leave a former home
And in new bodies dwell, and from them roam.
Nothing can perish, all things change below,
For spirits through all forms may come and go.
Good beasts shall rise to human forms; and men
If bad, shall backward turn to beasts again.
Thus, through a thousand shapes, the soul shall go,
And thus fulfill its destiny below.

The human soul, according to Plato, is essentially rational. It is pure mind, but associated with a lower animal soul, composed of energy or active power, and desire or passive affection.

The immortality of the soul is argued in the beautiful dialogue of "Phædo," one of the most charming works in all literature. According to Socrates, in this dialogue, the soul is the ego, the mind which thinks, loves, and acts, and when death comes, it is not the mind which dies, but the body. At the close of this long dialogue, one of the disciples of Socrates asks him what he wishes them to do with him after his death. He smiles and says: "Anything you please, if you can catch me."

According to the Stoics, the soul is an emanation of the Deity, an inborn breath of God, extending through the body.

According to Aristotle, all living things have a soul; the plant has a soul which enables it to grow; it is a constructive force. The vital force of the animal adds to this, sensation, desire, locomotion; in man, the faculty of reason is added.

Materialism assumes that what we call soul is the result of bodily organization. (1) Because all we know is sensible phenomena. (2) Because the state of the mind conforms constantly to the condition of the body. All we know, it says, is

sensible phenomena, outward facts, and the grouping of these facts into laws. But the simple answer of common sense to this statement is that we know mind better than we know body; that thought, love, and purpose are not sensible phenomena, and yet we are certain of their existence. All we know of matter we know through the senses; it is that which is hard and soft, extended in space, which has shape, color, and so forth. All we know of mind is different. Moreover, the mind has a unity and identity not found in matter; it is simple, indivisible unity; whereas matter is capable of division. It is one and the same soul which thinks, feels, remembers, hopes, chooses, laments, imagines. It is the same soul which existed last year and exists now. But matter is always changing, never the same. Moreover, there is a principle of life which correlates all parts of a living body, and keeps them working together. Great objection has been made to calling this the vital principle, on the ground that this assumes the existence of the soul before it is proved. But the eminent naturalist, Quatrefages, says he must use some such word to describe the vital vortex, for the fact exists. The equilibrium of life is not maintained by the molecular motion of the atoms, for these act independently of each other. The unity of organic life is maintained by some power not in the material particles themselves. Call it soul, or vital principle, or by any other name, its existence is certain. You cannot explain life in terms of matter and motion. The gulf between an atom of inorganic matter and the lowest form of life has never been passed over by human thought.

The second objection of materialism to the existence of an immaterial soul is that the condition of the body affects the soul, inevitably and always. A little improper food taken into the system affects the mind; a drop of blood extravasated in the brain destroys the power of thought; as the body grows old, the mind weakens; as the brain fibers decay, memory goes; without phosphorus, no thought,—is not then thought the result of the body? To this, however, the answer is conclusive. All these facts only prove that while the soul is in this body, the body is its necessary organ of communication with the outward world. Just as a carpenter cannot work when his tools are dull; as the most accomplished musician cannot charm our souls when the strings of his piano are out of tune, or broken; so the soul cannot communicate with us when the body is dis-

ordered. It is highly probable that we could not think if the proper amount of phosphorus was not supplied to the brain. But this is no such great discovery. Not "phosphorus" alone, but a good many other chemical elements have always been known to be necessary. Without oxygen, no thought; without hydrogen and carbon, no thought. All this merely means that while the soul remains in its present environment, it needs a healthy bodily organization with which to do its work.



SELF-CULTURE.

By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

[WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, American Unitarian clergyman, one of the chief founders of his sect in America, was born at Newport, R.I., April 7, 1780; died at Bennington, Vt., October 2, 1842. An edition of his sermons, addresses, and other productions was published in 1848.]

IN looking at our nature, we discover among its admirable endowments the sense or perception of Beauty. We see the germ of this in every human being, and there is no power which admits greater cultivation; and why should it not be cherished in all? It deserves remark, that the provision for this principle is infinite in the universe. There is but a very minute portion of the creation which we can turn into food and clothes, or gratification for the body; but the whole creation may be used to minister to the sense of beauty. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds in the numberless flowers of the spring. It waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass. It haunts the depths of the earth and sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountains, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth

and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. Suppose that I were to visit a cottage, and to see its walls lined with the choicest pictures of Raphael, and every spare nook filled with statues of the most exquisite workmanship, and that I were to learn that neither man, woman, or child ever cast an eye at these miracles of art, how should I feel their privation; how should I want to open their eyes, and to help them to comprehend and feel the loveliness and grandeur which in vain courted their notice. But every husbandman is living in sight of the works of a diviner artist; and how much would his existence be elevated, could he see the glory which shines forth in their forms, hues, proportions, and moral expression! I have spoken only of the beauty of nature, but how much of this mysterious charm is found in the elegant arts, and especially in literature? The best books have most beauty. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire. Now no man receives the true culture of a man, in whom the sensibility to the beautiful is not cherished; and I know of no condition in life from which it should be excluded. Of all luxuries this is the cheapest and most at hand; and it seems to me to be the most important to those conditions where coarse labor tends to give a grossness to the mind. From the diffusion of the sense of beauty in ancient Greece, and of the taste for music in modern Germany, we learn that the people at large may partake of refined gratifications which have hitherto been thought to be necessarily restricted to a few.

What beauty is, is a question which the most penetrating minds have not satisfactorily answered; nor, were I able, is this the place for discussing it. But one thing I would say: the beauty of the outward creation is intimately related to the lovely, grand, interesting attributes of the soul. It is the emblem or expression of these. Matter becomes beautiful to us, when it seems to lose its material aspect, its inertness, finiteness, and grossness, and by the ethereal lightness of its forms and motions seems to approach spirit; when it imagines to us pure and gentle affections; when it spreads out into a vastness which is a shadow of the Infinite; or when in more awful shapes and movements it speaks of the Omnipotent. Thus

outward beauty is akin to something deeper and unseen, is the reflection of spiritual attributes ; and of consequence the way to see and feel it more and more keenly is to cultivate those moral, religious, intellectual, and social principles of which I have already spoken, and which are the glory of the spiritual nature ; and I name this that you may see, what I am anxious to show, the harmony which subsists among all branches of human culture, or how each forwards and is aided by all.

There is another power which man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of Utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself, but to give it voice and to exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than ordinary intellectual vigor may, for want of expression, be a cipher, without significance, in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer, by the very effort to make them clear to another. Our social rank too depends a good deal on our power of utterance. The principal distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue or uncouth tones his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning by a confused, unskillful mode of communication, cannot take the place to which perhaps his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language. On this account, I am glad that grammar and a correct pronunciation are taught in the common schools of this city. These are not trifles, nor are they superfluous to any class of people. They give a man access to social advantages, on which his improvement very much depends. The power of utterance should be included by all in their plans of self-culture.

I do not look on a human being as a machine, made to be kept in action by a foreign force, to accomplish an unvarying succession of motions, to do a fixed amount of work, and then to

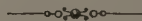
fall to pieces at death, but as a being of free spiritual powers ; and I place little value on any culture but that which aims to bring out these and to give them perpetual impulse and expansion. I am aware that this view is far from being universal. The common notion has been that the mass of the people need no other culture than is necessary to fit them for their various trades ; and though this error is passing away, it is far from being exploded. But the ground of a man's culture lies in his nature, not in his calling. His powers are to be unfolded on account of their inherent dignity, not their outward direction. He is to be educated because he is a man, not because he is to make shoes, nails, or pins. A trade is plainly not the great end of his being, for his mind cannot be shut up in it ; his force of thought cannot be exhausted on it. He has faculties to which it gives no action, and deep wants it cannot answer. Poems, and systems of theology and philosophy, which have made some noise in the world, have been wrought at the work bench and amidst the toils of the field. How often, when the arms are mechanically plying a trade, does the mind, lost in reverie or daydreams, escape to the ends of the earth ! How often does the pious heart of woman mingle the greatest of all thoughts, that of God, with household drudgery !

You tell me that a liberal culture is needed for men who are to fill high stations, but not for such as are doomed to vulgar labor. I answer that Man is greater than President or King. Truth and goodness are equally precious, in whatever sphere they are found. Besides, men of all conditions sustain equally the relations which give birth to the highest virtues and demand the highest powers. The laborer is not a mere laborer. He has close, tender, responsible connections with God and his fellow-creatures. He is a son, husband, father, friend, and Christian. He belongs to a home, a country, a church, a race ; and is such a man to be cultivated only for a trade ? Was he not sent into the world for a great work ? To educate a child perfectly requires profounder thought, greater wisdom, than to govern a state ; and for this plain reason, that the interests and wants of the latter are more superficial, coarser, and more obvious, than the spiritual capacities, the growth of thought and feeling, and the subtle laws of the mind, which must all be studied and comprehended, before the work of education can be thoroughly performed ; and yet to all condi-

tions this greatest work on earth is equally committed by God. What plainer proof do we need that a higher culture than has yet been dreamt of is needed by our whole race !

A great idea, like this of Self-culture, if seized on clearly and vigorously, burns like a living coal in the soul. He who deliberately adopts a great end has, by this act, half accomplished it, has scaled the chief barrier to success.

Some are discouraged from proposing to themselves improvement by the false notion that the study of books, which their situation denies them, is the all-important and only sufficient means. Let such consider that the grand volumes of which all our books are transcripts, I mean nature, revelation, the human soul, and human life, are freely unfolded to every eye. The great sources of wisdom are experience and observation ; and these are denied to none. To open and fix our eyes upon what passes without and within us is the most fruitful study. Books are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant ; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.



A SERMON OF OLD AGE.

By THEODORE PARKER.

[THEODORE PARKER : An American clergyman ; born at Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810 ; died at Florence, Italy, May 10, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in arts in 1834 and in divinity in 1836. His extreme heterodox views brought upon him much adverse criticism. He was intimately associated with the antislavery leaders of the day and is more noted as a speaker than as a writer. He published "Discourse on Matters pertaining to Religion" (1842), "Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology" (1853), etc.]

ALAS for the man who has lived meanly ! his old age is a sad and wintry day, whereunto the spring offers no promise. He sowed the wind : it is the storm he reaps.

Here is an old sensualist. In his youth he threw the reins on the neck of every lust which wars against the soul. In his graver years, his calculation was only for the appetites of the flesh, ambition for sensual delight. Now he is old, his desire has become habit, but the instruments of his appetite are dull, broken, worn out. He recollects the wine and the debauch once rejoiced in ; now they have lost their relish ; his costly meat turns to gall in him. He remembers nothing but his feasting, and his riot, and his debauch. He has had his skin full of animal gluttony, nothing more. He thinks of the time when the flesh was strong about him. So the Hebrews, whom Moses led out of thralldom, remembered the leeks and the onions and the garlic which they did eat in Egypt freely, and said, "Carry us back to Egypt, that we may serve false gods and be full." He dreams of his old life ; some night of sickness, when opium has drugged him to sleep, it comes up once more. His old fellow-sinners have risen from the dead ; they prepare the feast ; they pour the wine ; they sing the filthy ribald song ; the lewd woman comes in his dream ; — alas ! it is only a dream ; he wakes with his gout and chagrin. Let us leave him with his bottle and his bloat, his recollection and his gout. Poor old man ! his gray hairs not venerable, but stained with drunkenness and lust. So have I seen, in other lands, the snows of winter fall on what was once a mountain that spouted cataracts of fire. Now all is cold, and the volcano's crater is but a bowl of ice, which no mortal summer can melt ; and underneath it there are the scorix and the lava which the volcano threw up in its heat — cold, barren, ugly to look on. O young man ! young maid ! would you be buried alive, to die of rot, in such a grave as that ?

Here is an old man who loved nothing but money. Instead of a conscience, heart, and soul, he had only a three-headed greedy worm, which longed for money — copper, silver, gold. In youth, he minted his passion into current coin, courting an estate ; in manhood, he was ambitious only for gold ; in old age, he has his money, the passion and ambition therefor ; the triple greedy worm, three times more covetous than before. As the powers of the body fail, his lust for gold grows fiercer in that decay : —

—the interest table is his creed,
His paternoster and his decalogue.

How afraid he is of the assessor! In youth avarice was a passion; in manhood calculation; but now the passion is stronger, the calculation more intense, and there is the habit of covetousness, eighty years old. The accumulated fall of eighty winters gives his covetousness such a momentum as carries him with swiftly accelerated speed down into the bottomless pit of hunkerism. He has no care for right and justice; no love for mankind; none for God. Mammon is his sole divinity, that Godhead a trinity of coin. What an end of what a life! His gray hairs cover only an estate; he is worth nothing.

Did you ever see the old age of a covetous man who for eighty years had gathered gold and nothing more? I have seen more than one such. It is the sin of New England. I spoke of poverty the other day; of want which I saw in the cellars of Broad Street and Burgess Alley, in the attics of the North End Block. There is no want so squalid, no misery of poverty so desperate, as the consciousness of an old miser, in his old age of covetousness. Pass him by.

What a beautiful thing is the old age which crowns a noble life, of rich or poor! How fair are the latter days of many a woman — wife, mother, sister, aunt, friend — whom you and I have known! How proud were the last years of Washington; the old age of Franklin! How beautiful in his late autumn is Alexander von Humboldt! The momentum of manliness bears on the venerable man beyond his four-and-eightieth year. There you see the value of time. It takes much to make a great life, as to make a great estate. No amount of genius that God ever gives a man could enable one to achieve at forty what Humboldt has only done at more than eighty. It was so with Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Leibnitz, every great man who has awed the world by the action of a mighty intellect, with corresponding culture.

These are men of high talent, station, genius perhaps. But the old age of a Quaker tailor in Philadelphia and New York was not a whit less fair. The philanthropy of Isaac Hopper blessed the land; in his manhood it enriched the world; in his old age it beautified his own life, giving an added glory to his soul.

How many farmers, mechanics, traders, servants, how many mothers, wives, and aunts have you and I known, whose last days were a handsome finish to a handsome life ; the Christian ornament on the tall column of time ! Their old age was the slow setting of the sun which left

The smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

Miss Kindly is aunt to everybody, and has been so long that none remember to the contrary. The little children love her ; she helped their grandmothers to bridal ornaments, three-score years ago. Nay, this boy's grandfather found the way to college lay through her pocket. Generations not her own rise up and call her blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the first start in life. That great fortune—when it was a seed, she carried it in her hand. That wide river of reputation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old, very old. The little children, who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old ; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas, such an advent is there of blessings from her hand. She has helped lay a Messiah in many a poor man's crib.

Her hands are thin ; her voice feeble ; her back is bent ; she walks with a staff—the best limb of the three. She wears a cap of antique pattern, yet of her own nice make. She has great round spectacles, and holds her book away off the other side of the candle when she reads. For more than sixty years she has been a special providence to the family. How she used to go forth—the very charity of God—to soothe and heal and bless ! How industrious are her hands ! how thoughtful and witty that fertile mind ! Her heart has gathered power to love in all the eighty-six years of her toilsome life. When the birth angel came to a related house, she was there to be the mother's mother ; ay, mother also to the newborn baby's soul. And when the wings of death flapped in the street and shook a neighbor's door, she smoothed down the pillow for the fainting head ; she soothed and cheered the spirit of the waiting man, opening the curtains of heaven that he might look through and see the welcoming face of the dear Infinite mother : nay,

she put the wings of her own strong, experienced piety under him, and sought to bear him up.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are recollected in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum, her good works are laid up, imperishable, in the geology of her character.



THE CHARACTER OF JESUS.

BY HORACE BUSHNELL.

[HORACE BUSHNELL: An American theologian; born in Litchfield, Conn., April 14, 1802; died at Hartford, Conn., February 17, 1876. He was graduated from Yale in 1827; taught school; studied law; engaged in journalism; and in 1833 became a Congregational clergyman. His liberal views resulted in his trial for heresy, but he was not excommunicated. His works include: "Christian Nature" (1847), "God in Christ" (1849), "Christ in Theology" (1851), "Nature and the Supernatural" (1858), "Sermons for the New Life" (1858), "Character of Jesus" (1861), "Work and Play" (1864), "The Vicarious Sacrifice" (1865), "Moral Uses of Dark Things" (1868), "Woman Suffrage" (1869), and "Forgiveness and Law" (1874). He received the degree of D.D. from Wesleyan in 1842, and from Harvard in 1852; and that of LL.D. from Yale in 1871.]

COME now, all ye that tell us in your wisdom of the mere natural humanity of Jesus, and help us to find how it is that he is only a natural development of the human; select your best and wisest character; take the range, if you will, of all the great philosophers and saints, and choose out one that is most competent; or if, perchance, some one of you may imagine that he is himself about upon a level with Jesus (as we hear that some of you do), let him come forward in this trial and say — "Follow me," — "Be worthy of me," — "I am the light of the world," — "Ye are from beneath, I am from above," — "Behold a greater than Solomon is here;" — take on all these transcendent assumptions, and see how soon your glory will be sifted out of you by the detective gaze, and darkened by the contempt, of mankind! Why not? is not the challenge fair? Do you not tell us that you can say as divine things as he? Is it not in you too, of course, to do what is human? Are you

not in the front rank of human developments? Do you not rejoice in the power to rectify many mistakes and errors in the words of Jesus? Give us then this one experiment, and see if it does not prove to you a truth that is of some consequence; viz., that you are a man, and that Jesus Christ is — more.

But there is also a passive side to the character of Jesus, which is equally peculiar and which likewise demands our attention. I recollect no really great character in history, excepting such as may have been formed under Christianity, that can properly be said to have united the passive virtues, or to have considered them any essential part of a finished character. Socrates comes the nearest to such an impression, and therefore most resembles Christ in the submissiveness of his death. It does not appear, however, that his mind had taken this turn previously to his trial, and the submission he makes to the public sentence is, in fact, a refusal only to escape from the prison surreptitiously; which he does, partly because he thinks it the duty of every good citizen not to break the laws, and partly, if we judge from his manner, because he is detained by a subtle pride; as if it were something unworthy of a grave philosopher, to be stealing away, as a fugitive, from the laws and tribunals of his country. The Stoics, indeed, have it for one of their great principles, that the true wisdom of life consists in a passive power, viz., in being able to bear suffering rightly. But they mean by this, the bearing of suffering so as not to feel it; a steeling of the mind against sensibility, and a raising of the will into such power as to drive back the pangs of life, or shake them off. But this, in fact, contains no allowance of passive virtue at all; on the contrary, it is an attempt so to exalt the active powers, as even to exclude every sort of passion, or passivity. And Stoicism corresponds, in this respect, with the general sentiment of the world's great characters. They are such as like to see things in the heroic vein, to see spirit and courage breasting themselves against wrong, and where the evil cannot be escaped by resistance, dying in a manner of defiance. Indeed it has been the impression of the world generally, that patience, gentleness, readiness to suffer wrong without resistance, is but another name for weakness.

But Christ, in opposition to all such impressions, manages to connect these nonresisting and gentle passivities with a character of the severest grandeur and majesty; and what is

more, convinces us that no truly great character can exist without them.

Observe him, first, in what may be called the common trials of existence. For if you will put a character to the severest of all tests, see whether it can bear without faltering the little common ills and hindrances of life. Many a man will go to his martyrdom, with a spirit of firmness and heroic composure, whom a little weariness or nervous exhaustion, some silly prejudice or capricious opposition, would, for the moment, throw into a fit of vexation or ill nature. Great occasions rally great principles, and brace the mind to a lofty bearing, a bearing that is even above itself. But trials that make no occasion at all leave it to show the goodness and beauty it has in its own disposition. And here precisely is the superhuman glory of Christ as a character, that he is just as perfect, exhibits just as great a spirit, in little trials as in great ones. In all the history of his life, we are not able to detect the faintest indication that he slips or falters. And this is the more remarkable, that he is prosecuting so great a work with so great enthusiasm—counting it his meat and drink, and pouring into it all the energies of his life. For when men have great works on hand, their very enthusiasm runs to impatience. When thwarted or unreasonably hindered, their soul strikes fire against the obstacles they meet, they worry themselves at every hindrance, every disappointment, and break out in stormy and fanatical violence. But Jesus, for some reason, is just as even, just as serene, in all his petty vexations and hindrances, as if he had nothing on hand to do. A kind of sacred patience invests him everywhere. Having no element of crude will mixed with his work, he is able, in all trial and opposition, to hold a condition of serenity above the clouds, and let them sail under him, without ever obscuring the sun. He is poor, and hungry, and weary, and despised, insulted by his enemies, deserted by his friends, but never disheartened, never fretted or ruffled.

You see, meantime, that he is no Stoic; he visibly feels every such ill as his delicate and sensitive nature must, but he has some sacred and sovereign good present, to mingle with his pains, which, as it were, naturally and without any self-watching, allays them. He does not seem to rule his temper, but rather to have none; for temper, in the sense of passion, is a fury that follows the will, as the lightnings follow the disturb-

ing forces of the winds among the clouds; and accordingly, where there is no self-will to roll up the clouds and hurl them through the sky, the lightnings hold their equilibrium, and are as though they were not.

As regards what is called preëminently his passion, the scene of martyrdom that closes his life, it is easy to distinguish a character in it which separates it from all mere human martyrdoms. Thus, it will be observed that his agony, the scene in which his suffering is bitterest and most evident, is, on human principles, wholly misplaced. It comes before the time, when as yet there is no arrest and no human prospect that there will be any. He is at large, to go where he pleases, and in perfect outward safety. His disciples have just been gathered round him in a scene of more than family tenderness and affection. Indeed it is but a very few hours since that he was coming into the city, at the head of a vast procession, followed by loud acclamations, and attended by such honors as may fitly celebrate the inaugural of a king. Yet here, with no bad sign apparent, we see him plunged into a scene of deepest distress, and racked, in his feeling, with a more than mortal agony. Coming out of this, assured and comforted, he is shortly arrested, brought to trial, and crucified, where, if there be anything questionable in his manner, it is in the fact that he is even more composed than some would have him to be, not even stooping to defend himself or vindicate his innocence. And when he dies, it is not as when the martyrs die. They die for what they have said, and remaining silent will not recant. He dies for what he has not said, and still is silent.

By the misplacing of his agony thus, and the strange silence he observes when the real hour of agony is come, we are put entirely at fault on natural principles. But it was not for him to wait, as being only a man, till he is arrested, and the hand of death is upon him, then to be nerved by the occasion to a show of victory. He that was before Abraham must also be before his occasions. In a time of safety, in a cool hour of retirement, unaccountably to his friends, he falls into a dreadful contest and struggle of mind, coming out of it finally to go through his most horrible tragedy of crucifixion, with the serenity of a spectator!

Why now this so great intensity of sorrow? Why this agony? Was there not something unmanly in it, something unworthy of a really great soul? Take him to be only a man,

and there probably was; nay, if he were a woman, the same might be said. But this one thing is clear, that no one of mankind, whether man or woman, ever had the sensibility to suffer so intensely, even showing the body, for the mere struggle and pain of the mind, exuding and dripping with blood. Evidently there is something mysterious here; which mystery is vehicle to our feeling, and rightfully may be, of something divine. What, we begin to ask, should be the power of a superhuman sensibility? and how far should the human vehicle shake under such a power? How, too, should an innocent and pure spirit be exercised, when about to suffer, in his own person, the greatest wrong ever committed?

Besides, there is a vicarious spirit in love; all love inserts itself vicariously into the sufferings and woes, and, in a certain sense, the sins of others, taking them on itself as a burden. How then, if perchance Jesus should be divine, an embodiment of God's love in the world — how should he feel, and by what signs of feeling manifest his sensibility, when a fallen race are just about to do the damning sin that crowns their guilty history; to crucify the only perfect being that ever came into the world; to crucify even him, the messenger and representative to them of the love of God, the deliverer who has taken their case and cause upon him! Whosoever duly ponders these questions will find that he is led away, more and more, from any supposition of the mere mortality of Jesus. What he looks upon he will more and more distinctly see to be the pathology of a superhuman anguish. It stands, he will perceive, in no mortal key. It will be to him the anguish, visibly, not of any pusillanimous feeling, but of holy character itself; nay, of a mysteriously transcendent, or somehow divine character.

But why did he not defend his cause and justify his innocence in the trial? Partly because he had the wisdom to see that there really was and could be no trial, and that one who undertakes to plead with a mob only mocks his own virtue, throwing words into the air that is already filled with the clamors of prejudice. To plead in such a case is only to make a protestation such as indicates fear, and is really unworthy of a great and composed spirit. A man would have done it, but Jesus did not. Besides, there was a plea of innocence in the manner of Jesus, and the few very significant words that he dropped, that had an effect on the mind of Pilate, more searching and powerful than any formal protestations. And the more

we study the conduct of Jesus during the whole scene, the more we shall be satisfied that he said enough; the more admire the mysterious composure, the wisdom, the self-possession, and the superhuman patience of the sufferer. It was visibly the death scene of a transcendent love. He dies not as a man, but rather as some one might who is mysteriously more and higher. So thought aloud the hard-faced soldier, "Truly this was the Son of God." As if he had said, "I have seen men die; this is not a man. They call him Son of God; he cannot be less." Can he be less to us?



NURTURE OF NOBLE IMPULSE.¹

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

(From a sermon preached May 30, 1875.)

[HENRY WARD BEECHER: An American clergyman; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher (1775-1863). He was graduated at Amherst in 1834; studied at Lane Theological Seminary, of which his father was president; was pastor at Lawrenceburg, Ind., 1837-1839; at Indianapolis, Ind., 1839-1847; and at Plymouth (Congregational) Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., until his death. He was editor of the *Independent*, 1861-1863, and delivered several courses of lectures at Yale. He was equally successful as a lecturer and a preacher, and his congregation at Brooklyn was one of the largest in the United States. Among his principal works are: "Lectures to Young Men" (1850), "Star Papers" (1855), "Life Thoughts" (1858), "Royal Truths" (1864), "Norwood," a novel (1864), "Life of Christ" (1871), "Evolution and Revolution" (1884), "Two Sermons on Evolution and Religion" (1885), and many other volumes of sermons. He was the founder of the *Christian Union*, and its editor, 1870-1881.]

WHEN, after long, long days of sailing during which no reckoning has been taken by the lost mariner, there opens, for half an hour, a rift in the cloud, he gets a view of the sun, and instantly he takes an observation; and then the cloud shuts again. Ah! but he has had an observation. The days are dark, and the storm continues; but he has had an observation, and that is of great advantage. But how much better it would have been if the storm had cleared away and given him a calm sea and an unobscured sky! Yet a momentary observation was better than nothing.

Now, it is better than nothing for a bad man to have one virtuous impulse; it is better than nothing for a man in a rocky field to find one place where there is soil and where a

¹ By permission of Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

handful of corn will grow and wave like the trees of Lebanon ; it is a glorious thing for a man to know that there is something in the world besides himself, and that he is not omnipotent, omniscient, or omnipresent ; it is a good thing for a man once in his life to feel little, and to know himself as he is ; but how much better it would be if he could fix the vision and turn it into character !

Many there are who admit that craftiness is wicked ; but their whole life has been a training in good-natured insincerity. There are thief-like natures that bear the marks of what they are upon them ; there are some men that it is conniving with fraud to look at twice, as there are some men that no woman could look at twice without the imputation of unchastity ; but the most crafty men are not the men who are foxlike, vulpine. There are thousands of men who are exceedingly crafty, but over whose craft plays the fountain of good nature and good fellowship. Their craftiness is sheathed. They tell you pleasant stories, and say a thousand pleasant things.

When a farmer wants to catch wild turkeys, building his pen in the woods, and digging his trench, he strews corn along. He must be a miser who would grudge enough corn to catch a dozen turkeys ; and crafty men must be mean and selfish indeed if they cannot spare enough disinterestedness to catch you with. And so they bait themselves with good nature, with jollity, and with wit ; and people say of them, oftentimes, "Now that man has a great deal that is good about him." Yes, it is *about* him. There are men of whom it is said, "Oh well, a man had better look out for him in the end, but still he has very good qualities." He is a pleasant fellow ; but under all his pleasantness there is craft.

I have seen mosquitoes. They are very delicately organized creatures. They have beautiful wings, looked at through the microscope ; they sing a very sweet tenor ; and if you notice how they sit down on you, nothing is more graceful. Lighting, they hush their song ; and it is not until they have found the right place that they commence sucking your blood. And there are men in the world that are just like them. Blood is what they want. That is the reason of their gauzy flight and their singing about you. Since it is blood they want, they take the way to get it.

Then there are men who are not so bad as this. There are men who believe that the medium between honesty and crafti-

ness is the golden mean of life. They think that a man must not be too honest or too crafty. They have an idea that there should be a little craft with honesty, as there is a little alloy in coin—just enough to make it circulate well. That, they think, is wisdom. There are times when men, under the inspiration of truth, and of a high ideal of manhood, are filled with impulses of benefaction. Here is a man who has built himself up, not by stealing, not by wronging others, but by quarrying his own stone, and cutting his own timber. He cheats no one, defrauds no one, but helps and does good to many, and there is much in his life that he can take satisfaction in; and yet there are many things in which he is conscious that he comes short. And even the sneaking man of fraud has times when he is thoroughly ashamed of himself, and has no doubt that he needs to be born again. Yea, such men in the sanctuary often have lifted upon them such a light of heaven and of a better nature and character, and they feel such a need of the divine Spirit, that all their soul, for the hour, goes out in that direction. Oh, that the feeling could be condensed! Oh, that it could be kept! But there is an old channel through which it has been running; that channel is not altered; and to-morrow, when life resumes its ordinary operation, the man falls into the same soul current again, and finds himself swept away.

So there are men whose habitual current is that of greed, avarice, stinginess; and yet they are sometimes lifted above their lower selves into the realm of their real, true, higher nature. There comes a time when the community is moved toward some great enterprise. The champion of that enterprise opens up the grand theme of its importance as a public movement. A man listens; and, while the discourse stirs and stimulates him, under the influence of the speaker's voice he says to himself, "That is grand! I will give five thousand dollars to that." The meeting closes, and the audience disappears, and on his way home he falls in with a neighbor, and says, "That was a magnificent presentation; it really touched me; and I made up my mind on the spot that I would give twenty-five hundred dollars to this cause." He goes home, and at the dinner table the subject comes up, and he says, "My dear, I think we ought not to let such impulses of inspiration as we have felt to-day go empty; and I have made up my mind to subscribe a thousand dollars." On the morrow he

meets a friend, and says, "I am glad to see you, Saxton: you and I ought to move in this matter. I have agreed to give five hundred dollars." And when he comes to subscribe he gives two hundred and fifty dollars! He started at five thousand dollars and stopped at two hundred and fifty—and it was the grace of God that stopped him there! While the impulse was on him, nothing was too good and nothing was too much to do for that object; but the moment there was a sober second thought his feeling was changed. Ordinarily speaking, when men in this world have noble, generous, virtuous, and self-denying impulses, the sober second thought cuts them down, and brings them within the limits of a calculating secular life. One of the things which every young man should know is that the impulses of pride, of vanity, of lust, and of low ambition *ought* to be submitted to a sober second thought. Examine the malign impulses; put them to the highest test; bring the bottom of your soul into judgment before the top of your soul; and then determine what is right and what is wrong: but, in regard to all disinterested, self-sacrificing, pure, heroic impulses, do not let any sober second thought get at them if you can help it. It almost invariably lops their branches, trims them down, and hews them into the pitiful four-square timber with which we build earthly houses. The higher feelings need all the help you can give them, and the lower feelings need all the restraint you can give them.

Blessed is the man who says, "I will not," but whose conscience, when he thinks the matter over, is moved, and whose sense of fidelity lifts him up out of his obstinate state, so that he says, "I will go;" and woe to those men who say, "I go, sir, I go," but who, thinking about it, go not. -

How many are there here who have been accustomed to lay down in their households maxims of prudence which tend to bear their children down, so that instead of being a little lower than the angels, they are but a little higher than brutes! How many parents teach their children to suspect virtue in any of its larger developments! Why should they not? How many pulpits there are that teach us the same thing! How many times, when men mean religion, do they hear from overcautious ministers this exhortation: "Beware, lest you fall into self-deception! Beware, lest you build on a false foundation!" Now, though that is well meant, and admirable, see what it amounts to. As if men were so liable to rush into heaven headlong as

to make it necessary to put cords on them and hold them, to be sure of their not going too quick! As if men were so intent to build on foundations of faith and hope and love that one should stand by and keep them from a too eager building of spiritual houses! As if the world were not drawing them with fatal attraction downward! As if all the maxims of society—of business and of social life—did not tend to keep men down!

When, struggling through a mass of fuel, the flame shows that the fire is kindled, and that it has found air passages, and that there is to be a grand blaze, suppose one should take a poker and say, "Let us see if this fire is well established," and should turn over the sticks, and shut up the air holes, and then, when the fire went out, should say, "Yes, I told you so: it was not well built. If it had been, it would not have gone out."

That is very much as some deal with religious hopes. When once hope begins to shine, they say, "Let us see if it is not a false hope." Then, when they have put it out, they say, "If it had been a true hope, it would not have died out. It was not the hope of God."

It is as if there should be an infant just born, that did not breathe, but in which there was a little palpitation, and the doctor should say, "Well, put it on the shelf, and if it is thoroughly born it will show by and by; if it does not, then evidently it is a false birth."

We do not so. The time of a man's weakness is the time when he needs to be helped. The time when there breaks in upon a sordid soul great, generous impulses is the time for that soul to hold on to those impulses and develop them.

A man hears me preach of a nobler, a divine life; and he says, "This sermon has done me a world of good, but I will not carry it into effect now: I am going to China, and if when I come back, a year from this time, I feel as I do now, I will join the church." I shall not see you next year.

If there is a bit of hunger in you, feed it. If you have a bit of aspiration, follow it. If there is one movement towards more truth, more generosity, more justness, more self-denial, in you, call on God without waiting—without rising from your seats. Begin and carry it out into something practical. Go home and tell your wife. Tell your daughter and your son. Speak of it to your friends. Speak of it to your minister. The first dawnings of truth are the ones that men ought to take care

of. The first good impulses of men are the ones that men should obey.

Christ is described as one who will not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The flax means the wick; and when it is first kindled you know how quivering and flickering the flame is; but so gentle is Christ that the least beginning flame of a better life or of better resolutions he will nourish. Even the harlot and the publican he will deal so gently with that, if they feel the least spark of a desire to reform, he will minister to it and feed it. And as Christ is such a ministrant of help, all you have to do is to get into sympathy and in accord with him, and look out for the beginnings of things. Cherish every noble impulse, every true feeling, every right ideal, and every high conception.

If men are afraid to go by graveyards, for fear that here and there some sheeted ghost will peer over the wall and chatter at them, what would they think if out of every sepulcher there should come up a peering, gibbering ghost, and the yard should be full of pallid specters? Who would go past it under such circumstances? And if God Almighty should give resurrection to all the times in which you have most solemnly entertained and enfranchised noble resolutions, and then buried them ignominiously; if he should call up to your memory all the virtues, all the soul fruits, which have been drawn out of you by the Sun of Righteousness, and which you have trampled underfoot, who of you could stand in your own presence, or in the presence of any congregation?

O thou man, seized in the midst of thine affairs, and thrown violently on a bed of tossing sickness, when all things depended on thy guidance, didst not thou lift up bloodshot eyes to heaven and call out, "God of my father and of my mother! spare me and I will serve thee"? God heard your prayer and brought you again to life: where is that promise? "I will go," you said: have you gone? O thou man that didst promise to leave thy salacious ways, hast thou left them? O thou who didst lift daily the cup of damnation to thy lips, and didst promise God in the hour of enfranchisement and vision of better things, hast thou fulfilled that promise? How many of us, if we should go back to times of distress, and times of bereavement, and times of sickness, and times of bankruptcy, and times of persecution, and times of vision, could stand up in judgment before God and account for those periods in which the way was opened to

the inspiration of God? The time for salvation came, and the sweet breeze wafted from heaven was sent and was ready to carry thee, and thou didst ignobly anchor.

It is no small thing for a man, born of the earth, reared upon the clod, beset by secular and downward-weighting temptations, rooted in selfishness and pride, to be seized by the other life, and have heaven open before him, and behold God and all angelic forms, and be in love with them, so that for the moment the soul rises to meet them; and it is a very serious thing for such a man to be false to God, false to truth, false to duty, and false to himself.

Therefore I say to every man in my presence: Do not neglect the impulses to a nobler life. Do not put them away from you. Do not prove dishonest and tricky with any of those movements in yourself which indicate that the germ of divine life is in you.

"A child is drowned! a child is drowned!" — this is the cry that goes through the whole village; and the mother, well-nigh bereft of reason, dashes wildly out as they are bearing the limp, helpless body, with long streaming hair, by her door. The physician is sped for, and the neighbors are there. "She's dead! she's dead! she's dead!" cries the mother, "she's dead! she's dead! she's dead! My only child! my only child! my only child!" They would comfort her, and they say, "Oh, do not be so despondent — do not be so despondent." "Dead! dead! Those eyes will never see me again. She's dead! she's dead!" And still the workers will not give over. But at last they say, "Yes, she *is* dead." Then, with a strange fantasy of opposition, the mother cries again, "She is *not* dead; she *cannot* be dead; she *shall not* be dead." And she lays hands upon her, and says, "I *know* she is not dead." And she gazes in anguish, until a little quiver is seen upon the lip, "Oh, my God! she is *not* dead." The eyes do not see, the ears do not hear, the hands do not move, the heart cannot be felt; but there is that little quiver of the lip. "There's life there! there's life there! there's life there!" Yes, there *is* life there; and now they come again, and remedies are applied, and the still form quickens, and the mother's faith is rewarded, and she takes the living child back to her bosom.

O thou that hast in thee but the quiver of the lip, but the trembling of the eye, but the faintest pulsation of the heart, God, thine Everlasting Father, beholds it; and he will not

break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax, till he bring forth judgment unto victory. There is victory for you ; there is hope for you ; there is salvation for you. Oh, despise not the striving of the Spirit. Begin, accept, hold fast, and thou shalt be saved.



THE RIGHT USE OF PRAYER.

By SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

[1788-1846.]

THEREFORE when thou wouldst pray, or dost thine alms,
 Blow not a trumpet before thee: hypocrites
 Do thus, vaingloriously ; the common streets
 Boast of their largess, echoing their psalms:
 On such the land of men, like unctuous balms,
 Falls with sweet savor. Impious counterfeits !
 Prating of heaven, for earth their bosom beats !
 Grasping at weeds, they lose immortal palms !
 God needs not iteration nor vain cries :
 That man communion with his God might share
 Below, Christ gave the ordinance of prayer :
 Vague ambages, and witless ecstasies,
 Avail not: ere a voice to prayer be given,
 The heart should rise on wings of love to heaven.



BOOK-BUYING.

By HENRY WARD BEECHER.

NOTHING marks the increasing wealth of our times, and the growth of the public mind toward refinement, more than the demand for books. Within ten years the sale of common books has increased probably two hundred per cent., and it is daily increasing. But the sale of expensive works, and of library editions of standard authors in costly bindings, is yet more noticeable. Ten years ago such a display of magnificent works as is to be found at the Appletons' would have been a precursor of bankruptcy. There was no demand for them. A few dozen, in one little show-case, was the prudent whole. Now, one whole

side of an immense store is not only filled with admirably bound library books, but from some inexhaustible source the void continually made in the shelves is at once refilled.

Alas ! where is human nature so weak as in a book-store ! Speak of the appetite for drink ; or of a *bon vivant's* relish for a dinner ! What are these mere animal throes and ragings compared with those fantasies of taste, those yearnings of the imagination, those insatiable appetites of intellect, which bewilder a student in a great bookseller's temptation-hall ?

How easily one may distinguish a genuine lover of books from a worldly man ! With what subdued and yet glowing enthusiasm does he gaze upon the costly front of a thousand embattled volumes ! How gently he draws them down, as if they were little children ; how tenderly he handles them ! He peers at the title-page, the text, or the notes, with the nicety of a bird examining a flower. He studies the binding ; the leather, — russias, English calf, morocco ; the lettering, the gilding, the edging, the hinge of the cover ! He opens it and shuts it, he holds it off and brings it nigh. It suffuses his whole body with book magnetism. He walks up and down in a maze at the mysterious allotments of Providence, that gives so much money to men who spend it upon their appetites, and so little to men who would spend it in benevolence or upon their refined tastes ! It is astonishing, too, how one's necessities multiply in the presence of the supply. One never knows how many things it is impossible to do without till he goes to Windle's or Smith's house-furnishing stores. One is surprised to perceive, at some bazaar or fancy and variety store, how many *conveniences* he needs. He is satisfied that his life must have been utterly inconvenient aforesaid. And thus, too, one is inwardly convicted, at Appleton's, of having lived for years without books which he is now satisfied that one cannot live without !

Then, too, the subtle process by which the man convinces himself that he can afford to buy. No subtle manager or broker ever saw through a maze of financial embarrassments half so quick as a poor book-buyer sees his way clear to pay for what he *must* have. He promises himself marvels of retrenchment ; he will eat less, or less costly viands, that he may buy more food for the mind. He will take an extra patch, and go on with his raiment another year, and buy books instead of coats. Yea, he will write books, that he may buy

books ! The appetite is insatiable. Feeding does not satisfy it. It rages by the fuel which is put upon it. As a hungry man eats first and pays afterward, so the book-buyer purchases and then works at the debt afterward. This paying is rather medicinal. It cures for a time. But a relapse takes place. The same longing, the same promises of self-denial. He promises himself to put spurs on both heels of his industry ; and then, besides all this, he will *somehow* get along when the time for payment comes ! Ah ! this *SOMEHOW* ! That word is as big as a whole world, and is stuffed with all the vagaries and fantasies that Fancy ever bred upon Hope. And yet, is there not some comfort in buying books, *to be paid for* ? We have heard of a sot who wished his neck as long as the worm of a still, that he might so much the longer enjoy the flavor of the draught ! Thus, it is a prolonged excitement of purchase, if you feel for six months in a slight doubt whether the book is honestly your own or not. Had you paid down, that would have been the end of it. There would have been no affectionate and beseeching look of your books at you, every time you saw them, saying, as plain as a book's eyes can say, "Do not let me be taken from you."

Moreover, buying books before you can pay for them promotes caution. You do not feel quite at liberty to take them home. You are married. Your wife keeps an account-book. She knows to a penny what you can and what you cannot afford. She has no "speculation" in *her* eyes. Plain figures make desperate work with airy "*somehows*." It is a matter of no small skill and experience to get your books home, and into their proper places, undiscovered. Perhaps the blundering express brings them to the door just at evening. "What is it, my dear ?" she says to you. "Oh ! nothing — a few books that I cannot do without." That smile ! A true housewife that loves her husband can smile a whole arithmetic at him at one look ! Of course she insists, in the kindest way, in sympathizing with you in your literary acquisition. She cuts the strings of the bundle (and of your heart), and out comes the whole story. You have bought a complete set of costly English books, full bound in calf, extra gilt ! You are caught, and feel very much as if bound in calf yourself, and admirably lettered.

Now, this must not happen frequently. The books must be smuggled home. Let them be sent to some near place.

Then, when your wife has a headache, or is out making a call, or has lain down, run the books across the frontier and threshold, hastily undo them, stop only for one loving glance as you put them away in the closet, or behind other books on the shelf, or on the topmost shelf. Clear away the twine and wrapping-paper, and every suspicious circumstance. Be very careful not to be too kind. That often brings on detection. Only the other day we heard it said, somewhere, "Why, how good you have been lately. I am really afraid that you have been carrying on mischief secretly." Our heart smote us. It was a fact. That very day we had bought a few books which "we could not do without." After a while you can bring out one volume, accidentally, and leave it on the table. "Why, my dear, what a beautiful book! Where *did* you borrow it?" You glance over the newspaper, with the quietest tone you can command: "That! oh! that is *mine*. Have you not seen it before? It has been in the house these two months;" and you rush on with anecdote and incident, and point out the binding, and that peculiar trick of gilding, and everything else you can think of; but it all will not do; you cannot rub out that roguish, arithmetical smile. People may talk about the equality of the sexes! They are not equal! The silent smile of a sensible, loving woman will vanquish ten men. Of course you repent, and in time form a habit of repenting.

Another method which will be found peculiarly effective is to make a present of some fine work to your wife. Of course, whether she or you have the name of buying it, it will go into your collection, and be yours to all intents and purposes. But it stops remark in the presentation. A wife could not reprove you for so kindly thinking of her. No matter what she suspects, she will say nothing. And then if there are three or four more works which have come home with the gift-book—they will pass through the favor of the other.

These are pleasures denied to wealth and old bachelors. Indeed, one cannot imagine the peculiar pleasure of buying books if one is rich and stupid. There must be some pleasure, or so many would not do it. But the full flavor, the whole relish of delight only comes to those who are so poor that they must engineer for every book. They sit down before them, and besiege them. They are captured. Each book has a secret history of ways and means. It reminds you of subtle devices by which you insured and made it yours, in spite of poverty!

ST. PAUL ON MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY.

BY FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

[FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, one of the most influential preachers and brilliant pulpit orators of the century, was born at London in 1816, of Scotch gentry, son of a captain and grandson of a colonel in the Royal Artillery; educated at Edinburgh University; attempted law and military life (his passion), but at his father's wish entered the church after studying at Brasenose College, Oxford, 1836-1840; from 1847 to 1853 was incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, and made it famous, drawing crowds of the ablest men by his matter, form, style, and delivery, and bitter charges of heresy by his belittling of dogma. Always delicate, he died in 1853.]

WITH respect to the single life, he tells us that he had his own proper gift from God; in other words, he was one of those rare characters who have the power of living without personal sympathy. The feelings and affections of the apostle Paul were of a strange and rare character, tending to expansiveness rather than concentration. Those sympathies which ordinary men expend upon a few he extended to many. The members of the churches which he had founded at Corinth, and Ephesus, and Colossæ, and Philippi, were to him as children; and he threw upon them all that sympathy and affection which other men throw upon their own domestic circle. To a man so trained and educated, the single life gave opportunities of serving God which the marriage state could not give. Paul had risen at once to that philanthropy, that expansive benevolence, which most other men only attain by slow degrees; and this was made, by God's blessing, a means of serving his cause. However we may sneer at the monastic system of the Church of Rome, it is unquestionable that many great works have been done by the monks which could not have been performed by men who had entered into the marriage relationship. Such examples of heroic Christian effort as are seen in the lives of St. Bernard, of Francis Xavier, and many others, are scarcely ever to be found, except in the single state. The forlorn hope in the cause of Christianity, as well as in battle, must consist of men who have no domestic relationships to divide their devotion, who will leave no wife nor children to mourn over their loss.

Let this great truth bring its improvement to those who, either of their own choice or by the force of circumstances, are destined hereafter to live a single life on earth: and instead of

yielding to that feeling so common among mankind, the feeling of envy at another's happiness, instead of becoming gloomy and bitter and censorious, let them remember what the Bible has to tell of the deep significance of the Virgin Mary's life; let them reflect upon the snares and difficulties from which they are saved; let them consider how much more time and money they can give to God,—that they are called to the great work of serving Causes, of entering into public questions, while others spend their time and talents only upon themselves. The state of single life, however we may be tempted to think lightly of it, is a state that has peculiar opportunities of deep blessedness.

On the other hand, the Apostle Paul brings forward into strong relief the blessedness and advantages of the marriage state. He tells us that it is a type of the union between the Redeemer and the Church. But as this belongs to another part of the subject, we shall not enter into it now. But we observe that men in general must have their sympathies drawn out step by step, little by little. We do not rise to philanthropy all at once. We begin with personal, domestic, particular affections. And not only is it true that rarely can any man have the whole of his love drawn out except through this domestic state, but also it is to be borne in mind that those who have entered into this relationship have also their own peculiar advantages. It is true that in the marriage life, interrupted as it is by daily cares and small trifles, those works of Christian usefulness cannot be so continuously carried on as in the other. But is there not a deep meaning to be learned from the old expression, that celibacy is an *angelic* state? that it is preternatural, and not natural? that the goodness which is induced by it is not, so to speak, the natural goodness of humanity, but such a goodness as God scarcely intended? Who of us cannot recollect a period of his history when all his time was devoted to the cause of Christ, when all his money was given to the service of God, and when we were tempted to look down upon those who were less ardent than ourselves, as if they were not Christians? But now the difficulties of life have come upon us; we have become involved in the trifles and the smallness of social domestic existence; and these have made us less devoted, perhaps, less preternatural, less angelic, but more human, better fitted to enter into the daily cares and small difficulties of our ordinary humanity. And this has been represented to us by two great lives: one human, the other

divine; one the life of John the Baptist, and the other of Jesus Christ. In both these cases is verified the saying that "Wisdom is justified of all her children." Those who are wisdom's children, the truly wise, will recognize an even wisdom in both these lives; they will see that there are cases in which a solitary life is to be chosen for the sake of God, while there are other cases in which a social life becomes our bounden duty. But it should be specially observed here that *that* Life which has been given to us as a specimen of life for all was a social, a human Life. Christ did not refuse to mix with the common joys and common sorrows of humanity. He was present at the marriage feast, and by the bier of the widow's son. This, of the two lives, was the one which, because it was the most human, was the most divine; the most rare, the most difficult, the most natural, — therefore the most Christ-like.

Let us notice, in the second place, the principle upon which the apostle founds this decision. It is given in the text: "This I say, brethren, the time is short; it remaineth, that both they that have wives be as though they had none," "for the fashion of this world passeth away." Now observe here, I pray you, the deep wisdom of this apostolic decision. In point of fact, it comes to this: Christianity is a spirit, not a law; it is a set of principles, not a set of rules; it is not a saying to us, You shall do this, you shall not do that; you shall use this particular dress, you shall not use that; you *shall* lead, you shall *not* lead a married life. Christianity consists of principles, but the application of those principles is left to every man's individual conscience. With respect not only to this particular case, but to all the questions which have been brought before him, the apostle applies the same principle; the cases upon which he decided were many and various, but the large, broad principle of his decision remains the same in all. You may marry, and you have not sinned; you may remain unmarried, and you do not sin; if you are invited to a heathen feast, you may go, or you may abstain from going; you may remain a slave, or you may become free; in *these things* Christianity does not consist: But what it does demand is this; That whether married or unmarried, whether a slave or free, in sorrow or in joy, you are to live in a spirit higher and loftier than that of the world.

The apostle gives us in the text two motives for this Christian unworldliness. The first motive which he lays down is this: "The time is short." You will observe how frequently,

in the course of his remarks upon the questions proposed to him, the apostle turns, as it were, entirely away from the subject, as if worn out and wearied by the comparatively trivial character of the questions,—as if this balancing of one earthly condition or advantage with another were but a solemn trifling compared with eternal things. And so here he seems to turn away from the question before him, and speaks of the shortness of time. “The time is short!”

Time is short in reference to two things. First, it is short in reference to the person who regards it. That mysterious thing, *Time*, is a matter of sensation, and not a reality; a modification merely of our own consciousness, and not actual existence; depending upon the flight of ideas—long to one, short to another. The span granted to the butterfly, the child of a single summer, may be long; that which is given to the cedar of Lebanon may be short. The shortness of time, therefore, is entirely relative—belonging to us, not to God. Time is short, in reference to *existence*, whether you look at it before or after. Time past seems nothing; time to come always seems long. We say this chiefly for the sake of the young. To them fifty or sixty years seems a treasure inexhaustible. But, my young brethren, ask the old man, trembling on the verge of the grave, what he thinks of Time and Life. He will tell you that the threescore years and ten, or even the hundred and twenty years of Jacob, are but “few and evil.” And therefore, if you are tempted to unbelief in respect to this question, we appeal to experience,—experience alone can judge of its truth.

Once more, time is short with reference to its *opportunities*. For this is the emphatic meaning in the original,—literally, “the opportunity is compressed, or shut in.” Brethren, time may be long, and yet the opportunity may be very short. The sun in autumn may be bright and clear, but the seed which has not been sown until then will not vegetate. A man may have vigor and energy in manhood and maturity, but the work which ought to have been done in childhood and youth cannot be done in old age. A chance once gone in this world can never be recovered. Brother men, have you learned the meaning of yesterday? Do you rightly estimate the importance of to-day?—that there are duties to be done to-day which cannot be done to-morrow? This it is that throws so solemn a significance into your work. The time for working is short, therefore begin to-day; “for the night is coming when no man can work.”

Time is short in reference to *eternity*. It was especially with this reference that the text was written. In those days, and even by the apostles themselves, the day of the Lord's appearance and the second advent seemed much nearer than it was. They believed that it would occur during their own lives. And with this belief came the feeling which comes sometimes to all,—"Oh, in comparison with that vast Hereafter, this little life shrivels into nothing! What is to-day worth, or its duties or its cares?" All deep minds have thought that. The thought of Time is solemn and awful to all minds in proportion to their depth; and in proportion as the mind is superficial, the thought has appeared little, and has been treated with levity. Brethren, let but a man possess himself of that thought—the deep thought of the brevity of time; this thought, that time is short, that eternity is long,—and he has learned the first great secret of unworldliness.

The second motive which the apostle gives us is the changing character of the external world. "The fashion of this world passeth away;" literally, "the *scenery* of this world,"—a dramatic expression, drawn from the Grecian stage. One of the deepest of modern thinkers has told us, in words often quoted, "All the world's a stage." And a deeper thinker than he, because inspired, had said long before, in the similar words of the text, "the *scenery* of this world passeth away." There are two ways in which this is true. First, it is true with respect to all the things by which we are surrounded. It is only in poetry—the poetry of the Psalms, for example—that the hills are called "everlasting." Go to the side of the ocean which bounds our country, and watch the tide going out; bearing with it the sand which it has worn from the cliffs; the very boundaries of our land are changing; they are not the same as they were when these words were written. Every day new relationships are forming around us; new circumstances are calling upon us to act—to act manfully, firmly, decisively, and up to the occasion, remembering that an opportunity once gone is gone forever. Indulge not in vain regrets for the past, in vainer resolves for the future—act, act in the present. Again, this is true with respect to ourselves. "The fashion of this world passeth away" in us. The feelings we have now are not those which we had in childhood. There has passed away a glory from the earth; the stars, the sun, the moon, the green fields, have lost their beauty and significance: nothing remains as it

was, except their repeated impressions on the mind, the impressions of time, space, eternity, color, form; these cannot alter, but all besides has changed. Our very minds alter. There is no bereavement so painful, no shock so terrible, but time will remove or alleviate. The keenest feeling in this world time wears out, at last; and our minds become like old monumental tablets, which have lost the inscription once graven deeply upon them.

In conclusion, we have to examine the nature of this Christian unworldliness, which is taught us in the text. The principle of unworldliness is stated in the latter portion of the text; in the former part the apostle makes an application of the principle to four cases of life. First, to cases of domestic relationship: "It remaineth that they that have wives be as though they had none." Secondly, to cases of sorrow: "and they that weep, as though they wept not." Thirdly, to cases of joy: "and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not." And finally, to cases of the acquisition of worldly property: "and they that buy, as though they possessed not." Time will not allow us to go into these applications; we must confine ourselves to a brief consideration of the principle. The principle of Christian unworldliness, then, is this: to "use this world as not abusing it." Here Christianity takes its stand, in opposition to two contrary principles. The spirit of the world says, "Time is short, therefore use it while you have it; take your fill of pleasure while you may." A narrow religion says, "Time is short, therefore temporal things should receive no attention; do not weep, do not rejoice; it is beneath a Christian." In opposition to the narrow spirit of religion, Christianity says, "*Use* this world;" in opposition to the spirit of the world, Christianity says, "Do not *abuse* it." A distinct duty arises from this principle to use the world. While in the world we are citizens of the world; it is our *duty* to share its joys, to take our part in its sorrows, not to shrink from its difficulties, but to mix ourselves with its infinite opportunities. So that, if time be short, so far from that fact lessening their dignity or importance, it infinitely increases them; since upon these depend the destinies of our eternal being. Unworldliness is this: to hold things from God in the perpetual conviction that they will not last; to have the world, and not to let the world have us; to be the world's masters, and not the world's slaves.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

[SAMUEL BUTLER, English writer, painter, and composer, was born at Langar, Nottinghamshire, December 4, 1835, died June 18, 1902. On leaving Cambridge he did parish work in London, among the poor, for a short time, then went to New Zealand, where he had great success as a sheep-farmer. In 1864 he returned to England, studied art, was an exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and composed a number of cantatas and other musical works. The success of his first book, "Life and Habit," decided him on his life-work of literature. He was master of a brilliant style and clear-cut thought resembling that of Steele, combined with a remarkable versatility of genius. His most famous books are: "Erewhon, or Over the Range" (1872), and "Erewhon revisited." Others are: "Fairhaven" (an ironical defense of Christianity, 1873); "Life and Habit" (1873); "The Authoress of the Odyssey" (1897); "Translation of the Iliad" (1900); "The Way of All Flesh," published posthumously, considered his best work (1903).]

I HAD called on Ernest as a matter of course when he first came to London, but had not seen him. I had been out when he returned my call, so that he had been in town for some weeks before I actually saw him, which I did not very long after he had taken possession of his new rooms. I liked his face, but except for the common bond of music, in respect of which our tastes were singularly alike, I should hardly have known how to get on with him. To do him justice he did not air any of his schemes to me until I had drawn him out concerning them. I, to borrow the words of Ernest's landlady, Mrs. Jupp, "am not a very regular church-goer"—I discovered upon cross-examination that Mrs. Jupp had been to church once when she was churched for her son Tom some five and twenty years since, but never either before or afterwards; not even, I fear, to be married, for though she called herself "Mrs." she wore no wedding ring, and spoke of the person who should have been Mr. Jupp as "my poor dear boy's father," not as "my husband." But to return. I was vexed at Ernest's having been ordained. I was not ordained myself and I did not like my friends to be ordained, nor did I like having to be on my best behaviour and to look as if butter would not melt in my mouth, and all for a boy whom I remembered when he knew yesterday and to-morrow and Tuesday, but not a day of the week more—not even Sunday itself—and when he said he did not like the kitten because it had pins in its toes.

I looked at him and thought of his aunt Alethea, and how fast the money she had left him was accumulating; and it was

all to go to this young man, who would use it probably in the very last ways with which Mrs. Pontifex would have sympathised. I was annoyed. "She always said," I thought to myself, "that she should make a mess of it, but I did not think she would have made as great a mess of it as this." Then I thought that perhaps if his aunt had lived he would not have been like this.

Ernest behaved quite nicely to me and I own that the fault was mine if the conversation drew towards dangerous subjects. I was the aggressor, presuming I suppose upon my age and long acquaintance with him, as giving me a right to make myself unpleasant in a quiet way.

Then he came out, and the exasperating part of it was that up to a certain point he was so very right. Grant him his premises and his conclusions were sound enough, nor could I, seeing that he was already ordained, join issue with him about his premises as I should certainly have done if I had had a chance of doing so before he had taken orders. The result was that I had to beat a retreat and went away not in the best of humours. I believe the truth was that I liked Ernest, and was vexed at his being a clergyman, and at a clergyman having so much money coming to him.

I talked a little with Mrs. Jupp on my way out. She and I had reckoned one another up at first sight as being neither of us "very regular church-goers," and the strings of her tongue had been loosened. She said Ernest would die. He was much too good for the world and he looked so sad, "just like young Watkins of the 'Crown' over the way who died a month ago, and his poor dear skin was white as alabaster; leastways they say he shot hisself. They took him from the Mortimer, I met them just as I was going with my Rose to get a pint o' four ale, and she had her arm in splints. She told her sister she wanted to go to Perry's to get some wool, instead o' which it was only a stall to get me a pint o' ale, bless her heart; there's nobody else would do that much for poor old Jupp, and it's a horrid lie to say she is gay; not but what I like a gay woman. I do: I'd rather give a gay woman half-a-crown than stand a modest woman a pot o' beer, but I don't want to go associating with bad girls for all that. So they took him from the Mortimer; they wouldn't let him go home no more, and he done it that artful you know. His wife was in the country living with her mother, and she always spoke respectful o' my Rose. Poor dear, I hope his soul is in Heaven. Well, Sir, would you believe

it, there's that in Mr. Pontifex's face which is just like young Watkins; he looks that worried and scrunched up at times, but it's never for the same reason, for he don't know nothing at all, no more than a unborn babe, so he don't; why there's not a monkey going about London with an Italian organ grinder but knows more than Mr. Pontifex do. He don't know — well I suppose —."

Here a child came in on an errand from some neighbour and interrupted her, or I can form no idea where or when she would have ended her discourse. I seized the opportunity to run away, but not before I had given her five shillings and made her write down my address, for I was a little frightened by what she said. I told her if she thought her lodger grew worse, she was to come and let me know.

Weeks went by, and I did not see her again. Having done as much as I had, I felt absolved from doing more, and let Ernest alone as thinking that he and I should only bore one another.

He had now been ordained a little over four months, but these months had not brought happiness or satisfaction with them. He had lived in a clergyman's house all his life, and might have been expected perhaps to have known pretty much what being a clergyman was like, and so he did — a country clergyman; he had formed an ideal, however, as regards what a town clergyman could do, and was trying in a feeble tentative way to realise it, but somehow or other it always managed to escape him.

He lived among the poor, but he did not find that he got to know them. The idea that they would come to him proved to be a mistaken one. He did indeed visit a few tame pets whom his rector desired him to look after. There was an old man and his wife who lived next door but one to Ernest himself; then there was a plumber of the name of Chesterfield; an aged lady of the name of Gover, blind and bedridden, who munched and munched her feeble old breathless jaws as Ernest spoke or read to her, but who could do little more; a Mr. Brookes, a rag and bottle merchant in Bindsey's Rents in the last stage of dropsy, and perhaps half a dozen or so others. What did it all come to when he did go to see them? The plumber wanted to be flattered, and liked fooling a gentleman into wasting his time by scratching his ears for him. Mrs. Gover, poor old woman, wanted money; she was very good and meek, and when Ernest got her a shilling from Lady Anne Jones's bequest, she said it was "small but seasonable," and munched and munched

in gratitude. Ernest sometimes gave her a little money himself, but not, as he says now, half what he ought to have given.

What could he do else that would have been of the smallest use to her? Nothing indeed: but giving occasional half-crowns to Mrs. Gover was not regenerating the universe, and Ernest wanted nothing short of this. The world was all out of joint, and instead of feeling it a cursed spite that he was born to set it right, he thought he was just the kind of person that was wanted for the job, and was eager to set to work, only he did not know exactly how to begin, for the beginning he had made with Mr. Chesterfield and Mrs. Gover did not promise great developments.

Then poor Mr. Brookes — he suffered very much, terribly indeed; he was not in want of money; he wanted to die and couldn't, just as we sometimes want to go to sleep and cannot. He had been a serious-minded man, and death frightened him as it must frighten anyone who believes that all his most secret thoughts will be shortly exposed to the public. When I read Ernest the description of how his father used to visit Mrs. Thompson at Battersby, he coloured and said — "That's just what I used to say to Mr. Brookes." Ernest felt that his visits, so far from comforting Mr. Brookes, made him fear death more and more, but how could he help it?

Even Pryer, who had been a curate a couple of years, did not know personally more than a couple of hundred people in the parish at the outside, and it was only at the houses of very few of these that he ever visited, but then Pryer had such a strong objection on principle to house visitations. What a drop in the sea were those with whom he and Pryer were brought into direct communication in comparison with those whom he must reach and move if he were to produce much effect of any kind, one way or the other. Why there were between fifteen and twenty thousand poor in the parish, of whom but the merest fraction ever attended a place of worship. Some few went to dissenting chapels, a few were Roman Catholics; by far the greater number, however, were practically infidels, if not actively hostile, at any rate indifferent to religion, while many were avowed Atheists — admirers of Tom Paine, of whom he now heard for the first time; but he never met and conversed with any of these.

Was he really doing everything that could be expected of him? It was all very well to say that he was doing as much as other young clergymen did; that was not the kind of answer

which Jesus Christ was likely to accept; why, the Pharisees themselves in all probability did as much as the other Pharisees did. What he should do was to go into the highways and by-ways, and compel people to come in. Was he doing this? Or were not they rather compelling him to keep out — outside their doors at any rate? He began to have an uneasy feeling as though ere long, unless he kept a sharp look-out, he should drift into being a sham.

True, all would be changed as soon as he could endow the College for Spiritual Pathology; matters, however, had not gone too well with "the things that people bought in the place that was called the Stock Exchange." In order to get on faster, it had been arranged that Ernest should buy more of these things than he could pay for, with the idea that in a few weeks, or even days, they would be much higher in value, and he could sell them at a tremendous profit; but unfortunately, instead of getting higher, they had fallen immediately after Ernest had bought, and obstinately refused to get up again; so, after a few settlements, he had got frightened, for he read an article in some newspaper, which said they would go even lower, and, contrary to Pryer's advice, he insisted on selling — at a loss of something like £500. He had hardly sold when up went the shares again, and he saw how foolish he had been, and how wise Pryer was, for if Pryer's advice had been followed he would have made £500, instead of losing it. However, he told himself he must live and learn.

Then Pryer made a mistake. They had bought some shares, and the shares went up delightfully for about a fortnight. This was a happy time indeed, for by the end of a fortnight, the lost £500 had been recovered, and three or four hundred pounds had been cleared into the bargain. All the feverish anxiety of that miserable six weeks, when the £500 was being lost, was now repaid with interest. Ernest wanted to sell and make sure of the profit, but Pryer would not hear of it; they would go ever so much higher yet, and he showed Ernest an article in some newspaper which proved that what he said was reasonable, and they did go up a little — but only a very little, for then they went down, down, and Ernest saw first his clear profit of three or four hundred pounds go, and then the £500 loss, which he thought he had recovered, slipped away by falls of a half and one at a time, and then he lost £200 more. Then a newspaper said those shares were the greatest rubbish that had ever been imposed upon the English public, and Ernest could stand

it no longer, so he sold out, again this time against Pryer's advice, so that when they went up, as they shortly did, Pryer scored off Ernest a second time.

Ernest was not used to vicissitudes of this kind, and they made him so anxious that his health was affected. It was arranged therefore that he had better know nothing of what was being done. Pryer was a much better man of business than he was, and would see to it all. This relieved Ernest of a good deal of trouble, and was better after all for the investments themselves; for, as Pryer justly said, a man must not have a faint heart if he hopes to succeed in buying and selling upon the Stock Exchange, and seeing Ernest nervous made Pryer nervous too — at least, he said it did. So the money drifted more and more into Pryer's hands. . . .

Some of Ernest's old friends got an inkling from his letters of what he was doing, and did their utmost to dissuade him, but he was as infatuated as a young lover of two and twenty. Finding that these friends disapproved, he dropped away from them, and they, being bored with his egotism and high-flown ideas, were not sorry to let him do so. Of course, he said nothing about his speculations — indeed he hardly knew that anything done in so good a cause could be called speculation. At Battersby, when his father urged him to look out for a next presentation, and even brought one or two promising ones under his notice, he made objections and excuses though always promising to do as his father desired very shortly.

CARCASSONNE.

BY GUSTAVE NADAUD.

[French songwright and composer, born at Roubaix in 1820; died 1893.]

I'M growing old — I've sixty years:
 I've labored all my life in vain;
 In all that time of hopes and fears
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain:
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
 My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know:
 I never have seen Carcassonne,
 I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,—
 It lies beyond the mountains blue;

And yet to reach it one must still
 Five long and weary leagues pursue;
 And to return, as many more!
 Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown?
 The grape withheld its yellow store.
 I shall not look on Carcassonne,
 I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
 Not more nor less than Sunday gay;
 In shining robes and garments fair
 The people walk upon their way.
 One gazes there on castle walls
 As grand as those of Babylon,
 A bishop and two generals!
 I do not know fair Carcassonne,
 I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The curé's right: he says that we
 Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
 He tells us in his homily
 Ambition ruins all mankind:
 Yet could I there two days have spent,
 While still the autumn sweetly shone,
 Ah me! I might have died content
 When I had looked on Carcassonne,
 When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, father, I beseech,
 In this my prayer if I offend:
 One something sees beyond his reach
 From childhood to his journey's end.
 My wife, our little boy Aignan,
 Have traveled even to Narbonne;
 My grandchild has seen Perpignan;
 And I have not seen Carcassonne,
 And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
 A peasant, double bent with age.
 "Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
 I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
 We left next morning his abode,
 But (Heaven forgive him) halfway on
 The old man died upon the road:
 He never gazed on Carcassonne.—
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

POEMS OF THACKERAY.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, English novelist and humorist, was born in Calcutta, India, July 19, 1811, and died December 24, 1863. He studied for an artist, but could not learn to draw, and after some years of struggle began to make a name in *Fraser's Magazine* by "The Great Hoggarty Diamond," "The Yellowplush Papers," etc. There followed "The Paris Sketch Book"; "The Book of Snobs," "Ballads of Policeman X," "Prize Novelists," etc., from *Punch*; and "The Rose and the Ring." "Vanity Fair," "Pendennis," "Henry Esmond," and "The Newcomes," his four great masterpieces, all came in the six years 1848-1854. His lectures on "English Humorists" and "The Four Georges" followed; then "The Virginians" (sequel to "Esmond"), "Lovel the Widower," "Philip," and the unfinished "Denis Duval," contributed to the *Cornhill Magazine*, which he edited 1859-1862, and which contained also "The Roundabout Papers."]

THE WHITE SQUALL.

ON DECK, beneath the awning,
 I dozing lay and yawning;
 It was the gray of dawning,
 Ere yet the sun arose;
 And above the funnel's roaring,
 And the fitful wind's deploring,
 I heard the cabin snoring
 With universal nose.
 I could hear the passengers snorting,
 I envied their disporting —
 Vainly I was courting
 The pleasure of a doze!

So I lay, and wondered why light
 Came not, and watched the twilight,
 And the glimmer of the skylight,
 That shot across the deck,
 And the binnacle pale and steady,
 And the dull glimpse of the dead-eye,
 And the sparks in fiery eddy
 That whirled from the chimney neck.
 In our jovial floating prison
 There was sleep from fore to mizzen,
 And never a star had risen
 The hazy sky to speck.

Strange company we harbored;
 We'd a hundred Jews to larboard,
 Unwashed, uncombed, unbarbered —
 Jews black, and brown, and gray;

With terror it would seize ye,
And make your souls uneasy,
To see those Rabbis greasy,
Who did naught but scratch and pray;
Their dirty children puking—
Their dirty saucepans cooking—
Their dirty fingers hooking
Their swarming fleas away.

To starboard, Turks and Greeks were—
Whiskered and brown their cheeks were—
Enormous wide their breeks were,
Their pipes did puff alway;
Each on his mat allotted
In silence smoked and squatted,
Whilst round their children trotted
In pretty pleasant play.
He can't but smile who traces
The smiles on those brown faces,
And the pretty prattling graces
Of those small heathens gay.

And so the hours kept tolling,
And through the ocean rolling
Went the brave "Iberia" bowling
Before the break of day—

When a SQUALL, upon a sudden,
Came o'er the waters scudding;
And the clouds began to gather,
And the sea was lashed to lather,
And the lowering thunder grumbled,
And the lightning jumped and tumbled,
And the ship, and all the ocean,
Woke up in wild commotion.
Then the wind set up a howling,
And the poodle dog a yowling,
And the cocks began a crowing,
And the old cow raised a lowing,
As she heard the tempest blowing;
And fowls and geese did cackle,
And the cordage and the tackle
Began to shriek and cackle;
And the spray dashed o'er the funnels,
And down the deck in runnels;

And the rushing water soaks all,
 From the seamen in the fo'ksal
 To the stokers whose black faces
 Peer out of their bed places;
 And the captain he was bawling,
 And the sailors pulling, hauling,
 And the quarter-deck tarpauling
 Was shivered in the squalling;
 And the passengers awaken,
 Most pitifully shaken;
 And the steward jumps up, and hastens
 For the necessary basins.

Then the Greeks they groaned and quivered,
 And they knelt, and moaned, and shivered,
 As the plunging waters met them
 And splashed and overset them;
 And they call in their emergence
 Upon countless saints and virgins;
 And their marrowbones are bended,
 And they think the world is ended.
 And the Turkish women for'ard
 Were frightened and behorror'd;
 And shrieking and bewildering,
 The mothers clutched their children;
 The men sang "Allah! Illah!
 Mashallah Bismillah!"
 As the warring waters doused them,
 And splashed them and soused them,
 And they called upon the Prophet,
 And thought but little of it.

Then all the fleas in Jewry
 Jumped up and bit like fury;
 And the progeny of Jacob
 Did on the main-deck wake up
 (I wot those greasy Rabbins
 Would never pay for cabins);
 And each man moaned and jabbered in
 His filthy Jewish gaberdine,
 In woe and lamentation,
 And howling consternation.
 And the splashing water drenches
 Their dirty brats and wenches;
 And they crawl from bales and benches
 In a hundred thousand stench.

This was the White Squall famous,
 Which latterly o'ercame us,
 And which all will well remember
 On the 28th September;
 When a Prussian captain of Lancers
 (Those tight-laced, whiskered prancers)
 Came on the deck astonished,
 By that wild squall admonished,
 And wondering cried, "Potztausend!
 Wie ist de Sturm jetzt brausend!"
 And looked at Captain Lewis,
 Who calmly stood and blew his
 Cigar in all the bustle,
 And scorned the tempest's tussle.
 And oft we've thought thereafter
 How he beat the storm to laughter;
 For well he knew his vessel
 With that vain wind could wrestle;
 And when a wreck we thought her,
 And doomed ourselves to slaughter,
 How gayly he fought her,
 And through the hubbub brought her,
 And as the tempest caught her,
 Cried, "GEORGE! SOME BRANDY-AND-WATER!"

And when, its force expended,
 The harmless storm was ended,
 And as the sunrise splendid
 Came blushing o'er the sea,
 I thought, as day was breaking,
 My little girls were waking,
 And smiling, and making
 A prayer at home for me.

LITTLE BILLEE.

There were three sailors of Bristol city
 Who took a boat and went to sea.
 But first with beef and captain's biscuits
 And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
 And the youngest he was little Billee.
 Now when they got as far as the Equator
 They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "I am extremely hungaree."
 To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
 "We've nothing left, us must eat we."

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
 "With one another we shouldn't agree!
 There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
 We're old and tough, so let's eat he.

"Oh! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
 So undo the button of your chemie."
 When Bill received this information
 He used his pocket handkerchie.

"First let me say my catechism,
 Which my poor mammy taught to me."
 "Make haste, make haste," says guzzling Jimmy,
 While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top-gallant mast,
 And down he fell on his bended knee.
 He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
 When up he jumps. "There's land I see:

"Jerusalem and Madagascar,
 And North and South Amerikee:
 There's the British flag a riding at anchor,
 With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
 He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmie;
 But as for little Bill he made him
 The Captain of a Seventy-three.

SORROWS OF WERTHER.

Werther had a love for Charlotte
 Such as words could never utter;
 Would you know how first he met her?
 She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
 And a moral man was Werther,
 And, for all the wealth of Indies,
 Would do nothing for to hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
 And his passion boiled and bubbled,
 Till he blew his silly brains out,
 And no more by it was troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
 Borne before her on a shutter,
 Like a well-conducted person,
 Went on cutting bread and butter.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

Ho, pretty page, with the dimpled chin,
 That never has known the barber's shear,
 All your wish is woman to win,
 This is the way that boys begin, —
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
 Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
 Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
 Under Bonnybell's window panes, —
 Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
 Grizzling hair the brain doth clear —
 Then you know a boy is an ass,
 Then you know the worth of a lass,
 Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 All good fellows whose beards are gray :
 Did not the fairest of the fair
 Common grow and wearisome ere
 Ever a month was passed away ?

The reddest lips that ever have kissed,
 The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
 May pray and whisper, and we not list,
 Or look away, and never be missed,
 Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
 How I loved her twenty years syne !
 Marian's married, but I sit here
 Alone and merry at Forty Year,
 Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

By HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY.

[Born in Lancashire, 1808 ; died 1872. He was for many years literary and musical critic on the London *Athenæum*, and of very high quality as such from his taste and insight ; and wrote also novels and plays of minor rank.]

A SONG of the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long ;
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong.
 There's fear in his frown when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out ;
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storms through his branches shout.
Chorus — Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone ;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone !

In the days of old, when the spring with cold
 Had brightened his branches gray,
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day, to the rebeck gay,
 They frolicked with lovesome swains ;
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree it still remains. *Chorus.*

He saw the rare times when the Christmas chimes
 Was a merry sound to hear,
 When the squire's wide hall and the cottage small
 Were filled with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he ;
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.
Chorus — Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone ;
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone !

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

[GEORGE POPE MORRIS, American poet and journalist, was born at Philadelphia in 1802. He founded with Samuel Woodworth (author of the "Old Oakēn Bucket") the New York *Mirror* in 1823. This was discontinued in 1842, and with N. P. Willis he established the *New Mirror* in 1843, in 1845 the *National Press*, shortly renamed the *Home Journal*, which with Willis he edited till near his death in 1864. He edited anthologies, and wrote "Briar Cliff" (1825)]

WOODMAN, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea —
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh, spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand!

My heart strings round thee cling,
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree, the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot:
 While I've a chance to save,
 Thy ax shall harm it not!

THE IVY GREEN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[For biographical sketch, see page 247.]

OH, A dainty plant is the Ivy Green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old !
Of right choice food are his meals, I ween,
In his cell so lone and cold.
The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
To pleasure his dainty whim ;
And the moldering dust that years have made
Is a merry meal for him.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a stanch old heart has he :
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge Oak Tree !
And slyly he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mold of dead men's graves.
Creeping where grim Death has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

Whole ages have fled and their works decayed,
And nations have scattered been ;
But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant in its lonely days
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the Ivy's food at last.
Creeping on where Time has been,
A rare old plant is the Ivy Green.

THE SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN DESICCATION.

BY EDMOND ABOUT.

(From "The Man with the Broken Ear.")

[EDMOND ABOUT, French novelist, was born in Lorraine, February 14, 1828. He became a journalist, war correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War, and editor of *Le XIX^{me} Siècle* of Paris, and in 1884 a member of the Academy. He wrote, among other books: "Tolla Feraldi" (1855), "The King of the Mountains" (1856), "The Man with the Broken Ear" (1861), "The Nose of a Notary" (1862), "Madelon" (1863), "The Infamous One" (1869), and "The Romance of a Good Man" (1880). He died January 17, 1885.]

ON this 20th day of January, 1824, being worn down by a cruel malady and feeling the approach of the time when my person shall be absorbed in the Great All;

I have written with my own hand this testament, which is the expression of my last will.

I appoint as executor my nephew Nicholas Meiser, a wealthy brewer in the city of Dantzic.

I bequeath my books, papers, and scientific collections of all kinds, except item 3712, to my very estimable and learned friend, Herr Von Humboldt.

I bequeath all the rest of my effects, real and personal, valued at 100,000 Prussian thalers or 375,000 francs, to Colonel Pierre Victor Fougas, at present desiccated, but living, and entered in my catalogue opposite No. 3712 (Zoölogy).

I trust that he will accept this feeble compensation for the ordeals he has undergone in my laboratory, and the service he has rendered to science.

Finally, in order that my nephew Nicholas Meiser may exactly understand the duties I leave him to perform, I have resolved to inscribe here a detailed account of the desiccation of Colonel Fougas, my sole heir.

It was on the 11th of November in that unhappy year 1813, that my relations with this brave young man began. I had long since quitted Dantzic, where the noise of cannon and the danger from bombs had rendered all labor impossible, and retired with my instruments and books under the protection of the Allied Armies in the fortified town of Liebenfeld. The French garrisons of Dantzic, Stettin, Custrin, Glogau, Hamburg, and several other German towns could not communicate

with each other or with their native land ; meanwhile General Rapp was obstinately defending himself against the English fleet and the Russian army. Colonel Fougas was taken by a detachment of the Barclay de Tolly corps, as he was trying to pass the Vistula on the ice, on the way to Dantzic. They brought him prisoner to Liebenfeld on the 11th of November, just at my supper time, and Sergeant Garok, who commanded in the village, forced me to be present at the examination and act as interpreter.

The open countenance, manly voice, proud firmness, and fine carriage of the unfortunate young man won my heart. He had made the sacrifice of his life. His only regret, he said, was having stranded so near port, after passing through four armies ; and being unable to carry out the Emperor's orders. He appeared animated by that French fanaticism which has done so much harm to our beloved Germany. Nevertheless, I could not help defending him ; and I translated his words less as an interpreter than as an advocate. Unhappily, they found upon him a letter from Napoleon to General Rapp, of which I preserved a copy : —

Abandon Dantzic, break the blockade, unite with the garrisons of Stettin, Custrin, and Glogau, march along the Elbe, arrange with St. Cyr and Davoust to concentrate the forces scattered at Dresden, Forgau, Wittenberg, Magdeburg, and Hamburg ; roll up an army like a snowball ; cross Westphalia, which is open, and come to defend the line of the Rhine with an army of 170,000 Frenchmen which you will have saved !

NAPOLÉON.

This letter was sent to the headquarters of the Russian army, whilst a half-dozen illiterate soldiers, drunk with joy and bad brandy, condemned the brave Colonel of the 23d of the line to the death of a spy and a traitor. The execution was fixed for the next day, the 12th, and M. Pierre Victor Fougas, after having thanked and embraced me with the most touching sensibility (he is a husband and a father), was shut up in the little battlemented tower of Liebenfeld, where the wind whistles terribly through all the loopholes.

The night of the 11th and 12th of November was one of the severest of that terrible winter. My self-registering thermometer, which hung outside my window with a southeast exposure, marked nineteen degrees below zero, centigrade. I went early

in the morning to bid the Colonel a last farewell, and met Sergeant Garok, who said to me in bad German: —

“We won’t have to kill the Frantzouski, he is frozen to death.”

I ran to the prison. The Colonel was lying on his back, rigid. But I found after a few minutes’ examination that the rigidity of the body was not that of death. The joints, though they had not their ordinary suppleness, could be bent and extended without any great effort. The limbs, the face, and the chest gave my hands a sensation of cold, but very different from that which I had often experienced from contact with corpses.

Knowing that he had passed several nights without sleep, and endured extraordinary fatigues, I did not doubt that he had fallen into that profound and lethargic sleep which is superinduced by intense cold, and which if too far prolonged slackens respiration and circulation to a point where the most delicate physiological tests are necessary to discover the continuance of life. The pulse was insensible; at least my fingers, benumbed with cold, could not feel it. My hardness of hearing (I was then in my sixty-ninth year) prevented my determining by auscultation whether the beats of the heart still aroused those feeble though prolonged vibrations which the ear continues to hear some time after the hand fails to detect them.

The Colonel had reached that point of torpor produced by cold, where to revive a man without causing him to die requires numerous and delicate attentions. Some hours after, congelation would supervene, and with it, impossibility of restoration to life.

I was in the greatest perplexity. On the one hand I knew that he was dying on my hands by congelation; on the other, I could not, by myself, bestow upon him the attentions that were indispensable. If I were to administer stimulants without having him, at the same time, rubbed on the trunk and limbs by three or four vigorous assistants, I would revive him only to see him die.

And even if I should succeed in bringing him back to health and strength, was not he condemned by court-martial? Did not humanity forbid my rousing him from this repose akin to death, to deliver him to the horrors of execution?

I must confess that in the presence of this organism where life was suspended, my ideas on reanimation took, as it were, fresh hold upon me. I had so often desiccated and revived

beings quite elevated in the animal scale, that I did not doubt the success of the operation, even on a man. By myself alone I could not revive and save the Colonel; but I had in my laboratory all the instruments necessary to desiccate him without assistance.

To sum up, three alternatives offered themselves to me. I. To leave the Colonel in the crenellated tower, where he would have died the same day of congelation. II. To revive him by stimulants, at the risk of killing him. And for what? To give him up, in case of success, to inevitable execution. III. To desiccate him in my laboratory with the quasi certainty of resuscitating him after the restoration of peace. All friends of humanity will doubtless comprehend that I could not hesitate long.

I had Sergeant Garok called, and I begged him to sell me the body of the Colonel. It was not the first time that I had bought a corpse for dissection, so my request excited no suspicion. The bargain concluded, I gave him four bottles of kirschwasser, and soon two Russian soldiers brought me Colonel Fougas on a stretcher.

As soon as I was alone with him, I pricked one of his fingers: pressure forced out a drop of blood. To place it under a microscope between two plates of glass was the work of a minute. Oh, joy! The fibrin was not coagulated. I was not deceived then, it was a torpid man that I had under my eyes, and not a dead one!

I placed him on a pair of scales. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds, clothing included. I did not care to undress him, for I had noticed that animals desiccated directly in contact with the air died oftener than those which remained covered with moss and other soft materials, during the ordeal of desiccation.

My great air pump, with its immense platform, its enormous oval wrought-iron receiver, which a rope running on a pulley firmly fixed in the ceiling easily raised and lowered by means of a windlass — all these thousand and one contrivances which I had so laboriously prepared in spite of the railleries of those who envied me, and which I felt desolate at seeing unemployed, were going to find their use! Unexpected circumstances had arisen at last to procure me such a subject for experiment, as I had in vain endeavored to procure, while I was attempting to reduce to torpidity dogs, rabbits, sheep, and other mammals by

the aid of freezing mixtures. Long ago, without doubt, would these results have been attained if I had been aided by those who surrounded me, instead of being made the butt of their raileries — if our authorities had sustained me with their influence instead of treating me as a subversive spirit.

I shut myself up *tête-à-tête* with the Colonel, and took care that even old Gretchen, my housekeeper, now deceased, should not trouble me during my work. I had substituted for the wearisome lever of the old-fashioned air pumps a wheel arranged with an eccentric, which transformed the circular movement of the axis into the rectilinear movement required by the pistons: the wheel, the eccentric, the connecting rod, and the joints of the apparatus all worked admirably, and enabled me to do everything by myself. The cold did not impede the play of the machine, and the lubricating oil was not gummed: I had refined it myself by a new process founded on the then recent discoveries of the French *savant*, M. Chevreul.

Having extended the body on the platform of the air pump, lowered the receiver and luted the rim, I undertook to submit it gradually to the influence of a dry vacuum and cold. Capsules filled with chloride of calcium were placed around the Colonel to absorb the water which should evaporate from the body, and to promote the desiccation.

I certainly found myself in the best possible situation for subjecting the human body to a process of gradual desiccation without sudden interruption of the functions, or disorganization of the tissues or fluids. Seldom had my experiments on rotifers and tardigrades been surrounded with equal chances of success, yet they had always succeeded. But the particular nature of the subject, and the special scruples imposed upon my conscience, obliged me to employ a certain number of new conditions, which I had long since, in other connections, foreseen the expediency of. I had taken the pains to arrange an opening at each end of my oval receiver, and fit into it a heavy glass, which enabled me to follow with my eye the effects of the vacuum on the Colonel. I was entirely prevented from shutting the windows of my laboratory, from fear that a too elevated temperature might put an end to the lethargy of the subject, or induce some change in the fluids. If a thaw had come on, all would have been over with my experiment. But the thermometer kept for several days between six and eight

degrees below zero, and I was very happy in seeing the lethargic sleep continue, without having to fear congelation of the tissues.

I commenced to produce the vacuum with extreme slowness, for fear that the gases distributed through the blood, becoming free on account of the difference of their tension from that of rarefied air, might escape in the vessels and so bring on immediate death. Moreover, I watched, every moment, the effects of the vacuum on the intestinal gases, for by expanding inside in proportion as the pressure of the air diminished outside of the body, they could have caused serious disorders. The tissues might not have been entirely ruptured by them, but an internal lesion would have been enough to occasion death in a few hours after reanimation. One observes this quite frequently in animals carelessly desiccated.

Several times, too rapid a protrusion of the abdomen put me on my guard against the danger which I feared, and I was obliged to let in a little air under the receiver. At last, the cessation of all phenomena of this kind satisfied me that the gases had disappeared by exosmose or had been expelled by the spontaneous contraction of the viscera. It was not until the end of the first day that I could give up these minute precautions, and carry the vacuum a little further.

The next day, the 13th, I pushed the vacuum to a point where the barometer fell to five millimeters. As no change had taken place in the position of the body or limbs, I was sure that no convulsion had been produced. The Colonel had been desiccated, had become immobile, had lost the power of performing the functions of life, without death having supervened, and without the possibility of returning to activity having departed. His life was suspended, not extinguished.

Each time that a surplus of watery vapor caused the barometer to ascend, I pumped. On the 14th, the door of my laboratory was literally broken in by the Russian General, Count Trollohub, who had been sent from headquarters. This distinguished officer had run in all haste to prevent the execution of the Colonel and to conduct him into the presence of the Commander in Chief. I loyally confessed to him what I had done under the inspiration of my conscience; I showed him the body through one of the bull's-eyes of the air pump; I told him that I was happy to have preserved a man who could furnish useful information to the liberators of my country; and I offered to resuscitate him at my own expense if they would promise me to

respect his life and liberty. The General, Count Trollohub, unquestionably a distinguished man, but one of an exclusively military education, thought that I was not speaking seriously. He went out slamming the door in my face, and treating me like an old fool.

I set myself to pumping again, and kept the vacuum at a pressure of from three to five millimeters for the space of three months. I knew by experience that animals can revive after being submitted to a dry vacuum and cold for eighty days.

On the 12th of February, 1814, having observed that for a month no modification had taken place in the shrinking of the flesh, I resolved to submit the Colonel to another series of operations, in order to insure more perfect preservation by complete desiccation. I let the air reënter by the stopcock arranged for the purpose, and, after raising the receiver, proceeded at once to my experiment.

The body did not weigh more than forty-six pounds; I had then reduced it nearly to a third of its original weight. It should be borne in mind that the clothing had not lost as much water as the other parts. Now the human body contains nearly four fifths of its own weight of water, as is proved by a desiccation thoroughly made in a chemical drying furnace.

I accordingly placed the Colonel on a tray, and, after sliding it into my great furnace, gradually raised the temperature to seventy-five degrees, centigrade. I did not dare to go beyond this heat, from fear of altering the albumen and rendering it insoluble, and also of taking away from the tissues the capacity of reabsorbing the water necessary to a return to their functions.

I had taken care to arrange a convenient apparatus so that the furnace was constantly traversed by a current of dry air. This air was dried in traversing a series of jars filled with sulphuric acid, quicklime, and chloride of calcium.

After a week passed in the furnace, the general appearance of the body had not changed, but its weight was reduced to forty pounds, clothing included. Eight days more brought no new decrease of weight. From this, I concluded that the desiccation was sufficient. I knew very well that corpses mummified in church vaults for a century or more end by weighing no more than a half-score of pounds, but they do not become so light without a material alteration in their tissues.

On the 27th of February, I myself placed the Colonel in the

boxes which I had had made for his occupancy. Since that time, that is to say during a space of nine years and eleven months, we have never been separated. I carried him with me to Dantzic. He stays in my house. I have never placed him, according to his number, in my zoölogical collection; he remains by himself, in the chamber of honor. I do not grant any one the pleasure of re-using his chloride of calcium. I will take care of you till my dying day, O Colonel Fougas, dear and unfortunate friend! But I shall not have the joy of witnessing your resurrection. I shall not share the delightful emotions of the warrior returning to life. Your lachrymal glands, inert to-day, but some day to be reanimated, will not pour upon the bosom of your old benefactor the sweet dew of recognition. For you will not recover your life until a day when mine will have long since departed! Perhaps you will be astonished that I, loving you as I do, should have so long delayed to draw you out of this profound slumber. Who knows but that some bitter reproach may come to taint the tenderness of the first offices of gratitude that you will perform over my tomb! Yes! I have prolonged, without any benefit to you, an experiment of general interest to others. I ought to have remained faithful to my first intention, and restored your life, immediately after the signature of peace. But what! Was it well to send you back to France when the sun of your fatherland was obscured by our soldiers and allies? I have spared you that spectacle—one so grievous to such a soul as yours. Without doubt you would have had, in March, 1815, the consolation of again seeing that fatal man to whom you had consecrated your devotion; but are you entirely sure that you would not have been swallowed up with his fortune, in the shipwreck of Waterloo?

For five or six years past, it has not been your welfare, nor even the welfare of science, that prevented me from reanimating you: it has been . . . Forgive me, Colonel, it has been a cowardly attachment to life. The disorder from which I am suffering, and which will soon carry me off, is an aneurism of the heart; violent emotions are interdicted to me. If I were myself to undertake the grand operation whose process I have traced in a memorandum annexed to this instrument, I would without any doubt succumb before finishing it; my death would be an untoward accident which might trouble my assistants and cause your resuscitation to fail,

Rest content! You will not have long to wait, and moreover, what do you lose by waiting? You do not grow old, you are always twenty-four years of age; your children are growing up, you will be almost their contemporary when you come to life again. You came to Liebenfeld poor, you are now in my house poor, and my will makes you rich. That you may be happy also, is my dearest wish.

I direct that, the day after my death, my nephew, Nicholas Meiser, shall call together, by letter, the ten physicians most illustrious in the kingdom of Prussia, that he shall read to them my will and the annexed memorandum, and that he shall cause them to proceed without delay, in my own laboratory, to the resuscitation of Colonel Fougas. The expenses of travel, maintenance, etc., etc., shall be deducted from the assets of my estate. The sum of two thousand thalers shall be devoted to the publication of the glorious results of the experiment, in German, French, and Latin. A copy of this pamphlet shall be sent to each of the learned societies then existing in Europe.

In the entirely unexpected event of the efforts of science being unable to reanimate the Colonel, all my effects shall revert to Nicholas Meiser, my sole surviving relative.

JOHN MEISER, M.D.

It did not take long to get spread about the town that M. Martout and the Messieurs Renault, intended, in conjunction with several Paris *savants*, to resuscitate a dead man.

M. Martout had sent a detailed account of the case to the celebrated Karl Nibor, who had hastened to lay it before the Biological Society. A committee was forthwith appointed to accompany M. Nibor to Fontainebleau. The six commissioners and the reporter agreed to leave Paris the 15th of August, being glad to escape the din of the public rejoicings. M. Martout was notified to get things ready for the experiment, which would probably last not less than three days.

Some of the Paris papers announced this great event among their "Miscellaneous Items," but the public paid little attention to it. The grand reception of the army returning from Italy engrossed everybody's interest, and, moreover, the French do not put more than moderate faith in miracles promised in the newspapers. . . .

On the morning of the 15th of August, M. Karl Nibor pre-

sented himself at M. Renault's with Doctor Martout and the committee appointed by the Biological Society of Paris.

M. Nibor and his colleagues, after the usual compliments, requested to see the subject. They had no time to lose, as the experiment could hardly last less than three days. Leon hastened to conduct them to the laboratory and to open the three boxes containing the Colonel.

They found that the patient presented quite a favorable appearance. M. Nibor took off his clothes, which tore like tinder from having been too much dried in Father Meiser's furnace. The body, when naked, was pronounced entirely free from blemish and in a perfectly healthy condition. No one would yet have guaranteed success, but every one was full of hope.

After this preliminary examination, M. Renault put his laboratory at the service of his guests. He offered them all that he possessed, with a munificence which was not entirely free from vanity. In case the employment of electricity should appear necessary, he had a powerful battery of Leyden jars and forty of Bunsen's elements, which were entirely new. M. Nibor thanked him smilingly.

"Save your riches," said he. "With a bath tub and caldron of boiling water, we will have everything we need. The Colonel needs nothing but humidity. The thing is to give him the quantity of water necessary to the play of the organs. If you have a small room where one can introduce a jet of vapor, we will be more than content."

M. Audret, the architect, had very wisely built a little bathroom near the laboratory, which was convenient and well lighted. The celebrated steam engine was not far off, and its boiler had not, up to this time, answered any other purpose than that of warming the baths of M. and Mme. Renault.

The Colonel was carried into this room, with all the care necessitated by his fragility. It was not intended to break his second ear in the hurry of moving. Leon ran to light the fire under the boiler, and M. Nibor created him Fireman, on the field of battle.

Soon a jet of tepid vapor streamed into the bathroom, creating round the Colonel a humid atmosphere which was elevated by degrees, and without any sudden increase, to the temperature of the human body. These conditions of heat and humidity were maintained with the greatest care for

twenty-four hours. No one in the house went to sleep. The members of the Parisian Committee encamped in the laboratory. Leon kept up the fire; M. Nibor, M. Renault, and M. Martout took turns in watching the thermometer. Mme. Renault was making tea and coffee, and punch too. Gothon, who had taken communion in the morning, kept praying to God, in the corner of her kitchen, that this impious miracle might not succeed. A certain excitement already prevailed throughout the town, but one did not know whether it should be attributed to the *fête* of the 15th, or the famous undertaking of the seven wise men of Paris.

By two o'clock on the 16th, encouraging results were obtained. The skin and muscles had recovered nearly all their suppleness, but the joints were still hard to bend. The collapsed condition of the walls of the abdomen and the interval between the ribs, still indicated that the viscera were far from having reabsorbed the quantity of water which they had previously lost with Herr Meiser. A bath was prepared and kept at a temperature of thirty-seven degrees and a half. They left the Colonel in it two hours and a half, taking care to frequently pass over his head a fine sponge soaked with water.

M. Nibor removed him from the bath as soon as the skin, which was filled out sooner than the other tissues, began to assume a whitish tinge and wrinkle slightly. They kept him until the evening of the 16th in this humid room, where they arranged an apparatus which, from time to time, occasioned a fine rain of a temperature of thirty-seven and a half degrees. A new bath was given in the evening. During the night, the body was enveloped in flannel, but kept constantly in the same steaming atmosphere.

On the morning of the 17th, after a third bath of an hour and a half, the general characteristics of the figure and the proportions of the body presented their natural aspect: one would have called it a sleeping man. Five or six curious persons were admitted to see it, among others the colonel of the 23d. In the presence of these witnesses, M. Nibor moved successively all the joints, and demonstrated that they had recovered their flexibility. He gently kneaded the limbs, trunk, and abdomen. He partly opened the lips, and separated the jaws, which were quite firmly closed, and saw that the tongue had returned to its ordinary size and consistency. He also partly opened the eyelids: the eyeballs were firm and bright.

"Gentlemen," said the philosopher, "these are indications which do not deceive; I prophesy success. In a few hours you shall witness the first manifestations of life."

"But," interrupted one of the bystanders, "why not immediately?"

"Because the *conjunctivæ* are still a little paler than they ought to be. But the little veins traversing the whites of the eyes have already assumed a very encouraging appearance. The blood is almost entirely restored. What is the blood? Red globules floating in serum, or a sort of whey. The serum in poor Fougas was dried up in his veins; the water which we have gradually introduced by a slow endosmose has saturated the albumen and fibrin of the serum, which is returned to the liquid state. The red globules which desiccation had agglutinated, had become motionless like ships stranded in shoal water. Now behold them afloat again: they thicken, swell, round out their edges, detach themselves from each other, and prepare to circulate in their proper channels at the first impulse which shall be given them by the contractions of the heart."

"It remains to see," said M. Renault, "whether the heart will put itself in motion. In a living man, the heart moves under the impulse of the brain, transmitted by the nerves. The brain acts under the impulse of the heart, transmitted by the arteries. The whole forms a perfectly exact circle, without which there is no wellbeing. And when neither heart nor brain acts, as in the Colonel's case, I don't see which of the two can set the other in motion. You remember the scene in the 'École des Femmes,' where Arnolphe knocks at his door? The valet and the maid, Alain and Georgette, are both in the house. 'Georgette!' cries Alain. — 'Well?' replies Georgette. 'Open the door down there!' — 'Go yourself! Go yourself!' — 'Gracious me! I shan't go!' — 'I shan't go either!' — 'Open it right away!' — 'Open it yourself!' And nobody opens it. I am inclined to think, Monsieur, that we are attending a performance of this comedy. The house is the body of the Colonel; Arnolphe, who wants to get in, is the Vital Principle. The heart and brain act the parts of Alain and Georgette. 'Open the door!' says one. — 'Open it yourself!' says the other. And the Vital Principle waits outside."

"Monsieur," replied M. Nibor, smiling, "you forget the ending of the scene. Arnolphe gets angry, and cries out:

‘Whichever of you two doesn’t open the door, shan’t have anything to eat for four days!’ And forthwith Alain hurries himself, Georgette runs and the door is opened. Now bear in mind that I speak in this way only in order to conform to your own course of reasoning, for the term ‘Vital Principle’ is at variance with the actual assertions of science. Life will manifest itself as soon as the brain, or the heart, or any one of the organs which have the capacity of working spontaneously, shall have absorbed the quantity of water it needs. Organized matter has inherent properties which manifest themselves without the assistance of any foreign principle, whenever they are surrounded by certain conditions. Why do not M. Fougas’ muscles contract yet? Why does not the tissue of the brain enter into action? Because they have not yet the amount of moisture necessary to them. In the fountain of life there is lacking, perhaps, a pint of water. But I shall be in no hurry to refill it: I am too much afraid of breaking it. Before giving this gallant fellow a final bath, it will be necessary to knead all his organs again, to subject his abdomen to regular compressions, in order that the serous membranes of the stomach, chest, and heart may be perfectly disagglutinated and capable of slipping on each other. You are aware that the slightest tear in these parts, or the least resistance, would be enough to kill our subject at the moment of his revival.”

While speaking, he united example to precept and kept kneading the trunk of the Colonel. . . .

Never had the little Rue de la Faisanderie seen such a crowd. An astonished passer-by stopped and inquired:—

“What’s the matter here? Is it a funeral?”

“Quite the reverse, Sir.”

“A christening, then?”

“With warm water!”

“A birth?”

“A being born again!” . . .

At noon, the commissioner of police and the lieutenant of *gens d’armes* made way through the crowd and entered the house. These gentlemen hastened to declare to M. Renault that their visit had nothing of an official character, but that they had come merely from curiosity. In the corridor they met the Sub-prefect, the Mayor, and Gothon, who was lamenting in loud tones that she should see the government lend its hand to such sorceries.

About one o'clock, M. Nibor caused a new and prolonged bath to be given the Colonel, on coming out of which the body was subjected to a kneading harder and more complete than before.

"Now," said the Doctor, "we can carry M. Fougas into the laboratory, in order to give his resuscitation all the publicity desirable. But it will be well to dress him, and his uniform is in tatters."

"I think," answered good M. Renault, "that the Colonel is about my size; so I can lend him some of my clothes. Heaven grant that he may use them! But, between us, I don't hope for it."

Gothon brought in, grumbling, all that was necessary to dress an entirely naked man. But her bad humor did not hold out before the beauty of the Colonel:—

"Poor gentleman!" she exclaimed, "he is young, fresh, and fair as a little chicken. If he doesn't revive, it will be a great pity!"

There were about forty people in the laboratory when Fougas was carried thither. M. Nibor, assisted by M. Martout, placed him on a sofa, and begged a few moments of attentive silence. During these proceedings, Mme. Renault sent to inquire if she could come in. She was admitted.

"Madame and gentlemen," said M. Nibor, "life will manifest itself in a few minutes. It is possible that the muscles will act first, and that their action may be convulsive, on account of not yet being regulated by the influence of the nervous system. I ought to apprise you of this fact, in order that you may not be frightened if such a thing transpires." . . .

He again began making systematic compressions of the lower part of the chest, rubbing the skin with his hands, half opening the eyelids, examining the pulse, and auscultating the region of the heart.

The attention of the spectators was diverted an instant by a hubbub outside. A battalion of the 23d was passing, with music at the head, through the Rue de la Faisanderie. While the saxhorns were shaking the windows, a sudden flush mantled on the cheeks of the Colonel. His eyes, which had stood half open, lit up with a brighter sparkle. At the same instant, M. Nibor, who had his ear applied to the chest, cried:—

"I hear the beatings of the heart!"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the chest rose with a violent inspiration, the limbs contracted, the body straightened up, and out came a cry: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.



FRITZ AND SUZEL.

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

[ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN is the signature of the literary collaborators Émile Erckmann (born at Phalsbourg, Meurthe, May 20, 1822) and Alexandre Chatrian (born at Soldatenthal, Meurthe, December 18, 1826; died at Raincy, Seine, September 3, 1890). Their reputation is founded chiefly upon a series of historical romances dealing with episodes in the wars of the Revolution and Empire, the most widely read being: "Madame Thérèse," "The Conscript," "The Blockade of Phalsbourg," "Year One of the Republic," and "Waterloo." Among their other works are "Friend Fritz" and "The Polish Jew," both successfully dramatized, — the latter as "The Bells," one of Irving's successes. Erckmann

FRITZ, turning about on the orchestra steps, cast a look around the hall, and for a moment began to fear that he should not find Suzel. Pretty girls were not wanting — black and brown, fair and auburn, all were on the *qui vive* in a moment,

looking eagerly at Kobus and blushing when their looks met his, for they felt it a great honor to be chosen by such a handsome man, especially to dance the *treieleins*. But Fritz did not see their blushes, did not see them straightening themselves up like the hussars of William Frederick on parade, flattening their shoulders and primming their mouths. He paid no attention to all this parterre of youth and beauty thus budding into new life under his gaze; what he was looking for was the humble little forget-me-not — the little blue flower, the symbol of love and memory.

Long he searched, every moment becoming more and more uneasy, but at last he discovered her away in the distance, half concealed behind a garland of oak leaves, which drooped from a pillar to the right of the entrance. Scarcely visible through the leafy screen, Suzel was sitting with drooping head and timid downcast eyes, stealing a glance now and then towards the orchestra, at once fearful and desirous of being seen.

She had no adornment but her beautiful fair hair falling on her shoulders in two long plaits; a blue silk handkerchief was folded across her bosom, and a little velvet bodice showed off her graceful figure to advantage. Beside her sat her grandmother, Annah, as upright as the figure 1, her gray hair pushed back under a black cap, and her arms hanging down stiffly by her side. These people had not come to dance, but merely to look on, and had stationed themselves quite on the outskirts of the crowd.

Fritz' cheeks flushed; he descended the steps of the orchestra and crossed the hall amidst the general attention. Suzel, seeing him coming, turned quite pale, and had to lean against the pillar for support. She dare not look again. He ran up the steps, pushed aside the garland, and took her hand, saying in a low voice, —

“Suzel, will you dance the *treieleins* with me?”

Lifting her large blue eyes towards his as if in a dream, Suzel from being quite pale turned scarlet.

“Oh, yes, Mr. Kobus,” said she, looking at her grandmother.

The old woman, after waiting for a moment, bent her head, and said, “It is well — you may dance.” For she knew Fritz from having seen him formerly when he came to Bischem with his father.

They descended, therefore, into the hall. The stewards of the dance, their straw hats streaming with ribbons, made the

round of the hall close to the railing, waving little flags to keep back the crowd. Haan and Schoultz were still walking about looking for partners; Joseph was standing before his desk waiting; Bockel, his double bass resting against his outstretched leg, and Andrès, his violin under his arm, were stationed close beside him, as they alone were to accompany the waltz.

Little Suzel, leaning on Fritz' arm, in the midst of the crowd of spectators, cast stolen glances around, her heart beating fast with agitation and inward delight. Every one admired her long tresses of hair, which hung down behind to the very hem of her little blue skirt with its velvet edging, her little round-toed shoes, fastened with black silk ribbons which crossed over her snow-white stockings, her rosy lips, her rounded chin, and her graceful, flexible neck.

More than one pretty girl scrutinized her with a searching glance, trying to discover something to find fault with, while her round white arm, bare to the elbow after the fashion of the country, rested on Fritz' with artless grace; but two or three old women, peering at her with half-shut eyes, laughed amidst their wrinkles, and said to each other quite loud, "He has chosen well!"

Kobus, hearing this, turned towards them with a smile of satisfaction. He, too, would have liked to say something gallant to Suzel, but he could think of nothing—he was too happy.

At last Haan selected from the third bench to the left a woman about six feet high, with black hair, a hawk nose, and piercing eyes, who rose from her seat like a shot and made her way to the floor with a majestic air. He preferred this style of woman; she was the daughter of the burgomaster. Haan seemed quite proud of his choice; he drew himself up and arranged the frill of his shirt, whilst the tall girl, who outtopped him by half a head, looked as if she was taking charge of him.

At the same moment Schoultz led forward a little round-about woman, with the brightest red hair possible, but gay and smiling, and clinging tight to his elbow as if to prevent him making his escape.

They took their places, in order to make the circuit of the hall, as is the usual custom. Scarcely had they completed the first round when Joseph called out, —

“Kobus, are you ready?”

As his only answer, Fritz seized Suzel by the waist with his left arm, and holding her hand aloof with the other, after the gallant manner of the eighteenth century, he whirled her away like a feather. Joseph commenced his waltz with three strokes of his bow. Every one understood at once that something strange was to follow — a waltz of the spirits of the air, which they dance on summer nights when nothing is to be seen but a streak of reddish light in the distant horizon, when the leaves cease their rustling, when the insects fold their wings to rest, and the chorister of the night preludes his song with three notes, the first low and deep, the second tender, and the third so full of life and passion that every noise is hushed to listen.

So commenced Joseph, having many a time in his wandering life taken lessons from the songster of the night, his elbow resting on some mossy bank, his head supported on his hand, and his eyes closed in a sort of dreamy ecstasy of delight. Then, rising in animation, like the grand master of melody with his quivering wings, who showers down every evening around the nest where his well-beloved reposes more floods of melody than the dew showers pearly drops on the grass of the valley, the waltz commenced, rapid, sparkling, wild — the spirits of the air soared aloft, drawing Fritz and Suzel, Haan and the burgomaster's daughter, Schoultz and his partner, after them in endless gyrations. Bockel threw in the distant murmur of the mountain torrents, and the tall Andrès marked the time with rapid and joyous touches, like the cries of the swallows cutting the air, for inspiration comes from Heaven, and knows no law but its own fantasy, while order and measure reign on this lower earth!

And now picture to yourself the amorous circles of the waltz crossing and interlacing in never-ending succession, the flying feet, the floating robes, rounding and swelling in fan-shaped curves; Fritz holding little Suzel in his arms, raising her hand aloft gracefully, gazing at her with delight, whirling around at times like the wind, and then slowly revolving in measured cadence, smiling, dreaming, gazing at her again, and then darting off with renewed ardor; whilst she, with her waist undulating in graceful curves, her long tresses floating behind her like wings, and her charming little head thrown backwards, gazed at him in ecstasy, her little feet scarcely touching the ground as she flew along.

Fat Haan, grappling his tall partner with uplifted arm, galloped away without a moment's intermission, balancing and stamping with his heels to mark the time, and looking up at her from time to time, with an air of profound admiration, while she, with her hooked nose, twirled about like a weathercock.

Schoultz, his back rounded in a semicircle and his long legs bent, held his red-haired partner under the arms, and kept turning, turning, turning, without a moment's cessation, and with the most wonderful regularity, like a bobbin on its spindle, and keeping time so exactly that the spectators were fairly enchanted.

But it was Fritz and the little Suzel that excited universal admiration, from the grace of their movements and the happiness which shone in their faces. They no longer belonged to this lower earth, they felt as if they were floating in a sort of celestial atmosphere. This music, singing in joyous strains the praises of happiness and love, seemed as if composed expressly for them. The eyes of the whole hall were riveted upon them, while they saw no one but each other. At times their youth and good looks so excited the enthusiasm of the audience that it seemed as if they were about to burst into a thunder of applause, but their anxiety to hear the waltz kept them silent. It was only when Haan, almost beside himself with delight in the contemplation of the tall burgomaster's daughter, raised himself on tiptoe, and whirling her round him twice, shouted in a stentorian voice — "*you! you!*" subsiding the next moment into the regular cadence of the dance, and when Schoultz at the same moment, raising his right leg, passed it, without missing a bar of the tune, over the head of his plump little partner, and in a hoarse voice, and whirling round like one possessed, began to shout — "*you! you! you! you! you! you!*" that the admiration of the spectators found vent in clapping of hands and stamping of feet, and a storm of hurrahs, which shook the whole building.

Never in their whole lives had they seen such dancing. The enthusiasm lasted for more than five minutes, and when at last it died away, they heard with pleasure the waltz of the spirits of the air again resume the ascendant, as the song of the nightingale swells out in the night air after the summer storm has passed.

At last Haan and Schoultz were fairly exhausted, the perspiration was pouring down their cheeks, and they were fain to

promenade their partners through the hall, although it seemed as if Haan were being led about by his *danseuse*, while Schoultz, on the other hand, looked as if he were carrying his fair one suspended from his elbow.

Suzel and Fritz still kept whirling round. The shouts and stamping of feet of the spectators did not seem to reach their ears, and when Joseph, himself exhausted, drew the last long-drawn sigh of love from his violin, they stopped exactly opposite Father Christel and another old Anabaptist, who had just entered the hall, and were gazing at them with surprise and admiration.

"Halloo! So you are here, too, Father Christel," exclaimed Fritz, beaming with delight; "you see Suzel and I have been dancing together."

"It is a great honor for us, Mr. Kobus," replied the farmer, smiling; "a great honor, indeed. But does the little one understand it? I fancied she had never danced a step in her life."

"Why, Father Christel, Suzel is a butterfly, a perfect little fairy; I believe she has wings!"

Suzel was leaning on his arm, her eyes cast down, and her cheeks covered with blushes, and Father Christel, looking at her with delight, asked:—

"But, Suzel, who taught you to dance? I was quite surprised to see you just now."

"Mazel and I," replied the little one, "used to take a turn or two in the kitchen now and then to amuse ourselves."

Then the people around, who had leaned forward to listen, could not help laughing, and the other Anabaptist exclaimed:—

"What are you thinking of, Christel? Do you imagine that young girls require to be taught to waltz? Don't you know that it comes to them by nature? Ha! ha! ha!"

Fritz, learning by this that Suzel had never danced with any man but himself, felt fairly intoxicated with happiness. He would have liked to burst out singing, but restraining himself he said:—

"Oh! this is only the beginning of the *fête*. You will see what fun we shall have. You will stay with us, Father Christel; Haan and Schoultz are here too; we shall dance until evening, and sup together afterwards at the Golden Sheep."

"That," said Christel, "saving your favor, Mr. Kobus, and notwithstanding all the pleasure I should have in staying, I

could not take on myself to agree to. I must go now. I only came here to fetch Suzel."

"To fetch Suzel?"

"Yes, Mr. Kobus."

"And why so?"

"Because the work is pressing at home — we are now busy with the harvest, and the weather may change from this till to-morrow. It is more than I like to have lost two days already at this season; but still I don't say against it, for it is said, 'Honor thy father and mother.' And to come once or twice a year to see one's mother is not too much. But I must go now. And then, last week, at Hunebourg, you entertained me so well that I didn't get home till ten o'clock at night. And if I were to stay now my wife would think I was getting into bad ways, and would be quite uneasy."

Fritz was quite disconcerted. Not knowing what to reply, he took Christel by the arm, and with Suzel on the other, left the hall, the other Anabaptist following.

"Father Christel," said he, catching him by the button of his overcoat, "perhaps you are quite right as concerns yourself, but what is the necessity of taking Suzel? You might very well trust her with me. Deuce take it! one hasn't so many opportunities of taking a little enjoyment."

"Why, goodness knows, I would trust her with you with pleasure," said the farmer, holding up his hands; "I consider she would be as safe with you as with her own father, Mr. Kobus, only look at the loss she would be to us. It doesn't do to leave the laborers to themselves altogether. My wife attends to the kitchen, I drive the wagons; if the weather should change, who knows when we would get the hay in? And, besides, we have a family matter to settle — a weighty matter too."

Whilst saying this he looked at the other Anabaptist, who nodded his head gravely.

"And so, Mr. Kobus, I beg you will not keep us — you would be quite wrong if you did — eh, Suzel?"

Suzel did not answer; she kept her eyes fixed on the ground, but it was plain she would have liked dearly to stay.

Fritz saw that by persisting longer he might give rise to all sorts of surmises; so, yielding to circumstances, he changed his tone, and said in as cheerful a voice as he could command: —

"Well, then, since it is impossible, we shall say no more

about it. But at least you will take a glass of wine with us at the Golden Sheep?"

"Oh, as for that, Mr. Kobus, I won't refuse you. I shall just go now with Suzel and say good-by to grandmother, and in a quarter of an hour we will be with you at the auberge."

"Very good — I shall be on the lookout for you."

Fritz pressed Suzel's hand tenderly; the poor little thing looked very sad as she turned away with her father. Fritz stood looking after them as they crossed the square, and then turned back into the Madame Hütte.

Haan and Schoultz, after conducting their partners to their seats, had returned to the orchestra gallery, and Fritz rejoined them there.

"You must tell Andrès to lead the orchestra for you," said he to Joseph, "and join us over a glass or two of good wine at the hotel yonder."

The Bohemian asked for no better, and Andrès having taken his place at the desk, the four left the hall arm in arm.

At the auberge of the Golden Sheep Fritz ordered up a dessert into the now deserted *salle-à-manger*, and Father Loerich went down to the cellar for three bottles of champagne, which he put to cool in a bucket of water fresh from the spring. That done, the party took their seats at the window, and almost immediately afterwards the Anabaptist's *char-à-banc* appeared at the end of the street. Christel was seated in front, and Suzel behind on a bundle of straw in the midst of a heap of *kougelhof* and tarts of all kinds which they were always in the habit of bringing home from the fair.

Fritz, seeing Suzel coming, hastened to cut the wire of one of the bottles, and just at the moment when the wagon stopped he stood up in the window and let fly the cork like a rocket, exclaiming, —

"To the prettiest dancer of the *treieleins* in Bischem!"

You may imagine whether the little Suzel was happy on hearing this; it was exactly like a pistol shot at a wedding. Christel laughed heartily, and thought to himself, —

"This good-hearted Mr. Kobus is a little tipsy, but one can't be surprised at that on a *fête* day."

And entering the *salle*, he raised his broad-brimmed hat, saying: —

"That ought to be the champagne of which I have often heard — that wine of France which turns the heads of those

fighting people, and leads them to make war on all the world Am I wrong?"

"No, Father Christel, no; take a seat," replied Fritz. "See, Suzel, here is your chair beside me. Take one of these glasses. To the health of my fair partner!"

All the party hammered on the table, crying, —

"*Das soll gulden!*"

And then, raising their elbows, they tossed off the bumper with a clacking of tongues like the sound of a flock of thrushes at the myrtle harvest.

Suzel only dipped her rosy lips in the foaming liquor, her large blue eyes raised towards Kobus, and said in a scarcely audible voice: —

"Oh, how good it is! It is not wine, it is something far better!"

She was as red as a cherry; and Fritz, who felt as happy as a king, drew himself up in his chair, murmuring with a smile of satisfaction, —

"Yes, yes, it isn't bad."

He would have given all the wines of France and Germany to dance the *treieleins* once more with Suzel.

How a man's ideas can change in three months!

Christel, seated opposite the window, with his great felt hat resting on the back of his neck, his face beaming, his elbows on the table, and his whip between his knees, gazed at the magnificent sunshine outside, and, thinking all the time of the harvest, kept saying, —

"Yes, yes, it is a good wine!"

He paid no attention to Kobus and Suzel, who smiled at each other like two children without saying a word, perfectly happy in being together. But Joseph observed them with a dreamy and thoughtful expression.

Schultz filled the glasses afresh, exclaiming: —

"You may say what you like, but Frenchmen have some good things in that country of theirs! What a pity that their Champagne, their Burgundy, and their Bordeaux are not on the right side of the Rhine!"

"Schultz," said Haan, gravely, "you don't know what you are wishing for. Just reflect that if we had these provinces, they would come over and take them from us. It would be quite another sort of extermination from that of their liberty and equality — it would be the end of the world! — for wine

is something real and tangible, and these Frenchmen, who are always talking of first principles, sublime ideas, and noble sentiments, hold fast to the real and substantial. Whilst the English are ever protecting the human race in general, and would have you believe they never cast a thought on such trifles as sugar, pepper, or cotton, the French on their side have always some line or other to rectify. Sometimes it leans too much to the right, sometimes too much to the left. They call that resuming their natural limits.

"As for the fat pasture grounds, the vineyards, the meadows, the forests that happen to lie within these lines, that is a thing they never think about; they hold merely to their ideas of justice and geometry. Heaven preserve us from having a slice of Champagne in Saxony or Mecklenburg; their natural limits would soon be found to tend in that direction! Far better to buy a few bottles of good wine from them when we want them and preserve our equilibrium. Our old Germany loves peace and quietness, and she has therefore invented the equilibrium. In Heaven's name, Schoultz, don't let us cherish rash desires!"

Haan spoke with considerable warmth, and Schoultz, emptying his glass, abruptly replied:—

"You speak like a pacific citizen, but I as a warrior. Every one to his taste and profession."

So saying, he knit his brow, and proceeded to uncork another bottle.

Christel, Joseph, Fritz, and Suzel paid no attention to this dialogue.

"What splendid weather!" exclaimed Christel, as if speaking to himself. "Here is now nearly a month that we have had no rain, and every evening dew in abundance. It is a real blessing from Heaven."

Joseph filled the glasses.

"Since the year '22," resumed the old farmer, "I don't remember to have seen such a fine weather for getting in the hay harvest; and that year the wine, too, was very good. It was mild, well-flavored wine. There was a good harvest and a good vintage."

"Did you enjoy yourself, Suzel?" asked Fritz.

"Ah, yes, Mr. Kobus," said the little one; "I never enjoyed myself so much as to-day. I shall always remember it!"

She looked at Fritz, whose eyes were suffused with agitation and happiness.

"Come," said he, "another glass."

In pouring it out he happened to touch her hand, and a thrill ran through his whole frame.

"Do you like the *treiteleins*, Suzel?"

"Oh, it is the nicest dance, Mr. Kobus! How could I help liking it? And then with such music! Oh, how good the music was!"

"Do you hear, Joseph!" murmured Fritz.

"Yes, yes," replied the Bohemian, in a low voice. "I hear it, Kobus; that gives me pleasure — I am content."

He looked at Fritz as if he would read to the bottom of his heart, and Kobus felt in such a state of happiness that he could not utter a word. Meanwhile the three bottles had been emptied. Fritz, turning to the innkeeper, said, —

"Father Loerich, two bottles more!"

But at this, Christel starting from his reverie exclaimed: —

"Mr. Kobus! Mr. Kobus! what are you thinking of? I should be sure to overturn the wagon! No, no; it's now after five o'clock. It's full time we were on the road."

"Well, since you wish it, Father Christel, we must put it off till some other time. So you don't like this wine?"

"On the contrary, Mr. Kobus, I like it greatly, but although mild to the taste it's terribly strong. I might miss my way if I took any more — he! he! he! Come, Suzel, we must go!"

Suzel rose from her seat, quite agitated, and Fritz, holding her by the arm, stuffed the dessert into the pockets of her apron: macaroons, almonds — in short, everything.

"Oh, Mr. Kobus," said she, in her little soft voice, "that's enough."

"Eat these to please me," said he; "you have pretty little teeth, Suzel, just made for eating nice things; and we must some day or other drink some more of this small white wine together, since you say you like it."

"Oh! good gracious, how should I drink such wine — it's so dear!" said she.

"Never mind, never mind — I know what I am saying," murmured he; "you shall see we will drink some more of it together."

And Father Christel, who was slightly elevated, looked at them, saying to himself: —

"What a good-hearted man Mr. Kobus is! Ah! the Lord

does well to shower down His blessings on such men — it's like the dew of heaven, every one gets his share."

At last all the party rose to go. Fritz gave his arm to Suzel and led the way, saying, —

"I must certainly see my partner off."

When they reached the wagon he caught Suzel under the arms, and crying, "Jump, Suzel!" he lifted her like a feather and placed her on the straw, which he pulled up about her carefully.

"Push your little feet well into it," said he; "the evenings are getting cool now."

Then, without waiting for any answer, he went straight up to Father Christel, and shook him heartily by the hand.

"A pleasant journey to you, Father Christel," said he, "and safe home!"

"I wish you a very pleasant evening, gentlemen," replied the old farmer, seating himself beside the shaft and taking the reins.

Suzel had turned quite pale. Fritz took her hand, and raising his forefinger, —

"Remember! we are to drink some more of the little white wine together!" said he, which made her smile.

Christel gave a smart cut of the whip to his horses, which set off at a gallop. Haan and Schoultz had returned into the auberge. Fritz and Joseph remained standing on the thresh-old, looking after the vehicle; Fritz, especially, never took his eyes off it. It was just about to disappear round the corner when Suzel turned her head quickly.

Then Kobus, throwing his two arms about Joseph, gave him a hearty hug, the tears standing in his eyes.

"Yes, yes," said the Bohemian, in a deep, soft voice, "it is a good thing to embrace an old friend! But her whom you love, and who loves you — ah, Fritz, that is another thing!"

Kobus saw that Joseph had guessed everything. He felt as if he could burst into tears; but all at once, seizing the Bohemian by the hand, he began to jump about, exclaiming: —

"Come along, old fellow, come along; let's have some fun and enjoy ourselves. Now for the Madame Hütte. What a glorious evening! What a lovely sun!"

SHON MCGANN'S TOBOGGAN RIDE.

By SIR GILBERT PARKER.

[(HORATIO) GILBERT PARKER, novelist, was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1859, was educated at the Ottawa Normal School, and at Trinity College, Toronto. He taught school, studied for the Church, and lectured on English literature, before his removal to Australia, in 1886, where he engaged in journalism, and wrote a volume of poems. He settled in England, became a Member of Parliament in 1900, was knighted in 1902, and became a baronet in 1915. His first important book was "Pierre and His People," stories of the Canadian West. This has been followed by a score of others, generally Canadian in setting. He has also written several plays and volumes of history and travel. This extract from "Pierre and His People" was made by permission of the author and of the authorized publishers, Harper and Bros.]

"OH, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,
 With the knees pressing hard to the saddle, my men;
 With the sparks from the hoofs giving light to the eyes,
 And our hearts beating hard as we rode to the glen! —

And it's back with the ring of the chain and the spur,
 And it's back with the sun on the hill and the moor,
 And it's back is the thought sets my pulses astir! —
 But I'll never go back to Farcalladen more."

Shon McGann was lying on a pile of buffalo robes in a mountain hut, — an Australian would call it a humpey, — singing thus to himself with his pipe between his teeth. In the room, besides Shon, were Pretty Pierre, Jo Gordineer, the Honorable Just Trafford, called by his companions simply "The Honorable," and Prince Levis, the owner of the establishment. Not that Monsieur Levis, the French Canadian, was really a Prince. The name was given to him with a humorous cynicism peculiar to the Rockies. We have little to do with Prince Levis here; but since he may appear elsewhere, this explanation is made.

Jo Gordineer had been telling The Honorable about the ghost of Guidon Mountain, and Pretty Pierre was collaborating with their host in the preparation of what, in the presence of the Law — that is of the North-West Mounted Police — was called ginger-tea, in consideration of the prohibition statute.

Shon McGann had been left to himself — an unusual thing; for every one had a shot at Shon when opportunity occurred; and never a bull's eye could they make on him. His wit was like the shield of a certain personage of mythology.

He had wandered on from verse to verse of the song with one eye on the collaborators and an ear open to The Honorable's polite exclamations of wonder. Jo had, however, come to the end of his weird tale — for weird it certainly was, told at the foot of Guidon Mountain itself, and in a region of vast solitudes — the pair of chemists were approaching "the supreme union of unctuous elements," as The Honorable put it, and in the silence that fell for a moment there crept the words of the singer:

"And it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,
And it's swift as an arrow and straight as a spear —"

Jo Gordineer interrupted. "Say, Shon, when shall you get through with that toboggan ride of yours? Isn't there any end to it?"

But Shon was looking with both eyes now at the collaborators, and he sang softly on:

"And it's keen as the frost when the summer-time dies,
That we rode to the glen and with never a fear."

And then he added: "The end's cut off, Joey, me boy; and what's a toboggan ride, anyway?"

"Listen to that, Pierre. I'll be eternally shivered if he knows what a toboggan ride is!"

"Hot shivers it'll be for you, Joey, me boy, and no quinine over the bar, aither," said Shon.

"Tell him what a toboggan ride is, Pierre."

And Pretty Pierre said: "Eh, well. I will tell you — it is like — no, you have the word precise, Joseph! Eh? What?"

Pierre then added something in French. Shon did not understand it, but he saw The Honorable smile, so with a gentle kind of contempt he went on singing:

"And it's hey for the hedge, and it's hey for the wall!
And it's over the stream with an echoing cry;
And there's three fled forever from old Donegal,
And there's two that have shown how bold Irishmen die."

The Honorable then said: "What is that all about, Shon? I never heard the song before."

"No more you did. And I wish I could see the lad that wrote that song, livin' or dead. If one of ye's will tell me about your toboggan rides, I'll unfold about 'The Song of Farcalladen Rise.'"

Prince Levis passed the liquor. Pretty Pierre, seated on a candle-box, with a glass in his delicate fingers, said:

"Eh, well, The Honorable has much language; he can speak, precise — this would be better with a little lemon, just a little, — The Honorable, he, perhaps, will tell. Eh?"

Pretty Pierre was showing his white teeth. At this stage in his career, he did not love The Honorable. The Honorable understood that, but he made clear to Shon's mind what tobogganing is.

And Shon on his part, with fresh and hearty voice, touched here and there by a plaintive modulation, told about that ride on Farcalladen Rise; a tale of broken laws, and fights and fighting, and death and exile; and never a word of hatred in it all.

"And the writer of the song, who was he?" said The Honorable.

"A gentleman after God's own heart. Heaven rest his soul, if he's dead, which *I'm* thinkin' is so, and give him the luck of the world if he's livin', say I. But it's little I know what's come to him. In the heart of Australia I saw him last; and mates we were together after gold. And little gold did we get but what was in the heart of him. And we parted one day, I carryin' the song that he wrote for me of Farcalladen Rise, and the memory of him; and him givin' me the word, — 'I'll not forget you, Shon, me boy, whatever comes; remember that. And a short pull of the Three-Star together for the partin' salute,' says he. And the Three-Star in one sup each we took, as solemn as the Mass, and he went away towards Cloncurry and I to the coast; and that's the last that I saw of him, now three years gone. And here I am, and I wish I was with him wherever he is."

"What was his name?" said The Honorable.

"Lawless."

The fingers of The Honorable trembled on his cigar. "Very interesting, Shon," he said as he rose, puffing hard till his face was in a cloud of smoke. "You had many adventures together, I suppose," he continued.

"Adventures we had and sufferin' bewhiles, and fun, too, to the neck and flowin' over."

"You'll spin us a long yarn about them another night, Shon," said The Honorable.

"I'll do it now — a yarn as long as the lies of the Government; and proud of the chance."

"Not to-night, Shon" (there was a kind of huskiness in the voice of The Honorable); "it's time to turn in. We've a long

tramp over the glacier to-morrow, and we must start at sunrise."

The Honorable was in command of the party, though Jo Gordineer was the guide, and all were, for the moment, miners, making for the little Goshen Field over in Pipi Valley. — At least Pretty Pierre said he was a miner.

No one thought of disputing the authority of The Honorable, and they all rose.

In a few minutes there was silence in the hut, save for the oracular breathing of Prince Levis and the sparks from the fire. But The Honorable did not sleep well; he lay and watched the fire through most of the night.

The day was clear, glowing, decisive. Not a cloud in the curve of azure, not a shiver of wind down the cañon, not a frown in Nature, if we except the lowering shadows from the shoulders of the giants of the range. Crowning the shadows was a splendid helmet of light, rich with the dyes of the morning; the pines were touched with a brilliant if austere warmth. The pride of lofty lineage and severe isolation was regnant over all. And up through the splendor, and the shadows, and the loneliness, and the austere warmth, must our travelers go. Must go? Scarcely that, but The Honorable had made up his mind to cross the glacier and none sought to dissuade him from his choice; the more so, because there was something of danger in the business. Pretty Pierre had merely shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion, and had said:

"Oh, well, the higher we go the faster we live, that is something."

"Sometimes we live ourselves to death too quickly. In my schooldays I watched a mouse in a jar of oxygen do that," said The Honorable.

"That is the best way to die," said the half-breed — "much."

Jo Gordineer had been over the path before. He was confident of the way and proud of his office of guide.

"Climb Mont Blanc if you will," said The Honorable, "but leave me these white bastions of the Selkirks."

Even so. They have not seen the snowy hills of God who have yet to look upon the Rocky Mountains, absolute, stupendous, sublimely grave.

Jo Gordineer and Pretty Pierre strode on together. They being well away from the other two, The Honorable turned and said to Shon: "What was the name of the man who wrote that song of yours, again, Shon?"

"Lawless."

"Yes, but his first name?"

"Duke — Duke Lawless."

There was a pause, in which the other seemed to be intently studying the glacier above them. Then he said: "What was he like? — in appearance, I mean."

"A trifle more than six feet, about your color of hair and eyes, and with a trick of smilin' that would melt the heart of an exciseman, and O'Connell's own at a joke, barrin' a time or two that he got hold of a pile of papers from the ould country. By the grave of St. Shon! thin he was as dry of fun as a piece of blotting-paper. And he said at last, before he was aisy and free again, 'Shon,' says he, 'it's better to burn your ship behind ye, isn't it?'"

"And I, havin' thought of a glen in ould Ireland that I'll never see again, nor any that's in it, said: 'Not only burn them to the water's edge, Duke Lawless, but swear to your own soul that they never sailed but in the dreams of the night.'"

"'You're right there, Shon,' says he, and after that no luck was bad enough to cloud the gay heart of him, and bad enough it was sometimes."

"And why do you fear that he is not alive?"

"Because I met an old mate of mine one day on the Frazer, and he said that Lawless had never come to Cloncurry; and a hard, hard road it was to travel."

Jo Gordineer was calling to them and there the conversation ended. In a few minutes the four stood on the edge of the glacier. Each man had a long hickory stick which served as alpenstock, a bag hung at his side, and tied to his back was his gold-pan, the hollow side in, of course. Shon's was tied a little lower down than the others. . . .

Suddenly there was a sharp cry from Pierre: "*Mon Dieu!* Look!"

Shon McGann had fallen on a smooth pavement of ice. The gold-pan was beneath him, and down the glacier he was whirled — whirled, for Shon had thrust his heels in the snow and ice, and the gold-pan performed a series of circles as it sped down the incline. His fingers clutched the ice and snow, but they only left a red mark of blood behind. Must he go the whole course of that frozen slide, plump into the wild depths below?

"*Mon Dieu! — mon Dieu!*" said Pretty Pierre, piteously. The face of The Honorable was set and tense. Jo Gordineer's hand clutched his throat as if he choked. Still Shon sped. It

was a matter of seconds only. The tragedy crowded to the awful end.

But, no.

There was a tilt in the glacier, and the gold-pan, suddenly swirling, again swung to the outer edge, and shot over.

As if hurled from a catapult, the Irishman was ejected from the white monster's back. He fell on a wide shelf of ice, covered with light snow, through which he was tunnelled, and dropped on another ledge below, near the path by which he and his companions had ascended.

"Shied from the finish, by God!" said Jo Gordineer.

"*Le pauvre* Shon!" added Pretty Pierre.

The Honorable was making his way down, his brain haunted by the words, "He'll never go back to Farcalladen more."

But Jo was right.

For Shon McGann was alive. He lay breathless, helpless, for a moment; then he sat up and scanned his lacerated fingers: he looked up the path by which he had come; he looked down the path he seemed destined to go; he started to scratch his head, but paused in the act, by reason of his fingers.

Then he said: "It's my mother wouldn't know me from a can of cold meat if I hadn't stopped at this station; but wurrawurra! what a car it was to come in!" And he looked at his tattered clothes and bare elbows. He then unbuckled the gold-pan, and no easy task was it with his ragged fingers. "'Twas not for deep minin' I brought ye," he said to the pan, "nor for scrapin' the clothes from me back."

Just then The Honorable came up. "Shon, my man . . . alive, thank God! How is it with you?"

"I'm hardly worth the lookin' at. I wouldn't turn my back to ye for a ransom."

"It's enough that you're here at all."

"Ah, *voilà!* this Irishman!" said Pretty Pierre, as his light fingers touched Shon's bruised arm gently.

This from pretty Pierre!

There was that in the voice which went to Shon's heart. Who could have guessed that this outlaw of the North would ever show a sign of sympathy or friendship for anybody? But it goes to prove that you can never be exact in your estimate of character. Jo Gordineer only said jestingly: "Say, now, what are you doing, Shon, bringing us down here, when we might be well into the Valley by this time?"

"That in your face and the hair off your head," said Shon;

"it's little you know a toboggan ride when you see one. I'll take my share of the grog, by the same token."

The Honorable uncorked his flask. Shon threw back his head with a laugh.

"For it's rest when the gallop is over, me men!
And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;
And it's here's ——"

But Shon had fainted with the flask in his hand and this snatch of a song on his lips.

They reached shelter that night. Had it not been for the accident, they would have got to their destination in the Valley; but here they were twelve miles from it. Whether this was fortunate or unfortunate may be seen later. Comfortably bestowed in this mountain tavern, after they had toasted and eaten their venison and lit their pipes, they drew about the fire.

Besides the four, there was a figure that lay sleeping in a corner on a pile of pine branches, wrapped in a bearskin robe. Whoever it was slept soundly.

"And what was it like — the gold-pan flyer — the toboggan ride, Shon?" remarked Jo Gordineer.

"What was it like? — what was it like?" replied Shon. "Sure, I couldn't see what it was like for the stars that were hittin' me in the eyes. There wasn't any world at all. I was ridin' on a streak of lightnin' and nivr a rubber for the wheels; and me fingers makin' stripes of blood on the snow; and now the stars that were hittin' me were white, and thin they were red, and sometimes blue ——"

"The Stars and Stripes," inconsiderately remarked Joe Gordineer.

"And there wasn't any beginning to things, nor any end of them; and whin I struck the snow and cut down the core of it like a cat through a glass, I was willin' to say with the Prophet of Ireland ——"

"Are you going to pass the liniment, Pretty Pierre?"

It was Jo Gordineer said that.

What the Prophet of Israel did say — Israel and Ireland were identical to Shon — was never told.

Shon's bubbling sarcasm was full-stopped by the beneficent savor that, rising now from the hands of the four, silenced all irrelevant speech. It was a function of importance. It was not simply necessary to say *How!* or *Here's reformation!* or

I look towards you! As if by a common instinct, The Honorable, Jo Gordineer, and Pretty Pierre, turned towards Shon, and lifted their glasses. Jo Gordineer was going to say: "Here's a safe foot in the stirrups to you," but he changed his mind and drank in silence.

Shon's eye had been blazing with fun, but it took on, all at once, a misty twinkle. None of them had quite bargained for this. The feeling had come like a wave of soft lightning, and had passed through them. Did it come from the Irishman himself? Was it his own nature acting through those who called him "partner"?

Pretty Pierre got up and kicked savagely at the wood in the big fireplace. He ostentatiously and needlessly put another log of Norfolk-pine upon the fire.

The Honorable gayly suggested a song.

"Sing us 'Avec les Braves Sauvages,' Pierre," said Jo Gordineer.

But Pierre waved his fingers towards Shon: "Shon, his song — he did not finish — on the glacier. It is good we hear all. Eh?"

And so Shon sang:

"Oh, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise."

The sleeper on the pine branches stirred nervously, as if the song were coming through a dream to him. At the third verse he started up, and an eager sun-burned face peered from the half-darkness at the singer. The Honorable was sitting in the shadow, with his back to the new actor in the scene.

"For it's rest when the gallop is over, my men!

And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last!

And it's here's ———"

Shon paused. One of those strange lapses of memory came to him that come at times to most of us concerning familiar things. He could get no further than he did on the mountain-side. He passed his hand over his forehead, stupidly: "Saints forgive me! but it's gone from me, and sorra the one can I get it; me that had it by heart, and the lad that wrote it far away. Death in the world, but I'll try it again! . . ."

Again he paused.

But from the half-darkness, there came a voice, a clear baritone:

"And here's to the lasses we leave in the glen,
With a smile for the future, a sigh for the past."

At the last words the figure strode down into the firelight.

"Shon, old friend, don't you know me?"

Shon had started to his feet at the first note of the voice, and stood as if spellbound.

There was no shaking of hands. Both men held each other hard by the shoulders, and stood so for a moment looking steadily eye to eye.

Then Shon said: "Duke Lawless, there's parallels of latitude and parallels of longitude, but who knows the tomb of ould Brian Borhoime?"

Which was his way of saying, "How come you here?"

Duke Lawless turned to the others before he replied. His eyes fell on The Honorable. With a start and a step backward, he said, a peculiar angry dryness in his voice:

"Just Trafford!"

"Yes," replied The Honorable, smiling, "I have found you."

"Found me! And why have you sought me — me, Duke Lawless? I should have thought ——"

The Honorable interrupted: "To tell you that you are *Sir Duke Lawless*."

"That? You sought me to tell me *that*?"

"I did."

"You are sure? And for naught else?"

"As I live, Duke."

The eyes fixed on The Honorable were searching. Sir Duke hesitated, then held out his hand. In a swift but cordial silence it was taken. Nothing more could be said then. It is only in plays where gentlemen freely discuss family affairs before a curious public. Pretty Pierre was busy with a decoction. Jo Gordineer was his associate. Shon had drawn back, and was apparently examining the indentations on his gold-pan.

"Shon, old fellow, come here," said Sir Duke Lawless.

But Shon had received a shock. "It's little I knew *Sir Duke Lawless* ——" he said.

"It's little you needed to know then, or need to know now, Shon, my friend. I'm Duke Lawless to you here and henceforth, as ever I was then, on the wallaby track."

And Shon believed him.

The glasses were ready.

"I'll give the toast," said The Honorable, with a gentle gravity. "To Shon McGann and his Toboggan Ride!"

"I'll drink to the first half of it with all my heart," said Sir Duke. "It's all I know about."

"Amen to that divorce!" rejoined Shon.

"But were it not for the Toboggan Ride we shouldn't have stopped here," said The Honorable; "and where would this meeting have been?"

"That alters the case," Sir Duke remarked.

"I take back the 'Amen,' " said Shon.

PARTNERS FOR A DAY.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

(From "They of the High Trails," copyright, 1916, by Harper and Bros. By special permission of the author and the publisher.)

[HAMLIN GARLAND, American author, was born at West Salem, Wisconsin, in 1860, of sturdy pioneer stock. His father grew restless as a community became settled, and pursued the receding frontier as far as Dakota Territory. The experiences of these years afterward furnished material for some of Mr. Garland's best books, as, "Main-Traveled Roads" (1890-98) and "Other Main-Traveled Roads" (1913); "Boy Life on the Prairie" (1899); and "A Son of the Middle Border" (1917), largely autobiographical, and perhaps his most important work. After living in Boston for several years, he removed to Chicago, and later to New York. He has written many stories of the hills, the mountains, and the cattle country, and of the relations of Indians and whites in the West. Among them are, "The Eagle's Heart" (1900); "Her Mountain Lover" (1901); "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop" (1902); "Hesper" (1903); "The Long Trail" (1907). In addition he has written many poems, a biography of Ulysses S. Grant (1898), and "A Daughter of the Middle Border" (1921).]

CINNEBAR was filled with those who took chances. The tenderfoot staked his claim on the chance of selling it again. The prospector toiled in his overland tunnel on the chance of cracking the apex of a vein. The small companies sank shafts on the chance of touching pay ore, the big companies tunneled deep and drifted wide in the hope of cutting several veins. The merchants built in the belief that the camp was a permanent town, and the gamblers took chances of losing money if their game was honest, and put their lives at hazard if they cheated.

Only the saloon-keepers took no chances whatever. They played the safe game. They rejoiced in a certainty, for if the miners had good luck they drank to celebrate it, and if they had bad luck they drank to forget it — and so the liquor-dealers prospered.

Tall Ed Kelley, on his long trip across "the big flat," as he called the valley between the Continental Divide and the Cascade Range, stopped at Cinnebar to see what was going on. In less than three days he sold his horse and saddle and took a chance on a leased mine. At the end of a year he was half owner in a tunnel that was yielding a fair grade of ore and promised to pay, but he was not content. A year in one place was a long time for him, and he was already meditating a sale of his interest in order that he might take up the line of his march toward the Northwest, when a curious experience came to him.

One night as he drifted into the Palace saloon he felt impelled to take a chance with "the white marble." That is to say, he sat in at the roulette-table and began to play small stakes.

The man who rolled the marble was young and good-looking. Kelley had seen him before and liked him. Perhaps this was the reason he played roulette instead of faro. At any rate, he played, losing steadily at first — then, suddenly, the ball began to fall his way, and before the clock pointed to ten he had several hundred dollars in winnings.

"This is my night," he said, on meeting the eyes of the young dealer.

"Don't crowd a winning horse," retorted the man at the wheel; and Kelley caught something in his look which checked his play and led him to quit the game. In that glance the gambler had conveyed a friendly warning, although he said, as Kelley was going away: "Be a sport. Give the wheel another show. See me to-morrow."

Kelley went away with a distinct feeling of friendliness toward the youngster, whose appearance was quite unlike the ordinary gambler. He seemed not merely bored, but disgusted with his trade, and Kelley said to himself: "That lad has a story to tell. He's no ordinary robber."

The next afternoon he met the youth on the street. "Much obliged for your tip last night. The game looked all right to me."

"It was all right," replied the gambler. "I didn't mean

that it was crooked. But I hate to see a good man lose his money as you were sure to do."

"I thought you meant the wheel was 'fixed.'"

"Oh no. It's straight. I call a fair game. But I knew your run of luck couldn't last and" — he hesitated a little — "I'd kinda taken a fancy to you."

"Well, that's funny, too," replied Kelley. "I went over to play your machine because I kind of cottoned to you. I reckon we're due to be friends. My name's Kelley — Tall Ed the boys call me."

"Mine is Morse — Fred Morse. I came out here with a grubstake, lost it, and, being out of a job, fell into rolling the marble for a living. What are you — a miner?"

"I make a bluff at mining a leased claim up here, but I'll admit I'm nothing but a wandering cow-puncher — a kind of mounted hobo. I have an itch to keep moving. I've been here a year and I'm crazy to straddle a horse and ride off into the West. I know the South and East pretty well — so the open country for me is off there where the sun goes down." His voice had a touch of poetry in it, and the other man, though he felt the bigness of the view, said:

"I never was on a horse in my life, and I don't like roughing it. But I like you and I wish you'd let me see something of you. Where are you living?"

"Mostly up at my mine — but I have a room down here at the Boston House. I pick up my meals anywhere."

The young man's voice grew hesitant. "Would you consider taking me in as a side partner? I'm lonesome where I am."

Kelley was touched by the gambler's tone. "No harm trying," he said, with a smile. "We couldn't do more than kill each other. But I warn you I'm likely any day to buy an old cayuse and pull out. I'm subject to fits like that."

"All right — I'll take the chance. I'm used to taking chances."

Kelley laughed. "So am I."

In this informal way they formed a social partnership, and the liking they mutually acknowledged deepened soon into a friendship that was close akin to fraternal love.

Within a week each knew pretty accurately the origin and history of the other, and although they had but an hour or two of an afternoon for talk, they grew to depend upon each other, strangely, and when one day Morse came into the

room in unwonted excitement and said, "Ed, I want you to do something for me," Kelley instantly replied: "All right, boy. Spit it out. What's wanted?"

"I'm in a devil of a hole. My mother and my little sister are coming through here on their way to the Coast. They're going to stop off to see me. I want you to let me in on a partnership in your mine just for a day. They'll only stay a few hours, but I want to have them think I'm making my living in a mine. You get me?"

"Sure thing, Fred. When are they due?"

"To-morrow."

"All right. You get a lay-off from your boss and we'll pull the deal through. I'll tell my old partner I've taken you in on my share and he'll carry out his part of it. He's a good deal of a bonehead, but no talker. But you'll have to put on some miner's duds and spend to-day riding around the hills to get a little sunburn. You don't look like a miner."

"I know it. That worries me, too."

Having given his promise, Kelley seemed eager to carry the plan through successfully. He was sorry for the youth, but he was sorrier for the mother who was coming with such fond pride in the success of her son—for Morse confessed that he had been writing of his "mine" for a year.

He outfitted his new partner with a pair of well-worn miner's boots and some trousers that were stained with clay, and laughed when Fred found them several inches too long.

"You've got to wear 'em. No! New ones won't work. How would it do for you to be so durn busy at the mine that I had to come down and bring your people up?"

"Good idea!" Then his face became blank. "What would I be busy about?"

"That's so!" grinned Kelley. "Well, let's call it your day off and I'll be busy."

"No, I want you to come with me to the train. I need you. You must do most of the talking—about the mine, I mean. I'll say you're the practical miner and I'll refer all questions about the business to you. And we must keep out of the main street. I don't want mother to even *pass* the place I've been operating in."

"What if they decide to stay all night?"

"They won't. They're going right on. They won't be here more than five or six hours."

"All right. We'll find 'em dinner up at Mrs. Finnegan's."

If they're like most tourists they'll think the rough-scuff ways of the Boston House great fun. By the way, how old is this little sister?"

"Good Lord!" Kelley was dashed. He thought a minute. "Well, you attend to her and I'll keep the old lady interested."

"No, you've got to keep close to Flo. I'm more afraid of her than I am of mother. She's sharp as tacks, and the least little 'break' on my part will let her in on my 'stall.' No, you've got to be on guard all the time."

"Well, I'll do my best, but I'm no 'Billie dear,' with girls. I've grew up on the trail, and my talk is mostly red-neck. But I mean well, as the fellow says, even if I don't always do well."

"Oh, you're all right, Kelley. You look the real thing. You'll be part of the scenery for them."

"Spin the marble! It's only for half a day, anyway. They can call me a hole in the ground if they want to. But you must get some tan. I tell you what you do. You go up on the hill and lay down in the sun and burn that saloon bleach off your face and neck and hands. That's *got* to be done. You've got the complexion of a barber."

Morse looked at his white, supple hands and felt of his smooth chin. "You're right. It's a dead give-away. I'll look like a jailbird to them if I don't color up. If I'd only known it a few days sooner I'd have started a beard."

"You'll be surprised at what the sun will do in two hours," Kelley said, encouragingly. "You'll peel afterward, but you'll get rid of the bleach."

II.

In truth Morse looked very well the next morning as he stood beside Kelley and watched the High Line train come in over the shoulder of Mogallon and loop its cautious way down the mine-pitted slopes. His main uneasiness was caused by the thought that his mother might ask some man if he knew her son, and he was disturbed also by a number of citizens lounging on the platform. Some of them were curious about the change in him: "Hello, Fred! Going fishing, or been?"

The boy was trembling as he laid his hand on Kelley's

arm. "Ed, I feel like a coyote. It's a dang shame to fool your old mother like this."

"Better to fool her than to disappoint her," answered Tall Ed. "Stiffen up, boy! Carry it through."

The little train drew up to the station and disgorged a crowd of Italian workmen from the smoker and a throng of tourists from the observation-car, and among these gay "trippers" Kelley saw a small, plain little woman in black and a keen-eyed, laughing girl who waved her hand to Fred. "Why, she's a queen!" thought Kelley.

Mrs. Morse embraced her son with a few murmured words of endearment, but the girl held her brother off and looked at him. "Well, you *do* look the part," she said. "What a glorious sunburn—and the boots—and the hat, and all! Why, Fred, you resemble a man."

"I may resemble one," he said, "but here's the real thing. Here's my partner, Tall Ed Kelley." He pulled Kelley by the arm. "Ed, this is my mother—"

"Howdy, ma'am," said Kelley, extending a timid hand.

"And this is my sister Florence."

"Howdy, miss," repeated Kelley.

Florence laughed as she shook hands. "He says 'Howdy' just like the books."

Kelley stiffened a bit. "What should a feller say? Howdy's the word."

"I told you she'd consider you part of the scenery," put in Fred. "Well, now, mother, we're going to take you right up to our mine. It's away on top of that hill—"

"Oh, glorious!" exclaimed Florence. "And is it a real mine?"

"It is. But Kelley is boss, so I'm going to let him tell you all about it. He's the man that found it."

Mrs. Morse looked up at the towering hill. "How do we get there?"

"A trolley-car runs part way, and then—we'll take a cab. Come on," he added, anxiously, for he could see some of his saloon friends edging near.

The trolley came down almost to the station, and in a few moments they were aboard with Kelley seated beside Florence and Mrs. Morse fondly clinging to her son, who seemed more boyish than ever to Kelley. The old trailer was mightily embarrassed by his close contact with a sprightly girl. He had never known any one like her. She looked like the pic-

tures in the magazines — same kind of hat, same kind of jacket and skirt — and she talked like a magazine story, too. Her face was small, her lips sweet, and her eyes big and bright.

She was chatty as a camp bird, and saw everything, and wanted to know about it. Why were there so many empty cabins? What was the meaning of all those rusty, ruined mills? Weren't there any gardens or grass?

"Why, you see, miss, the camp is an old busted camp. I'm working a lease — I mean, we are —"

"What do you mean by a lease?"

"Well, you see, a lot of men have got discouraged and quit, and went back East and offered their claims for lease on royalty, and I and another feller — and Fred — we took one of these and it happened to have ore in it."

"How long has Fred been with you? — he never mentioned you in his letters."

"Why, it's about a year since we took the lease." Kelley began to grow hot under her keen eyes.

"Strange he never wrote of you. He seems very proud of you, too."

Kelley looked out of the window. "We get along first rate."

The girl studied his fine profile attentively. "I'm glad he fell in with a strong man like you — an experienced miner. He might have made a mistake and lost all his small fortune. My! but it's fine up here! What's that wonderful snowy range off there?"

"That's the Sangre de Cristo Range."

"Sangre de Cristo — Blood of Christ! Those old Spaniards had a lot of poetry in them, didn't they?"

"I reckon so — and a whole lot of stiffening, too. You go through the Southwest and see the country they trailed over — the hot, dry places and the quicksands and cañons and ail that. They sure made them Injuns remember when they passed by."

"You know that country?"

"I may say I do. It was my parade-ground for about fifteen years. I roamed over most of it. It's a fine country."

"Why did you leave it? Do you like this better?"

"I like any new country. I like to explore."

"But you're settled for a while?"

"Well, I don't know — if my partner will take my interest,

I think I'll shift along. I want to get into Alaska finally. I'd like to climb one of them high peaks."

Fred, who was seated in front, turned. "Mother wants to know what the mine paid last year — you tell her."

"It didn't pay much," replied Kelley, cautiously. "You see, we had some new machinery to put in and some roads to grade and one thing or another — I reckon it paid about" — he hesitated — "about three hundred a month. But it's going to do better this year."

Florence, who was studying the men sharply, then said, "I didn't want to worry you about details of machinery and all that."

Kelley began to feel that the girl's ears and eyes were alert to all discrepancies, and he became cautious — so cautious that his pauses revealed more than his words. But the mother saw nothing, heard nothing, but the face and voice of her son, who pointed out the big mines that were still running and the famous ones that were "dead," and so kept her from looking too closely at the steep grades up which the car climbed.

At length, on the very crest of the high, smooth hill, they alighted and Fred led the way toward a rusty old hack that looked as much out of place on that wind-swept point as a Chinese pagoda.

Florence spoke of it. "Looks like Huckleberry Springs. Whom does its owner find to carry up here?"

"Mostly it carries the minister and undertaker at funerals," replied Kelley.

"Cheerful lot!" exclaimed the girl. "It smells morbid."

"You can't be particular up here," responded Fred. "You'll find our boarding-house somewhat crude."

"Oh, I don't mind crudeness — but I hate decayed pretensions. If this were only a mountain cart now!"

"It was the only kerridge with springs," explained Kelley.

The little mother now began to take notice of her son's partner. "My son tells me you have been very good to him — a kind of big brother. I am very grateful."

"Oh, I've done no more for him than he has for me. We both felt kind of lonesome and so rode alongside."

"It's wonderful to me how you could keep Mr. Kelley out of your letters," said Florence. "He looks exactly like a Remington character, only his eyes are honester and his profile handsomer."

Kelley flushed and Fred laughed. "I never did understand why Remington made all his men cross-eyed."

Mrs. Morse put her small, cold hand on Kelley's wrist. "Don't mind my daughter. She's got this new fad of speaking her mind. She's a good daughter — even if she does say rude things."

"Oh, I don't mind being called 'a good-looker,'" said Kelley, "only I want to be sure I'm not being made game of."

"You needn't worry," retorted Fred. "A man of your inches is safe from ridicule."

"Ridicule!" exclaimed Florence, with a glance of admiration. "You can't ridicule a tall pine."

"I told you she'd have you a part of the landscape," exulted Fred. "She'll have you a mountain peak next."

Kelley, who felt himself at a disadvantage, remained silent, but not in a sulky mood. The girl was too entertaining for that. It amused him to get the point of view of a city-bred woman to whom everything was either strange or related to some play or story she had known. The cabins, the mills, the occasional miners they met, all absorbed her attention, and when they reached the little shaft-house and were met by old Hank Stoddard, Kelley's partner, her satisfaction was complete, for Hank had all the earmarks of the old prospector — tangled beard, jack-boots, pipe, flannel shirt, and all. He was from the South also, and spoke with a drawl.

"Oh, but he is a joy!" Florence said, privately, to Kelley. "I didn't know such Bret Harte types existed any more. How did you find him?"

"I used to know him down on the Perco. He had a mine down there that came just within a hair-line of paying, and when I ran across him up here he had a notion the mine would do to lease. I hadn't much, only a horse and saddle and a couple of hundred dollars, but we formed a partnership."

"That was before my brother came into the firm."

Kelley recovered himself. "Yes; you see, he came in a little later — when we needed a little ready cash."

She seemed satisfied, but as they went into the mine she listened closely to all that Kelley and Stoddard said. Stoddard's remarks were safe, for he never so much as mentioned Kelley's name. It was all "I" with old Hank — "I did this" and "I did that" — till Florence said to Kelley:

"You junior partners in this mine don't seem to be anything but 'company' for Mr. Stoddard."

"Hank always was a bit conceited," admitted Kelley. "But then, he is a real, sure-enough miner. We are only 'capitalists.'"

"Where did Fred get all the signs of toil on his trousers and boots?" she asked, with dancing eyes.

"Oh, he works — part of the time."

She peered into his face with roguish glance. "Does it all with his legs, I guess. I notice his hands are soft as mine."

Kelley nearly collapsed. "Good Lord!" he thought. "You ought to be a female detective." He came to the line gamely. "Well, there's a good deal of running to be done, and we let him do the outside messenger work."

"His sunburn seems quite recent. And his trousers don't fit as his trousers usually do. He used to be finicky about such things."

"A feller does get kind of careless up here in the hills," Kelley argued.

They did not stay long in the mine, for there wasn't much to see. It was a very small mine — and walking made the mother short of breath. And so they came back to the office and Hank arranged seats on some dynamite-boxes and a keg of spikes, and then left them to talk things over.

"I'm so glad you're up here — where it's so clean and quiet," said the mother. "I'm told these mining towns are dreadful, almost barbaric, even yet. Of course they're not as they were in Bret Harte's time, but they are said to be rough and dangerous. I hope you don't have to go down there often."

"Of course I have to go, mother. We get all our supplies and our mail down there."

"I suppose that's true. But Mr. Kelley seems such a strong, capable person" — here she whispered — "but I don't think much of your other partner, Mr. Stoddard."

"Who? Old Hank? Why, he's steady as a clock. He looks rough, but he's the kindest old chap on the hill. Why, he's scared to death of you and Flo —"

"He has the appearance of a neglected old bachelor."

"Well, he isn't. He has a wife and seven children back in Tennessee — so he says."

"Fred," said Florence, sharply, "I hope you aren't playing off on these partners of yours."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean — letting them do all the hard and disagreeable work."

Kelley interposed. "Don't you worry about us, miss. We aren't complaining. We can't do the part he does. He does all the buying and selling — and — correspondence — and the like of that. But come, it's pretty near noon. I reckon we'd better drift along to Mrs. Finnegan's. The first table is bad enough in our boarding-place."

Again Fred took his mother and left Kelley to lead the way with Florence.

"Now, Mr. Kelley," began the girl, "I must tell you that I don't believe my brother has a thing to do with this mine except to divide the profits. Furthermore, you are trying to cover something up from me. You're doing it very well, but you've made one or two little 'catches' which have disturbed me. My brother has never mentioned you or Hank in his letters, and that's unnatural. He told us he was interested in a mine which was paying one hundred and fifty dollars a month. Now, why did he say that? I'll tell you why. It's because you pay him a salary and he's not really a partner." She paused to watch his face, then went on. "Now what does he do — what can he do to earn five dollars per day? His palms are as soft as silk — the only callous is on his right forefinger."

Kelley's face, schooled to impassivity, remained unchanged, but his eyes shifted. His astonishment was too great to be entirely concealed. "There's a whole lot of running — and figuring — and so on."

"Not with that little mine. Why, you can't employ more than five men!"

"Six," corrected Kelley, proudly.

"Well, six. You can't afford to pay my brother five dollars a day just to run errands and keep accounts for these six men. You're fooling him. You're paying him a salary out of sheer good nature because you like him. Deny it if you can!"

Kelley looked back to see that Fred was well out of ear-shot. "He is mighty good company," he admitted.

"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly. "You can't fool me. I knew there was something queer about this whole arrangement." Then her voice changed. "It is very, very kind of you, Mr. Kelley, and I deeply appreciate it, and if you don't want me to do it — I will not let mother into our secret."

"What's the use? He's happier being called a partner."

"Very well — we'll let it go that way."

Thereafter her manner changed. She was more thoughtful; she looked at him with softer eyes. It seemed to her very

wonderful, this friendship between a rough, big man and her brother, who had always been something of a scapegrace at home. Her own regard for Kelley deepened. "Men aren't such brutes, after all."

Her smile was less mocking, her jests less pointed, as she sat at Mrs. Finnegan's long table and ate boiled beef and cabbage and drank the simmered hay which they called tea. She was opposite Kelley this time, and could study him to better advantage.

Kelley, on his part, was still very uneasy. The girl's uncanny penetration had pressed so clearly to the heart of his secret that he feared the hours which remained. "I'm at the end of my rope," he inwardly admitted. "She'll catch me sure unless I can get away from her."

Nevertheless, he wondered a little and was a trifle chagrined when the girl suddenly turned from him to her brother. He was a little uneasy thereat, for he was certain she would draw from the youngster some admissions that would lead to a full confession.

As a matter of fact, she sought her brother's knowledge of Kelley. "Tell me about him, Fred. Where did you meet him first? He interests me."

"Well," Morse answered, cautiously, "I don't know exactly. I used to see him come down the hill of an evening after his mail, and I kind of took a shine to him and he did to me. At least that's what he said afterward. He has had a wonderful career. He's been all over Arizona and New Mexico alone. He's been arrested for a bandit and almost killed as city marshal, and he has been associated with a band of cattle-rustlers. Oh, you should get him talking. He nearly died of thirst in the desert once, and a snake bit him in the Navajo country, and he lay sick for weeks in a Hopi town."

"What a singular life! Is he satisfied with it?"

"He says he is. He declares he is never so happy as when he is leading a pack-horse across the range."

"I don't wonder you like him," she said, thoughtfully. "But you should do your part. Don't let him be always the giver and you the taker. I'm afraid you shirk on him a little, Fred."

"Why? What makes you think that?"

"Well, your hands are pretty soft for a working miner."

He met her attack bravely. "You don't suppose we do all the pick work in the mine, do you?"

"No. I don't see how you could possibly do any of it. Come now, Freddy, 'fess up.' You've been playing the gentleman in this enterprise and all this make-up is for our benefit, isn't it?"

Young Morse saw that the safest plan was to admit the truth of her surmise. "Oh, well, I never did have any hand in the actual mining, but then there is plenty of other work to be done."

Her answer was sharp and clear: "Well, then, do it! Don't be a drone."

Something very plain and simple and boyish came out in the young gambler as he walked and talked with his mother and sister, and Kelley regarded him with some amazement and much humor. It only proved that every man, no matter how warlike he pretends to be in public, is in private a weak, sorry soul, dependent on some one; and this youth, so far from being a desperado, was by nature an affectionate son and a loyal brother.

Furthermore, Kelley himself felt very much less the tramp and much more "like folks" than at any time since leaving home ten or fifteen years before. He was careful to minimize all his hobo traits and to correspondingly exalt his legitimate mining and cattle experiences, although he could see that Morse had made Florence curious about the other and more adventurous side of his career.

Florence was now determined to make a study of the town. "I like it up here," she said, as she looked down over the tops of the houses. "It interests me, Fred; I propose that you keep us all night."

"Oh, we can't do that!" exclaimed her brother, hastily. "We haven't room."

"Well, there's a hotel, I should hope."

"A hotel — yes. But it is a pretty bad hotel. You see, it's sort of run down — like the town."

This did not seem to disturb her. Rather, it added to her interest. "No matter. We can stand it one night. I want to see the place. I would like to see a little of its street life to-night. It's all so new and strange to me."

Kelley, perceiving that she was determined upon this stop-over, and fearing that the attempt to railroad her out of town on the afternoon train might add to her suspicions, then said:

"I think we can find a place for you if you feel like staying."

Morse was extremely uneasy, and Florence remarked upon

it. "You don't seem overflowing with hospitality, Fred. You don't seem anxious to have us stay on for another day."

He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "Well, it's a pretty rough old village, Flo — a pretty rough place for you and mother."

"We are not alarmed so long as we have you and Mr. Kelley as our protectors," she replied, smiling sweetly upon Tall Ed.

They had reached the car-line by this time, and were standing looking down the valley, and Fred, pulling out his watch, remarked: "You just have time to make that three-o'clock train. That will connect you with the night express for Los Angeles."

"Fred, what's the matter with you?" queried his sister, sharply. "You seem absolutely determined to get rid of us at once." Then, seeing that she had perhaps gone a little too far, she said, with a smile, "Mother, isn't he the loving son?"

The youth surrendered to her will and dropped all opposition. He appeared to welcome their decision to wait over another day; but Kelley busied himself with thinking how he could ward off any undesired information which might approach the two women — the mother especially. It would be quite wonderful if, with another twenty-four hours to spend, Florence did not get Fred's secret from him.

He decided to put the matter squarely before her, and when they took the car arranged to have her sit beside him in a seat across the aisle from the mother and son, and almost immediately began his explanation by saying, very significantly:

"I reckon the boy is right, Miss Morse. You had better take that three-o'clock train."

She faced him with instant appreciation of the change in his tone. "Why so?" she asked, fixing a clear and steady glance upon his face.

"It will be easier for him and better for — for all of us if you go. He wants to spare your mother from —"

She was quick to perceive his hesitation. "From what?" she asked. And as he did not at once reply she went on, firmly: "You might just as well tell me, Mr. Kelley. Fred's been up to some mischief. He's afraid, and you're afraid, we'll find out something to his disadvantage. Now tell me. Is it — is it — a woman?"

"No," said Kelley as decisively as he could. "So far as I know Fred's not tangled up *that* way."

Quick as a flash she took him up on his emphasized word. "In what way is he tangled up?"

Kelley, more and more amazed at her shrewdness and directness, decided to meet it with blunt candor. "Well, you see, it's like this. When he first came out here he struck a streak of hard luck and lost all he had. He was forced to go to work at anything he could get to earn money, and — you see, when a feller is down and out he's got to grab anything that offers — and so, when Dutch Pete took a liking to him and offered him a job, he just naturally had to take it."

"You mean he has been working at something we wouldn't like to know about?"

"That's the size of it."

"What is this job? — It isn't working for you. You wouldn't ask him to do anything that would be disgraceful."

Kelley did not take time to appreciate this compliment. He made his plunge. "No. He has been working for — a saloon."

She showed the force of the blow by asking in a horrified tone, "You don't mean tending bar!"

"Oh no! Not so bad as that," replied Kelley. "Least-ways it don't seem so bad to me. He's been rolling the marble in a roulette wheel."

She stared at him in perplexity. "I don't believe — I — I don't believe I understand what that is. Just tell me exactly."

"Well, he's been taking care of a roulette layout."

"You mean he has been gambling?"

"Well, no. He hasn't been gambling. At least, not lately. But he represents the house, you see. He is something like a dealer at faro and is on a salary."

She comprehended fully now — at least she comprehended enough to settle back into her seat with a very severe and somber expression on her face. "That's where his five per day comes from." She mused for a little while on this, and then suddenly another thought came to her: "What about his being your partner?"

Kelley saw that it was necessary to go the whole way, and he said, quietly: "That was all fixed up yesterday. You see, he wanted to save your mother and you, and he came to me — and wanted me to take him in as a partner, and — I did it."

"You mean a partner for a day?"

"Yes. He was mighty nervous about your coming, and I told him I would help him out. Of course, it didn't worry me none, and so I concluded I would do it."

Her face softened as she pondered upon this. "That was very good of you, Mr. Kelley."

"Oh no! You see, I kinda like the boy. And then we've been partners — side partners. We room together."

She looked out of the window, but she saw nothing of the landscape now. "I understand it all. You want me to take mother away before she finds out."

"'Pears like that is the best thing for you to do. It would hit her a good deal harder than it does you."

"It hits me hard enough," she replied. "To think of my brother running a gambling-machine in a saloon is not especially reassuring. You say he went into it to carry him over a hard place. I'm afraid you were saving my feelings in saying that, Mr. Kelley. How long has he been in this business?"

"A little less than a year."

"And you want me to go away without trying to get him out of this awful trade?"

"I don't see how you could safely try it. I think he is going to quit it himself. Your coming has been a terrible jolt to him. Now I'll tell you what you do. You take the old lady and pull out over the hill and I'll undertake to get the boy out of this gambling myself."

She was deeply affected by his quiet and earnest manner, and studied him with reflective glance before she said: "You're right. Mother must never know of this. She was brought up to believe that saloons and gambling were the devil's strongest lure for souls, and it would break her heart to know that Fred has become a gambler. I will do as you say, Mr. Kelley. I will take this train. But you must write me and tell me what you do. You will write, won't you?"

"Yes," replied Kelley, hesitatingly. "I'll write — but I ain't much of a fist at it. Of course, I may not make a go of my plan, but I think it will work out all right."

She reached her hand to him, as if to seal a compact, and he took it. She said: "I don't know who you are or what you are, Mr. Kelley. But you've been a loyal friend to my brother and very considerate of my mother and me, and I appreciate it deeply."

Kelley flushed under the pressure of her small fingers,

and replied as indifferently as he could: "That's all right, miss. I've got a mother and a sister myself."

"Well, they'd be proud of you if they could know what you have done to-day," she said.

His face took on a look of sadness. "They might. But I'm glad they don't know all I've been through in the last ten years."

III.

Morse was surprised, almost delighted, when his sister announced her decision to take the afternoon train. "That's right," he said. "You can stop on your way back in the spring. Perhaps Kelley and I will have our own house by that time."

The train was on the siding, nearly ready to start, and there was not much chance for further private conference, but Florence succeeded in getting a few final words with Kelley.

"I wish you would tell me what your plan is," she said. "You needn't if you don't want to."

Kelley seemed embarrassed, but concluded to reply. "It is very simple," said he. "I'm going to make him an actual partner in the mine. I'm going to deed him an interest, so that when you come back in the spring he won't have to lie about it."

Her glance increased his uneasiness. "I don't understand you, Mr. Kelley. You must *love* my brother."

He could not quite meet her glance as he answered. "Well, I wouldn't use exactly that word," he said, slowly, "but I've taken a great notion to him — and then, as I say, I have an old mother myself."

The bell on the engine began to ring, and she caught his hand in both of hers and pressed it hard. "I leave him in your hands," she said, and looked up at him with eyes that were wet with tears, and then in a low voice she added: "If I dared to I'd give you a good hug — but I daren't. Good-by — and be sure and write."

As they stood to watch the train climb the hill, Morse drew a deep sigh and said: "Gee! but Flo is keen! I thought one while she was going to get my goat. I wonder what made her change her mind all of a sudden?"

Kelley looked down at him somberly. "I did."

"You did? How?"

"I told her what you had really been working at."

The boy staggered under the force of this. "Holy smoke! Did you do that?"

"Sure I did. It was the only way to save that dear old mother of yours. I told your sister also that I was going to stop your white-marble exercise, and I'm going to do it if I have to break your back."

There was no mistaking the sincerity and determination of Kelley's tone, and the young man, so far from resenting these qualities, replied, meekly: "I want to get out of it, Ed. I've been saying all day that I must quit it. But what can I do?"

"I'll tell you my plan," said Kelley, with decision. "You've got to buy my interest in the mine."

Morse laughed. "But I haven't any money. I haven't three hundred dollars in the world."

"I'll take your note, provided your sister will endorse it, and she will."

The young fellow looked up at his tall friend in amazement which turned at last into amusement. He began to chuckle. "Good Lord! I knew you'd made a mash on Flo, but I didn't know it was mutual. I heard her say, 'be sure and write.'" He slapped Kelley on the back. "There'll be something doing when she comes back in the spring, eh?"

Kelley remained unmoved. "There will be if she finds you rolling that white marble."

"She won't. I'll take your offer. But what will you be doing?"

"Climbing some Alaska trail," replied Kelley, with a remote glance.

THE CORN HUSKING.

By HAMLIN GARLAND.

(From "Boy Life on the Prairie," copyright, 1899. By special permission of the author and of Harper and Bros.)

In the autumn of his eleventh year Lincoln again went into the stubble-field to plough, and for seventy days he journeyed to and fro behind his team, overturning nearly one hundred

and fifty acres of stubble. When he began, the sun was warm and the flies pestiferous, the corn green, the melons ripe. As he followed the plough the corn grew sear, the melon leaves turned black under the heel of frost, the ducks flew south again, the grain-stacks disappeared before the thresher, and the huskers went forth to gather the ripened corn. All day, and every day but Sunday, he worked, seeing the black land grow steadily, while slowly but surely the stubble-land wasted away.

It was a harsh day indeed, when he did not work. Occasionally for an hour or two during a heavy shower he took shelter in the barn, but squalls of snow or rain he was not able to avoid without censure. Owen was a great comfort to him as before, but he had his own work to do in bringing the cattle and in pumping water at the well, picking up chips, and other chores. It was lonely business, and when at last he had laid aside the plough and joined the corn-huskers, Lincoln's heart was very light.

Already in Sun Prairie husking the corn or "shucking" it, as people from the South called it, was a considerable part of the fall work. Each farmer had a field running from twenty to fifty acres, generally near the homestead. Along toward the first of October these fields got dry and yellow under the combined action of the heat and sun. All through the slumbrous days of September the tall soldiers of the corn dreamed in the mist of noon, and while the sun rolled red as blood to its setting, they whispered like sentries awed by the passing of their chief. Each day the mournful rustle of the leaves grew louder, and flights of noisy passing blackbirds tore at the helpless ears with their beaks. The leaves at last were dry as vellum. The stalk still held its sap, but the drooping ear revealed the nearness of the end. At last the owner, plucking an ear, wrung it to listen to its voice; if it creaked, it was not yet fit for the barn. It was solid as oak, and the next day the teams began the harvest.

In big fields like that of Mr. Stewart it was the custom to husk in the field, and from the standing stalk. No one but a stubborn Vermonter like Old Man Bunn thought of cutting it up to husk from the shock. With Jack, the hired man, Lincoln drove out with a big wagon capable of holding fifty bushels of ears. On one side was a high "banger board," which enabled the man working beside the wagon to throw the husked ears in without looking up. The horses walked

astride one row bending it beneath the axle; this was called the "down row," and was invariably set aside as "the boys' row." Lincoln took the down row while Jack husked the two rows on the left of the wagon. The horses were started and stopped by the voice alone, and there was always a great deal of sound and fury in the process. The work was easy and a continual feast for the horses after their long, hard siege at ploughing, and right heartily they improved the shining days.

At first this work was not devoid of charm. The mornings were frosty but clear, and the sun soon warmed the world; but as the days passed, the boys' hands became chapped and sore. Great, painful seams developed between the thumb and forefinger, the nails wore to the quick, and the balls of each finger became tender as boils. The leaves of the corn, ceaselessly whipped by the powerful winds, grew ragged, and the stalks fell, increasing the number of ears for which the husker was forced to stoop. The sun rose later each day and took longer to warm the air. At times he failed to show his face all day, and the frost hung on till nearly noon.

Husking-gloves became a necessity, but this by no means preserved the hands. The rains came and flurries of snow; the gloves, wet and muddy, shrank at night and in the morning were hard as iron. They soon wore out at the ends where the fingers were sorest, and Mrs. Stewart was kept busy sewing on "cots" for Lincoln and her husband: even Jack came to the point of accepting her aid.

To husk eighty or a hundred bushels of corn during the short days of November means making every motion count. Every morning, long before daylight, Lincoln stumbled out of bed, and dressed with numb and swollen fingers, which almost refused to turn a button. Outside he could hear the roosters crowing far and near. The air was still, and the smoke ran into the sky straight as a Lombardy poplar tree. The frost was white on everything, and made the boy shiver as he thought of the thousands of icy ears he must husk during the day.

Sore as his hands were, he had his cows to milk before he could return to breakfast, which consisted of home-made sausages (snassingers, the boys called them) and buckwheat pancakes.

"You won't get anything more until noon, boys," said Mr. Stewart, warningly; "so fill up."

Mrs. Stewart flopped the big, brown, steaming disks into their plates two or three at a time, and over them each man and boy poured some of the delicious fat from the sausages, cut them into strips, and having rolled the strips into wads, filled their stomachs as a hunter loads a gun.

Often they drove afield while the stars were still shining, the wagon clattering and booming over the frozen ground, the horses "humped" and full of "go." It was very hard for the boy to get limbered up on such mornings. The keen wind searched him through and through. His scarf chafed his chin, his gloves were harsh and unyielding, and the tips of his fingers were tender as "felons." The "down" ears were often covered with frost or dirt and sometimes with ice, and as the sun softened the ground, the mud and dead leaves clung to his feet like a ball and chain to a convict.

Owen shed some tears at times. Mr. Stewart was a rapid workman, and it was hard work for the boy to keep up the down rows, especially when he was blue with cold and in agony because of his mistreated hands. When the keen wind and the snow and mud conspired against him, it was hard indeed. Each morning was a dreaded enemy.

There were days when ragged gray masses of clouds swept down on the powerful northern wind, when there was a sorrowful, lonesome moan among the corn rows, when the cranes, no longer soaring at ease, drove straight into the south, sprawling low-hung in the blast, or lost to sight above the flying scud, their necks out-thrust, desperately eager to catch a glimpse of their shining Mexican seas.

On Thanksgiving Day, Mr. Stewart, being apprehensive of snow, hired some extra hands and got out into the field as soon as it was light enough to see the rows. "We must finish to-day boys," he said. "We can't afford to lose an hour. We're in for a big snow-storm."

It was a bitter day. Snow and sleet fell at intervals, rattling in among the sear stalks with a dreary sound. The northeast wind mourned like a dying wolf, and the clouds seemed to leap across a sky torn and ragged, rolling and spreading as in summer tempests. The down ears were sealed up with ice and lumps of frozen earth, and the stalks, ice-armored on the northern side, creaked dismally in the blast. "We need a hammer to crack 'em open," said one of the men to Mr. Stewart.

With great-coats belted around them, with worn fingers

covered with new cots, Lincoln and Owen went into the field. Thick muffled as they were, the cold found them. Slap and swing their hands as they might, their fingers and toes would get numb.

Oh, how they longed for noon! Though he could not afford a holiday, Mr. Stewart had provided turkey and cranberry sauce; and the men talked about it with increasing wistfulness as the day broadened.

"I hope it is a big turkey," said one.

"Say, I'll trade my cranberry sauce for your piece of turkey."

"Stewart don't know what he's in for."

It seemed as though the wagon box held a thousand bushels! And the hired man took a malicious delight in taunting the boys with lacking "sand." "Smooth down your vest and pull up your chin," he said to Owen. "Keep your eye on that turkey."

But the hour of release came at last, and the boys were free to "seud for the house." Once within, they yanked off their old rags, threw their wet mittens under the stove, washed their chafed hands and chapped fingers in warm water, and curled up beside the stove, with their mouths watering for turkey. "They were all eyes and stummick," as Jack said when he came in.

Once at the feast they ate until their father said, "Boys, you must 'a been holler clear to your heels."

Owen made no reply. He merely let out a reef in his waistband and took another leg of turkey.

But the food and the fire served to show how very cold they had been. A fit of shivering came on, which the fire could not subdue. Lincoln's fingers, swollen and painful, palpitated as if a little heart hot with fever were in each one. His back was stiff as that of an old man. His boots, which he had incautiously pulled off, were too small for his swollen chilblain-heated feet, and he could not get them on again.

He wept and shivered, saying, "Oh, I can't go out again," but Mr. Stewart was a stern man, who admitted no demurrer so far as Lincoln was concerned. Owen, shielded by his mother, flatly rebelled. At last, by the use of flour and soap, and the help of his mother, Lincoln forced his poor feet back into their prison cells, belted on his coat, tied on his rags of mittens, and went out, bent, awkward, like an old beggar,

tears on his cheeks, his teeth chattering. His heart was big with indignation, but he dared not complain.

The horses shivered under their blankets that afternoon. The men yelled and jumped about, and slapped their hands across their breasts to warm them, but the work went on. By four o'clock only a few more rows remained, and the cheery, ringing voice of his father helped Lincoln to do his part, though the wind was roaring through the fields with ever increasing volume, carrying flurries of feathery snow and shreds of corn leaves.

Slowly the night came. It began to grow dark, but the men worked on with desperate energy. They were on the last rows, and Lincoln, exalted by the nearness of release, buckled to it with amazing energy, his small figure lost in the dusk behind the wagon. Jack only knew he was there when he pounded on the end-gate to start the horses; the boy's own voice was gone. There was an excitement as of battle in the work now, and he almost forgot his bleeding hands and the ache in his back. The field grew mysterious, vast, and inhospitable as the wind. The touch of the falling snow to his cheeks was like the caress of death's ghostly finger-tips.

Belated flocks of geese swept by at most furious speed, their voices sounding anxious, their talk hurried.

Suddenly a wild yell broke out. One of the teams had broken through the last rows. Jack and Lincoln answered it, being not far behind.

"Hurrah! Tell 'em we're comin'."

Five minutes later, and they, too, reached the last hill of corn. Night had come, but the field was finished. The extra help had proved sufficient. "Now let it snow," said Stewart.

It was good to see the lights shining in the kitchen, and, oh, it was delicious comfort to creep in behind the stove once more, and feel that husking was over. It was better than the supper, though the supper was good.

When quite filled with food, Lincoln crept back to the fire, and opening the oven door, laid a piece of wood thereon, upon which to set his heels, and there he sat till the convulsive tremor went out of his breast and his teeth ceased to chatter. His mother brought him some bran and water in which to soak his poor claws of fingers, and so he came at last to a measure of comfort. At nine o'clock the boys crept upstairs to bed.

NEW-BORN DEATH.

BY DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

To-DAY Death seems to me an infant child,
 Which her worn mother Life upon my knee
 Has set to grow my friend and play with me;
 If haply so my heart might be beguiled
 To find no terrors in a face so mild, —
 If haply so my weary heart might be
 Unto the new-born milky eyes of thee,
 O Death, before resentment reconciled.
 How long, O Death? And shall thy feet depart
 Still a young child with mine, or wilt thou stand
 Full-grown the helpful daughter of my heart,
 What time with thee indeed I reach the strand
 Of the pale wave which knows thee what thou art,
 And drink it in the hollow of thy hand?



DEATH OF BARNIER.

BY E. AND J. DE GONCOURT.

(From "Sister Philomène": translated by Laura Ensor.)

[EDMOND and JULES HUOT DE GONCOURT: French artists and men of letters. Edmond was born at Nancy, May 26, 1822; died July 16, 1896; Jules was born at Paris, December 17, 1830; died June 20, 1870. They began active life as artists, and in 1850 commenced a literary partnership. A series of monographs on art and the stage first gave them repute in 1851-1852. They wrote always in collaboration, kept a journal together, and lived almost as one man until Jules' death; after which Edmond continued to publish novels of the same high degree of excellence as those written with his brother. Among their works, historical and fictitious, are: "Gavarni" (1873), "L'Art au XVIII^e Siècle" (1874), "Watteau" (1876), "Prud'hon" (1877), "Les Hommes de Lettres" (1860), "Sœur Philomène" (1861), "Renée Maupérin" (1864), "Germinie Lacerteux" (1865), "Manette Salomon" (1867), and "Madame Gervaisais" (1869). Jules wrote "La Fille Élisa" (1878), "La Faustin" (1882), and "Idées et Sensations" (1866). The "Journal des Goncourt" was published in six volumes, 1888-1892.]

WHEN in the hospital the patient — man or woman — is not
 a brutish creature, a kind of animal whom poverty has hard-

ened and filled with enmity; when he shows some of the feelings of human nature, and under the hand that tends him reveals some moral sentiments; when his heart has received even the slightest education, he at once finds the doctors and students full of kindly attention.

The Sisters, too, obey the irresistible law of sympathy. They are involuntarily attracted where their tenderness will meet with the best reward, and where also they may hope, in their pious zeal, to find the greatest facility in propagating their religious ideas, and sowing thoughts of God in a soul.

This affection for grateful and favorite patients sustained Sister Philomène's courage; it made her strong and patient. Often she reproached herself for it; she fancied, in her hours of stern self-examination, that her preferences were unjust; but as she felt no remorse, she concluded that God did not demand this sacrifice of her.

Was not her whole life made up of those affections created by her self-devotion, formed by the bedside of the patients, and too often broken by death—abrupt separations that made her so sad? Was it not all her consolation, her love for these women whom she saw, after many long days and much suffering, start off one morning with the joyousness of renewed health, turn the handle of the door, and disappear, leaving with her a feeling of intense happiness, but also the pang of parting?

Amongst her patients Sister Philomène had a young woman whom they had at first hoped to cure, and whose life was now despaired of. In her speech and attitude this woman—entered on the books as a seamstress, and who never spoke of her past—betrayed early traces of education, of fortune, and of a once happy life. A catastrophe could be suspected—one of those misfortunes that oblige unaccustomed hands to work. The emotion of her thanks, her deep and subdued despair, and her resignation had interested every one, the surgeon, the students, and the other patients. Every day—taking advantage of the permission granted to the patients' sons and daughters, a little boy, whom they soon found out lived in a common lodging house in the Rue de l'Hôtel-de-Ville, came and sat by the poor woman's bedside, and called her mother. He was dressed in the old clothes of a better class, which he seemed to have grown up in, and grown out of. He sat on a tall chair, dangling his legs, with the unhappy expression of a child longing to cry, looking at his mother, who, too weak to talk to him,

devoured him with her eyes for a full hour, and then dismissed him.

Sister Philomène took a fancy to the child ; every day she had some fruit or tidbit put aside for him as a surprise. She led him by the hand to her little room, and there talked to him, showed him religious picture books, or gave him a pencil and, seating him at her desk, let him scribble on blank tickets. Sometimes she would wash his face, part his hair, and bring him back clean and tidily combed to the sick bed of his mother, who blessed her with a look such as she would have bestowed on the Holy Virgin if she had appeared to her holding her son's hand.

The woman was fading away. One day the child was seated by her side on a chair. He gazed at her almost terrified, seeking in vain his mother in the face he no longer recognized. The Sister tried in vain to amuse and coax him. At the foot of the bed Barnier was putting mustard plasters on the patient's legs. And the woman, turned toward the Sister, was saying in the slow, low, penetrating voice of one about to die :

"No, Sister, it is not . . . dying . . . that frightens me. . . . I am ready : . . if it were only I . . . but he, my Sister." And she glanced at the child. "When I shall be no longer there . . . so young a child . . . what will become of him?"

"Come, come," said Sister Philomène, "you are going to recover . . . we shall cure you, shall we not, Monsieur Barnier?"

"Certainly . . . we shall cure you, . . ." replied the house surgeon, slowly and with difficulty bringing out his words.

"Oh!" said the sick woman, with a broken-hearted smile, and half-closed eyes. "You cannot understand, Sister, . . . a poor child left all alone in the world. . . . He had but me. . . ."

"As a Christian, you cannot doubt God's goodness and mercy. . . . He will not abandon your child. . . ."

And from Sister Philomène's lips rose an exhortation, which became a prayer, and seemed to lift up and stretch wings out to God, over the bed of the dying woman and the poor little unhappy orphan.

When the Sister had finished, the patient remained silent for a time, and then she sighed :—

"Yes, Sister, I know . . . but to leave him . . . without knowing ; . . . if I were only sure he would have food . . .

bread even . . . if I only were certain he would have bread every day!" And the tears streamed from her eyes half dimmed by death.

Barnier, after putting on the mustard plasters, had remained motionless at the bedside, turning his back on the woman; his hands behind him played nervously with the iron post of the bedstead, when suddenly, carried away by one of those impulses that sometimes seize hold of the strongest, he turned round, and in a short, abrupt voice said to the dying woman:—

"Well, if that is all you want, you may make your mind easy. . . . I have a kind old mother who lives in the country. . . . She says the house seems too big now I have left. . . . It is an easy matter; your boy will keep her company. . . . And I can answer for it, she does not make children unhappy."

"Oh!" said the woman, who seemed to revive for a moment. "God will reward you!"

And she drew the child toward her in an ardent embrace, as though she wished, before giving him up to another woman, to fill his memory with his mother's last kiss.

"Yes," repeated the Sister, looking at the surgeon—"yes, indeed, God will reward you."

Sometimes the surgeon was in a teasing mood. On such days he amused himself by tormenting Sister Philomène on religion. He would argue, philosophize, dispute with mischievous persistency, but yet handle his subject with as light a touch as that with which a well-mannered man makes fun of the tastes of a young girl he honors, or the convictions of a woman he respects. He would press the Sister, worry her by jesting in order to make her speak and reply to him. He would have liked to make her impatient; but the Sister understood his maneuvers and guessed his intention from the smile that he could not conceal. She would allow him to talk, look at him, and then laugh. The surgeon, with his most serious air, would renew his arguments, seeking for those that might most embarrass the Sister; trying, for example, to prove to her by scientific reasons the impossibility of such and such a miracle. The Sister, undisturbed, replied by evading the question with a jest, a sally of natural mother wit and honest common sense, by one of those simple and happy phrases that faith puts into the mouths of the ignorant and the simple. One day, pushed to the far end, Barnier said to her:—

"After all, Sister, suppose heaven does not exist : you will be famously sold."

"Yes," replied Sister Philomène, laughing, "but if it does, you will be much more sold than I."

The next morning the whole hospital knew that Barnier, having scratched his hand on the previous day while dissecting a body in a state of purulent infection, was dying in terrible agonies.

When at four o'clock Malivoire, quitting for a few moments the bedside of his friend, came to replace him in the service, the Sister went up to him. She followed from bed to bed, dogging his steps, without, however, accosting him, without speaking, watching him intently, with her eyes fixed on his. As he was leaving the ward :—

"Well?" she asked, in the brief tone with which women stop the doctor on his last visit at the threshold of the room.

"No hope," said Malivoire, with a gesture of despair, "there is nothing to be done. It began at his right ankle, went up the leg and thigh, and has attacked all the articulations. Such agonies, poor fellow ; it will be a mercy when it's over."

"Will he be dead before night?" asked the Sister, calmly.

"Oh, no ! He will live through the night. It is the same case as that of Raguideau three years ago ; and Raguideau lasted forty-eight hours."

That evening, at ten o'clock, Sister Philomène might be seen entering the church of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires.

The lamps were being lowered, the lighted tapers were being put out one by one with a long-handled extinguisher. The priest had just left the vestry.

The Sister inquired where he lived, and was told that his house was a couple of steps from the church in the Rue de la Banque.

The priest was just going into the house when she entered behind, pushing open the door he was closing.

"Come in, Sister," he said, unfurling his wet umbrella and placing it on the tiled floor in the anteroom. And he turned toward her. She was on her knees. "What are you doing, Sister?" he said, astonished at her attitude. "Get up, my child. This is not a fit place. Come, get up."

"You will save him, will you not?" and Philomène caught hold of the priest's hands as he stretched them out to help her to rise. "Why do you object to my remaining on my knees?"

"Come, come, my child, do not be so excited. It is God alone, remember, who can save. I can but pray."

"Ah! you can only pray," she said, in a disappointed tone. "Yes, that is true."

And her eyes sank to the ground. After a moment's pause the priest went on:—

"Come, Sister, sit down there. You are calmer now, are you not? Tell me, what is it you want?"

"He is dying," said Philomène, rising as she spoke. "He will probably not live through the night," and she began to cry. "It is for a young man of twenty-seven years of age; he has never performed any of his religious duties, never been near a church, never prayed to God since his first Communion. He will refuse to listen to anything. He no longer knows a prayer even. He will listen neither to priest nor any one. And, I tell you, it is all over with him, he is dying. Then I remembered your Confraternity of Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, since it is devoted to those who do not believe. Come, you must save him!"

"My daughter . . ."

". . . And perhaps he is dying at this very moment. Oh! promise me you will do all at once, all that is in the Confraternity book; the prayers, everything in short. You will have him prayed for at once, won't you?"

"But, my poor child, it is Friday, to-day, and the Confraternity only meets on Thursday."

"Thursday only; why? It will be too late Thursday. He will never live till Thursday. Come, you must save him; you have saved many another."

Sister Philomène looked at the priest with wide-opened eyes, in which, through her tears, rose a glance of revolt, impatience, and command. For one instant in that room there was no longer a Sister standing before a priest, but a woman face to face with an old man.

The priest resumed:—

"All I can do at present for that young man, my dear daughter, is to apply to his benefit all the prayers and good works that are being carried on by the Confraternity, and I will offer them up to the Blessed and Immaculate Heart of Mary to obtain his conversion. I will pray for him to-morrow at Mass, and again on Saturday and Sunday."

"Oh! I am so thankful," said Philomène, who felt tears

rise gently to her eyes as the priest spoke to her. "Now I am full of hope; he will be converted, he will have pity on himself. Give me your blessing for him."

"But, Sister, I only bless from the altar, in the pulpit, or in the confessional. There only am I the minister of God. Here, my Sister, here I am but a weak man, a miserable sinner."

"That does not signify; you are always God's minister, and you cannot, you would not, refuse me; he is at the point of death."

She fell on her knees as she spoke. The priest blessed her, and added, —

"It is nearly eleven o'clock, Sister; you have nearly three miles to get home, all Paris to cross at this late hour."

"Oh! I am not afraid," replied Philomène, with a smile; "God knows why I am in the street. Moreover, I will tell my beads on the way. The Blessed Virgin will be with me."

The same evening Barnier, rousing himself from a silence that had lasted the whole day, said to Malivoire: "You will write to my mother. You will tell her that this often happens in our profession."

"But you are not yet as bad as all that, my dear fellow," replied Malivoire, bending over the bed. "I am sure I shall save you."

"No, I chose my man too well for that. How well I took you in, my poor Malivoire!" and he smiled almost. "You understand, I could not kill myself. I did not wish to be the death of my old mother. But an accident — that settles everything. You will take all my books, do you hear, and my case of instruments also. I wish you to have all. "You wonder why I have killed myself, don't you? Come nearer. It is on account of that woman. I never loved but her in all my life. They did not give her enough chloroform; I told them so. Ah! if you had heard her scream when she awoke — before it was over! That scream still reëchoes in my ears! However," he continued, after a nervous spasm, "if I had to begin again, I would choose some other way of dying, some way in which I should not suffer so much. Then, you know, she died, and I fancied I had killed her. She is ever before me, . . . covered with blood. . . . And then I took to drinking. I drank because I loved her still. . . . That's all!"

Barnier relapsed into silence. After a long pause, he again spoke and said to Malivoire, —

"You will tell my mother to take care of the little lad."

After another pause, the following words escaped him, —

"The Sister would have said a prayer."

Shortly after, he asked, —

"What o'clock is it?"

"Eleven."

"Time is not up yet, . . . I have still some hours to live. . . . I shall last till to-morrow."

A little later he again inquired the time, and crossing his hands on his breast, in a faint voice he called Malivoire and tried to speak to him. But Malivoire could not catch the words he muttered.

Then the death rattle began and lasted till morn.

A candle lighted up the room.

It burned slowly, it lighted up the four white walls on which the coarse ochre paint of the door and of the two cupboards cut a sharp contrast. One of the open cupboards displayed books crowded and piled up on its shelves; on the other was an earthen jug and basin. Over the chimney, painted to imitate black marble, a petrified *Gorgone* leaf hung in the middle of the empty panel. In one corner, where the paint was worn by scratching matches, was a little glass framed in gilt paper, a souvenir of some excursion in the neighborhood of Paris. The curtainless window revealed a roof and blank darkness beyond. It was the counterpart of a room of some inn in the suburb of a great city.

On the iron bedstead, with its dimity curtains, a sheet lay thrown over a motionless body, molding the form as wet linen might do, indicating with the inflexibility of an immutable line the rigidity, from the tip of the toes to the sharp outline of the face, of what it covered.

Near a white, wooden table Malivoire, seated in a large, wicker armchair, watched and dozed, half slumbering and yet not quite asleep.

In the silence of the room nothing could be heard but the ticking of the dead man's watch.

From behind the door something seemed gently to move and advance, the key turned in the lock, and Sister Philomène stood beside the bed. Without looking at Malivoire, without seeing him, she knelt down and prayed in the attitude of a kneeling marble statue; and the folds of her gown were as motionless as the sheet that covered the dead man.

At the end of a quarter of an hour she rose, walked away without once looking round, and disappeared.

The next day, awaking at the hollow sound of the coffin knocking against the narrow stairs, Malivoire vaguely recalled the night's apparition, and wondered if he had dreamed it; and, going mechanically up to the table by the bedside, he sought for the lock of hair he had cut off for Barnier's mother — the lock of hair had vanished.



POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING.

[ROBERT BROWNING was born at London, May 7, 1812, and educated at London University. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833), anonymous; "Paracelsus," under his own name in 1836, gave him repute, and in 1837 his play "Strafford" was brought out by Macready, who took the title rôle. Seven other plays appeared between 1841 and 1846: "Sordello," "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" (Drury Lane, 1843, under Macready, and revived later), "Colombe's Birthday," "Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy." There followed "Men and Women" (1855), "Dramatis Personæ" (1864, collections of relatively short pieces), "The Ring and the Book" (1868-1869), "Balaustion's Adventure" and "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau" [Napoleon III.] (1871), "Fifine at the Fair" (1872), "Red Cotton Night-Cap Country" (1873), "Aristophanes' Apology" (1875), "The Inn Album" (1876), "The Agamemnon of Æschylus" (1877), "Dramatic Idylls" (1879), "Asolando" (1889). In 1846 he married Elizabeth Barrett, and lived chiefly in Italy afterward. He died at Venice, December 12, 1889.]

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY.

As distinguished by an Italian Person of Quality.

I.

HAD I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city-square;
Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

II.

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast;
While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

III.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,

Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull! —
 I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool.

IV.

But the city, oh, the city — the square with the houses! Why!
 They are stone-faced, white as a curd — *there's* something to take the
 eye!
 Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
 You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
 Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
 And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly.

V.

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
 'Tis May perhaps e'er the snow shall have withered well off the
 heights;
 You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and
 wheeze,
 And the hills over-smoked behind by the faint gray olive-trees.

VI.

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
 In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns
 'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well;
 The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell,
 Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

VII.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
 In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam-bows flash
 On the horses with curling fish-tails, that prance and paddle and pash
 Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty gazers do not abash,
 Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of
 sash.

VIII.

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
 Except yon cypress that points like Death's lean lifted forefinger.
 Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
 Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem a-tingle.
 Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill,
 And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on
 the hill.
 Enough of the seasons — I spare you the months of the fever and
 chill.

IX.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church-bells begin ;
 No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in ;
 You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin.
 By-and-by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws
 teeth,

Or the Pulcinello trumpet breaks up the market beneath.
 At the post-office such a scene-picture, — the new play, piping hot !
 And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
 Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes,
 And beneath, with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the
 Duke's !

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, St. Jerome, and Cicero,
 "And moreover" (the sonnet goes rhyming,) "the skirts of St. Paul
 has reached,

Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever
 he preached."

Noon strikes — here sweeps the procession ! our Lady borne smiling
 and smart,

With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her
 heart !

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

No keeping one's haunches still ; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

X.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear ! fowls, wine, at double the rate,
 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing
 the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city !
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers ; but still — ah, the pity, the pity !
 Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and
 sandals,

And the penitents dressed in white shirts, a-holding the yellow
 candles ;

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
 And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention
 of scandals ;

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city-square, there is no such pleasure in life !

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

I.

Where the quiet-colored end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles,
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop —
 Was the site once of a city great and gay
 (So they say),
 Of our country's very capital, its prince,
 Ages since,
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war.

II.

Now, — the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to (else they run
 Into one),
 Where the doomed and daring palace shot its spires
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III.

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was !
 Such a carpet as, this summer time, o'erspreads
 And imbeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone —
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago ;
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame ;
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold.

IV.

Now, — the single little turret that remains
 On the plains,
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom winks
 Through the chinks —
 Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

V.

And I know — while thus the quiet-colored eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray
 Melt away —
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb
 Till I come.

VI.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts, — and then,
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

VII.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,

And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,
 Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course.
 Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise, and sin!
 Shut them in,
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
 Love is best.

THE JEWS' PLEA.

(From "Holy Cross Day."—Of old, the Jews in Rome were hounded to church once a year to listen to a sermon for their conversion. One of them contemplates the orthodox rabble, and speaks inwardly thus.)

God spoke, and gave us the word to keep;
 Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
 'Mid a faithless world,—at watch and ward,
 Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
 By his servant Moses the watch was set;
 Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet.

Thou! if thou wast he who at mid-watch came,
 By the starlight, naming a dubious Name!
 And if, too heavy with sleep, too rash
 With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash
 Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
 And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—

Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
 But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
 Thine too is the cause! and not more thine
 Than ours is the work of these dogs and swine,
 Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
 Who maintain thee in word and defy thee in deed!

We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
 At least we withstand Barabbas now!
 Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared:
 To have called these—Christians, had we dared!
 Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
 And Rome make amends for Calvary!

By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
 By the infamy, Israel's heritage,

By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
 By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
 By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
 And the summons to Christian fellowship, —

We boast our proof that at least the Jew
 Would wrest Christ's name from the Devil's crew.
 Thy face took never so deep a shade
 But we fought them in it, God our aid!
 A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band,
 South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land!

ANY WIFE TO ANY HUSBAND.

I.

My love, this is the bitterest, that thou —
 Who art all truth, and who dost love me now
 As thine eyes say, as thy voice breaks to say —
 Shouldst love so truly, and couldst love me still
 A whole long life through, had but love its will,
 Would death, that leads me from thee, brook delay.

II.

I have but to be by thee, and thy hand
 Will never let mine go, nor heart withstand
 The beating of my heart to reach its place.
 When shall I look for thee and feel thee gone?
 When cry for the old comfort and find none?
 Never, I know! Thy soul is in thy face.

III.

Oh, I should fade — 'tis willed so! Might I save,
 Gladly I would, whatever beauty gave
 Joy to thy sense, for that was precious, too.
 It is not to be granted. But the soul
 Whence the love comes, all ravage leaves that whole;
 Vainly the flesh fades; soul makes all things new.

IV.

It would not be because my eye grew dim
 Thou couldst not find the love there, thanks to Him
 Who never is dishonored in the spark
 He gave us from his fire of fires, and bade
 Remember whence it sprang, nor be afraid
 While that burns on, though all the rest grow dark.

V.

So, how thou wouldst be perfect, white and clean
Outside as inside, soul and soul's demesne

Alike, this body given to show it by!

Oh, three parts through the worst of life's abyss,
What plaudits from the next world after this;

Couldst thou repeat a stroke and gain the sky!

VI.

And is it not the bitterer to think

That, disengage our hands and thou wilt sink

Although thy love was love in very deed?

I know that nature! Pass a festive day,

Thou dost not throw its relic flower away

Nor bid its music's loitering echo speed.

VII.

Thou let'st the stranger's glove lie where it fell;

If old things remain old things all is well,

For thou art grateful as becomes man best:

And hadst thou only heard me play one tune,

Or viewed me from a window, not so soon

With thee would such things fade as with the rest.

VIII.

I seem to see! We meet and part; 'tis brief;

The book I opened keeps a folded leaf,

The very chair I sat on, breaks the rank;

That is a portrait of me on the wall—

Three lines, my face comes at so slight a call:

And for all this, one little hour to thank!

IX.

But now, because the hour through years was fixed,

Because our inmost beings met and mixed,

Because thou once hast loved me— wilt thou dare

Say to thy soul and Who may list beside,

"Therefore she is immortally my bride;

Chance cannot change my love, nor time impair,

X.

"So, what if in the dusk of life that's left,

I, a tired traveler of my sun bereft,

Look from my path when, mimicking the same,

The firefly glimpses past me, come and gone?
 — Where was it till the sunset? where anon
 It will be at the sunrise! What's to blame?"

XI.

Is it so helpful to thee? Canst thou take
 The mimic up, nor, for the true thing's sake,
 Put gently by such efforts at a beam?
 Is the remainder of the way so long,
 Thou need'st the little solace, thou the strong?
 Watch out thy watch, let weak ones doze and dream!

XII.

— Ah, but the fresher faces! "Is it true,"
 Thou'lt ask, "some eyes are beautiful and new?
 Some hair, — how can one choose but grasp such wealth?
 And if a man would press his lips to lips
 Fresh as the wilding hedge rose cup there slips
 The dewdrop out of, must it be by stealth?"

XIII.

"It cannot change the love still kept for Her,
 More than if such a picture I prefer
 Passing a day with, to a room's bare side:
 The painted form takes nothing she possessed,
 Yet, while the Titian's Venus lies at rest,
 A man looks. Once more, what is there to chide?"

XIV.

So must I see, from where I sit and watch,
 My own self sell myself, my hand attach
 Its warrant to the very thefts from me —
 Thy singleness of soul that made me proud,
 Thy purity of heart I loved aloud,
 Thy man's truth I was bold to bid God see!

XV.

Love so, then, if thou wilt! Give all thou canst
 Away to the new faces — disentranced,
 (Say it and think it) obdurate no more:
 Reissue looks and words from the old mint,
 Pass them afresh, no matter whose the print,
 Image and superscription once they bore!

XVI.

Recoin thyself and give it them to spend, —
 It all comes to the same thing at the end,
 Since mine thou wast, mine art, and mine shalt be,
 Faithful or faithless: sealing up the sum
 Or lavish of my treasure, thou must come
 Back to the heart's place here I keep for thee!

XVII.

Only, why should it be with stain at all?
 Why must I, 'twixt the leaves of coronal,
 Put any kiss of pardon on thy brow?
 Why need the other women know so much,
 And talk together, "Such the look and such
 The smile he used to love with, then as now!"

XVIII.

Might I die last and show thee! Should I find
 Such hardships in the few years left behind,
 If free to take and light my lamp, and go
 Into thy tomb, and shut the door and sit,
 Seeing thy face on those four sides of it
 The better that they are so blank, I know!

XIX.

Why, time was what I wanted, to turn o'er
 Within my mind each look, get more and more
 By heart each word, too much to learn at first;
 And join thee all the fitter for the pause
 'Neath the low doorway's lintel. That were cause
 For lingering, though thou called'st, if I durst!

XX.

And yet thou art the nobler of us two:
 What dare I dream of, that thou canst not do,
 Outstripping my ten small steps with one stride?
 I'll say then, here's a trial and a task;
 Is it to bear? — if easy, I'll not ask:
 Though love fail, I can trust on in thy pride.

XXI.

Pride? — when those eyes forestall the life behind
 The death I have to go through! — when I find,
 Now that I want thy help most, all of thee!

What did I fear? Thy love shall hold me fast
 Until the little minute's sleep is past
 And I wake saved. — And yet it will not be!



POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

[ELIZABETH BARRETT [BROWNING] was born in County Durham, England, March 6, 1806; daughter of a rich country gentleman of Jamaica birth. Extremely precocious, she was self-taught to a profound cultivation; but always frail, in 1837 permanently invalided from lung rupture, and in 1839 prostrated by the drowning of her only brother before her eyes. In 1846 she eloped with Robert Browning, by whom she had one son. She died in Florence, June 30, 1861. She wrote "The Battle of Marathon" at fourteen, and published various juveniles in 1826 and 1833; "The Seraphim," etc., in 1838; "A Drama of Exile," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Cry of the Children," etc., in 1844; "Sonnets from the Portuguese" in 1847; "Casa Guidi Windows," 1851; "Aurora Leigh," a great semi-autobiographical story-poem, 1856; "Poems before Congress," 1860; her "Last Poems" were collected in 1862.]

LORD WALTER'S WIFE.

"But why do you go?" said the lady, while both sat under the yew,
 And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the
 sea-blue.

"Because I fear you," he answered; — "because you are far too fair,
 And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your gold-colored hair."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone,
 And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun."

"Yet farewell so," he answered; — "the sunstroke's fatal at times.
 I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from
 the limes."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. You smell a rose through a
 fence:

If two should smell it, what matter? who grumbles, and where's the
 pretense?"

"But I," he replied, "have promised another, when love was free,
 To love her alone, alone, who alone and afar loves me."

"Why, that," she said, "is no reason. Love's always free, I am
 told.

Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it
 will hold?"

"But you," he replied, "have a daughter, a young little child, who was laid
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me
afraid."

"Oh, that," she said, "is no reason. The angels keep out of the
way;
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please
me and stay."

At which he rose up in his anger,—"Why, now, you no longer are
fair!

Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear."

At which she laughed out in her scorn: "These men! Oh, these
men over-nice,

Who are shocked if a color not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice."

Her eyes blazed upon him—"And *you!* You bring us your vices
so near

That we smell them! You think in our presence a thought 'twould
defame us to hear!

"What reason had you, and what right,—I appeal to your soul from
my life,—

To find me too fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

"Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare
you imply

I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set
me as high?

"If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too
much

To uses unlawful and fatal. The praise!—shall I thank you for
such?

"Too fair?—not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a
while,

You attain to it, straightway you call us no longer too fair, but too
vile.

"A moment,—I pray your attention!—I have a poor word in my
head

I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better
ungaid.

"You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring.

You kissed my fan when I dropped it: No matter!—I've broken the thing.

"You did me the honor, perhaps, to be moved at my side now and then

In the senses—a vice, I have heard, which is common to beasts and some men.

"Love's a virtue for heroes!—as white as the snow on high hills,
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfills.

"I love my Walter profoundly,—you, Maude, though you faltered a week,

For the sake of . . . what was it—an eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on a cheek?

"And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant

About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray and supplant,

"I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow

By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

"There! Look me full in the face!—in the face. Understand, if you can,

That the eyes of such women as I am are clean as the palm of a man.

"Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar—

You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

"You wronged me: but then I considered . . . there's Walter!
And so at the end

I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me, in the hand of a friend.

"Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!

Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine."

MY HEART AND I.

Enough! we're tired, my heart and I.
 We sit beside the headstone thus,
 And wish that name were carved for us.
 The moss reprints more tenderly
 The hard types of the mason's knife,
 As heaven's sweet life renews Earth's life,
 With which we're tired, my heart and I.

You see we're tired, my heart and I.
 We dealt with books, we trusted men,
 And in our own blood drenched the pen,
 As if such colors could not fly.
 We walked too straight for fortune's end,
 We loved too true to keep a friend;
 At last we're tired, my heart and I.

How tired we feel, my heart and I!
 We seem of no use in the world;
 Our fancies hang gray and uncurled
 About men's eyes indifferently;
 Our voice which thrilled you so, will let
 You sleep; our tears are only wet:
 What do we here, my heart and I?

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
 It was not thus in that old time
 When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime
 To watch the sunset from the sky.
 "Dear love, you're looking tired," he said;
 I, smiling at him, shook my head:
 'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I!
 Though now none takes me on his arm
 To hold me close and kiss me warm
 Till each quick breath end in a sigh
 Of happy languor. Now, alone,
 We lean upon this graveyard stone,
 Uncheered, unloved, my heart and I.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.
 Suppose the world brought diadems
 To tempt us, crusted with loose gems

Of powers and pleasures? Let it try.
 We scarcely care to look at even
 A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,
 We feel so tired, my heart and I.

Yet who complains? My heart and I?
 In this abundant earth no doubt
 Is little room for things worn out:
 Disdain them, break them, throw them by!
 And if before the days grew rough
 We *once* were loved, used, — well enough,
 I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
 Down in the reeds by the river?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river:
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan
 While turbidly flowed the river;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river!)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And notched the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan
 (Laughed while he sat by the river),
 "The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed,"

Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain, —
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

PSYCHE AND PAN.

(From Apuleius.)

The gentle River, in her Cupid's honor,
Because he used to warm the very wave,
Did ripple aside, instead of closing on her,
And cast up Psyche, with a reflux brave,
Upon the flowery bank, — all sad and sinning.
Then Pan, the rural god, by chance was leaning
Along the brow of waters as they wound,
Kissing the reed-nymph till she sank to ground,
And teaching, without knowledge of the meaning,
To run her voice in music after his
Down many a shifting note; (the goats around
In wandering pasture and most leaping bliss,
Drawn on to crop the river's flowery hair).
And as the hoary god beheld her there,
The poor, worn, fainting Psyche! — knowing all
The grief she suffered, he did gently call
Her name, and softly comfort her despair.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall

For such as I to take or leave withal,
 In unexpected largesse? am I cold,
 Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
 High gifts, I render nothing back at all?
 Not so; not cold, — but very poor instead.
 Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
 The colors from my life, and left so dead
 And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
 To give the same as pillow to thy head.
 Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

Say over again, and yet once over again,
 That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated
 Should seem "a cuckoo-song," as thou dost treat it,
 Remember, never to the hill or plain,
 Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain
 Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.
 Belovèd, I, amid the darkness greeted
 By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain
 Cry, "Speak once more — thou lovest!" Who can fear
 Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,
 Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?
 Say thou dost love me, love me, love me — toll
 The silver iterance! — only minding, Dear,
 To love me also in silence with thy soul.

Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife,
 Shut in upon itself and do no harm
 In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,
 And let us hear no sound of human strife
 After the click of the shutting. Life to life —
 I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,
 And feel as safe as guarded by a charm
 Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife
 Are weak to injure. Very whitely still
 The lilies of our lives may reassure
 Their blossoms from their roots, accessible
 Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer,
 Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.
 God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.







S0-BPC-477

